

# SPARKY WATTS

PARDON  
MY HEEL,  
YOU  
HEEL!

No. 1 10c



Plus brand new adventures of  
**THE SKYMAN** and **THE FACE**



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





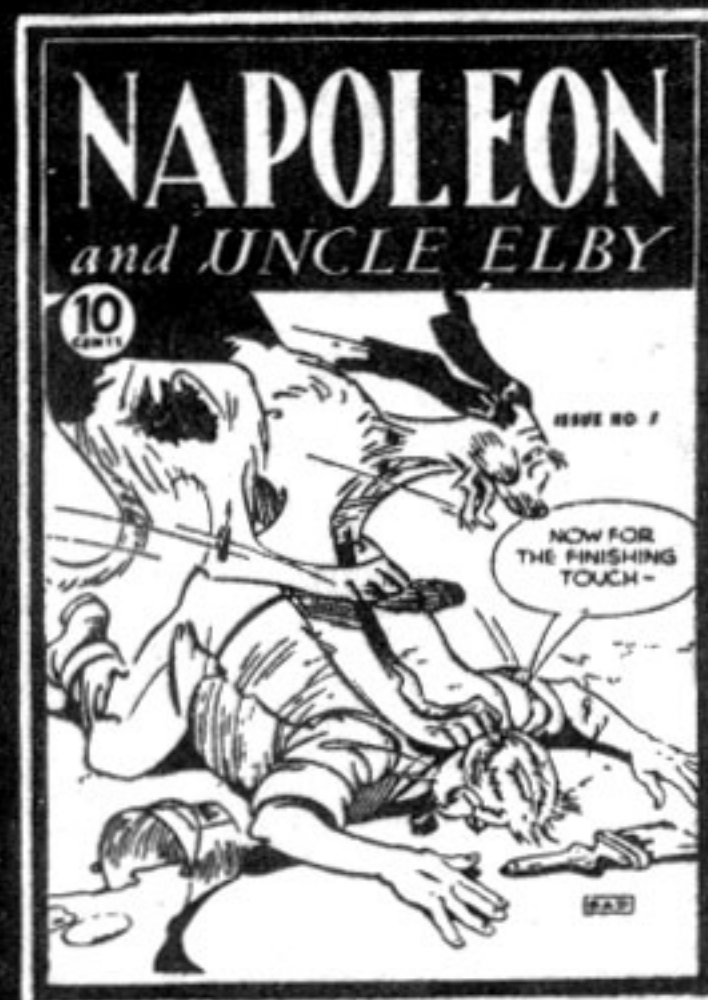
**YOU  
WILL  
WANT  
THESE**



**COMIC**



**BOOKS**

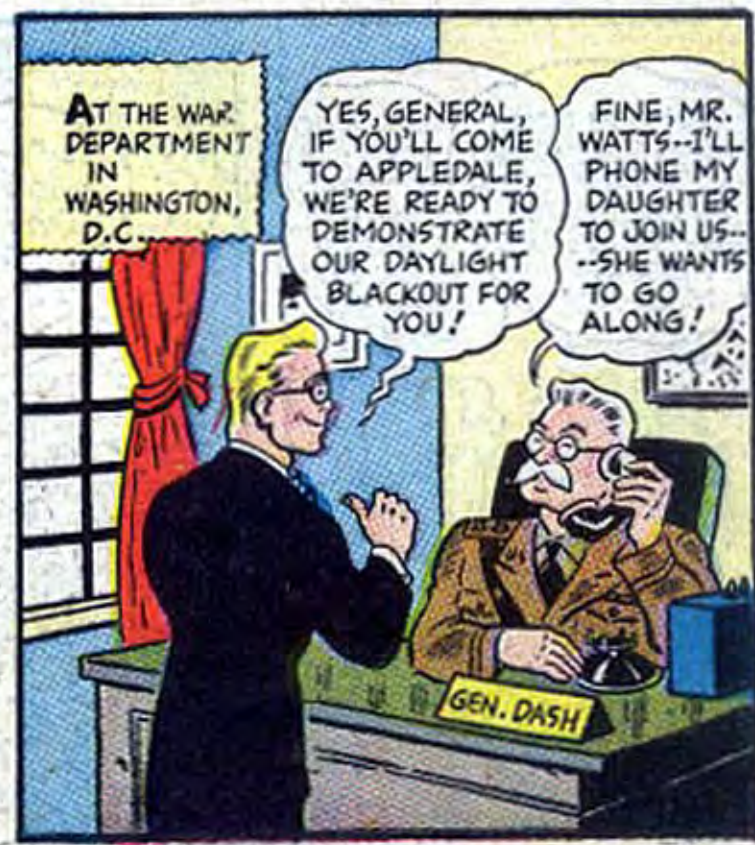
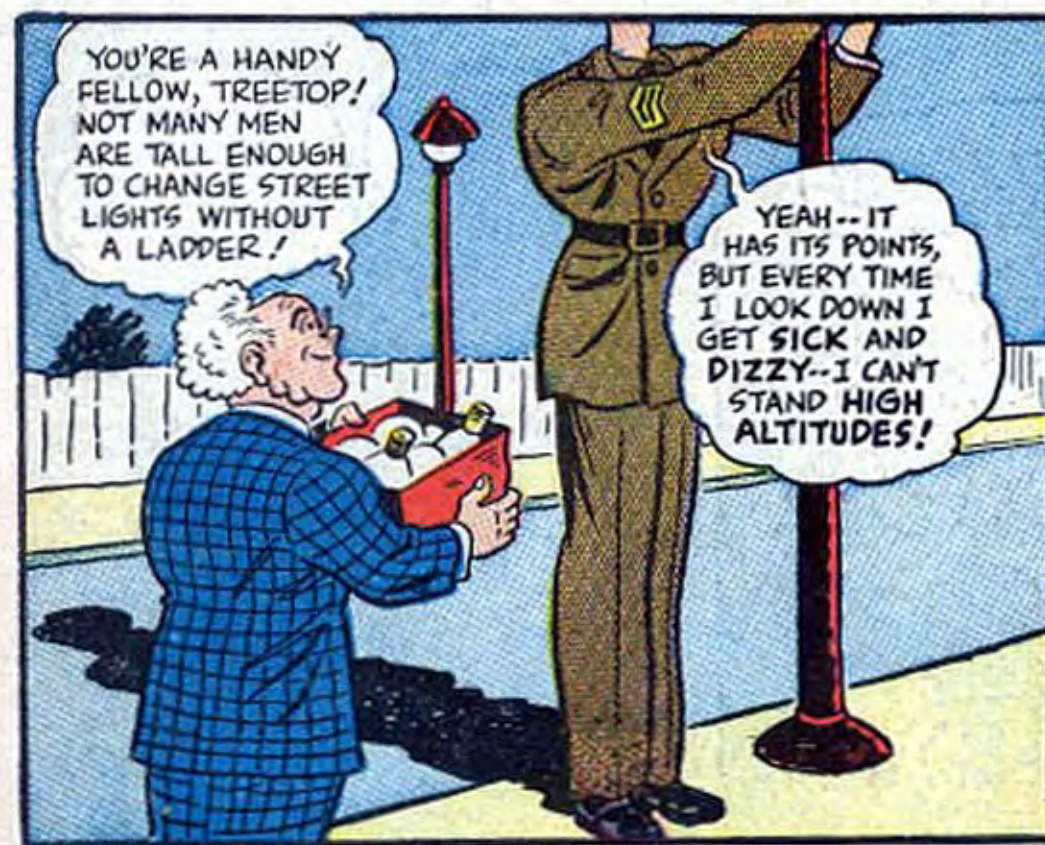


**THESE BOOKS COME TO YOU FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF  
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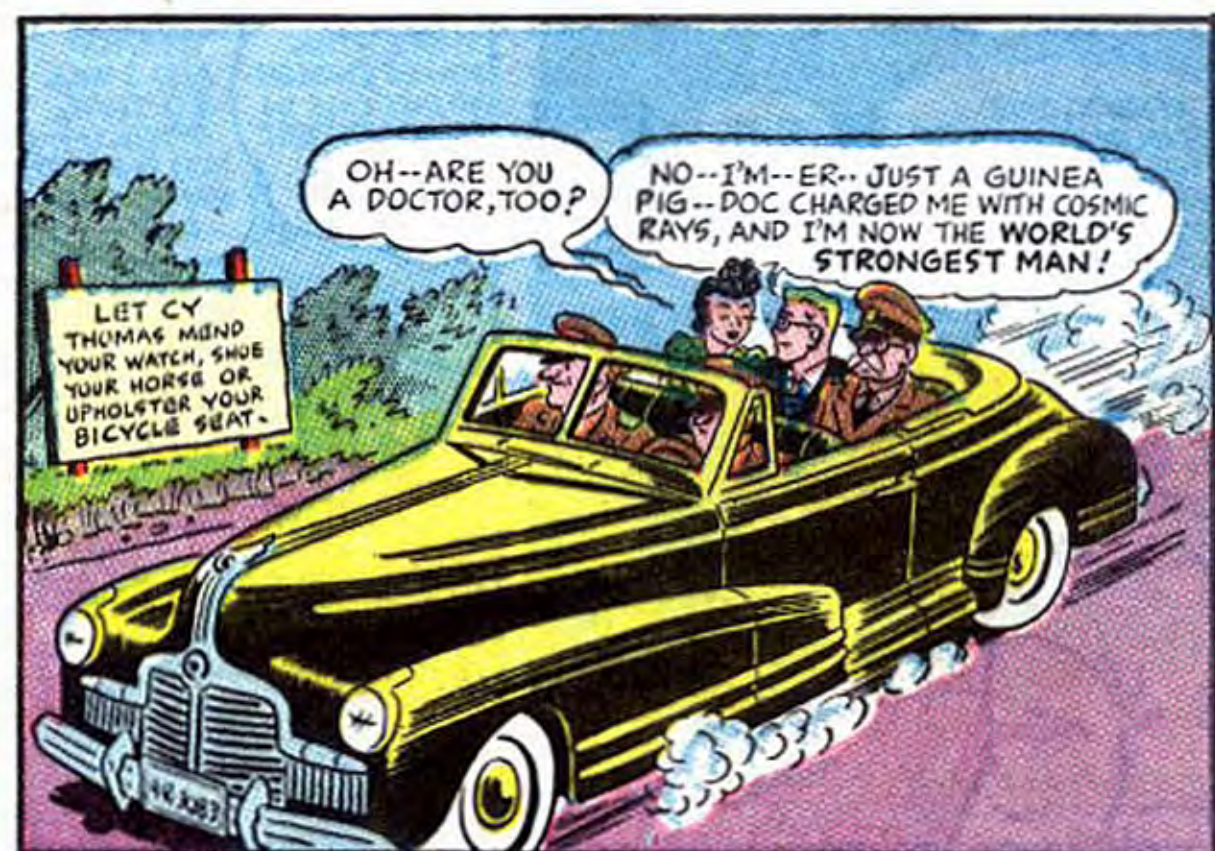


# SPARKY WATTS

by  
BOODY  
ROGERS



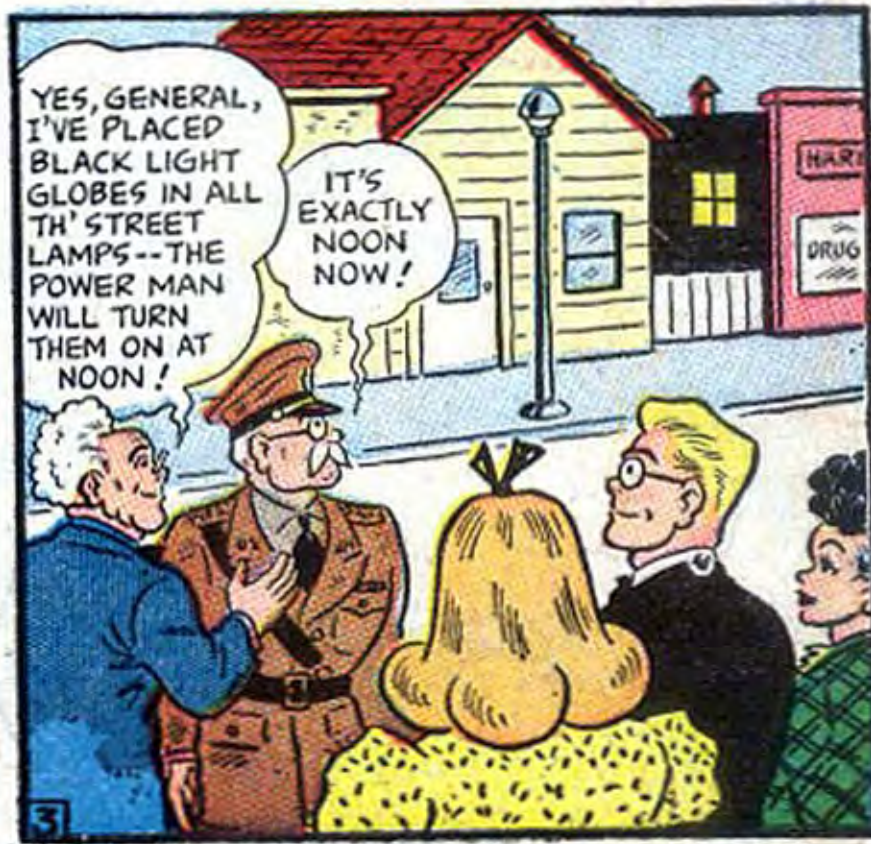




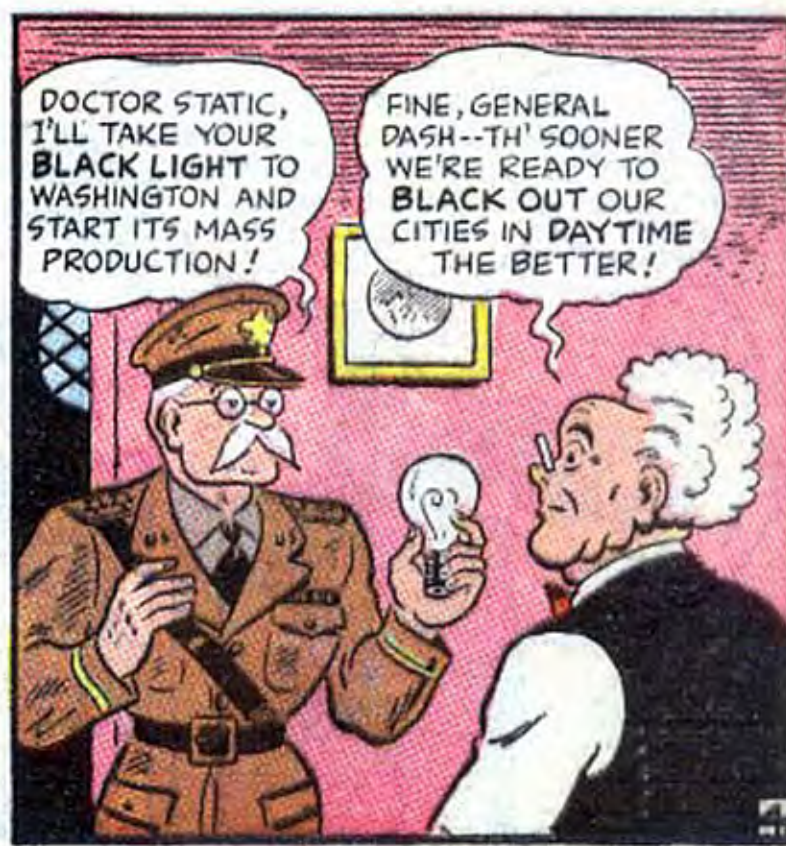
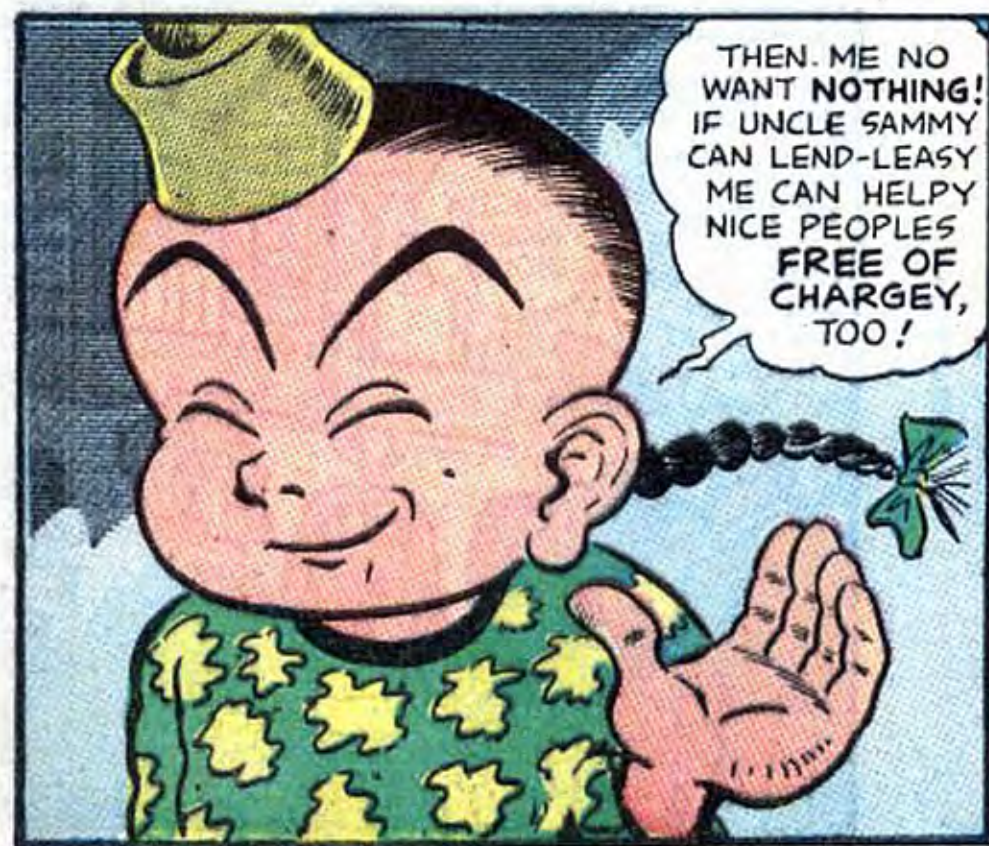
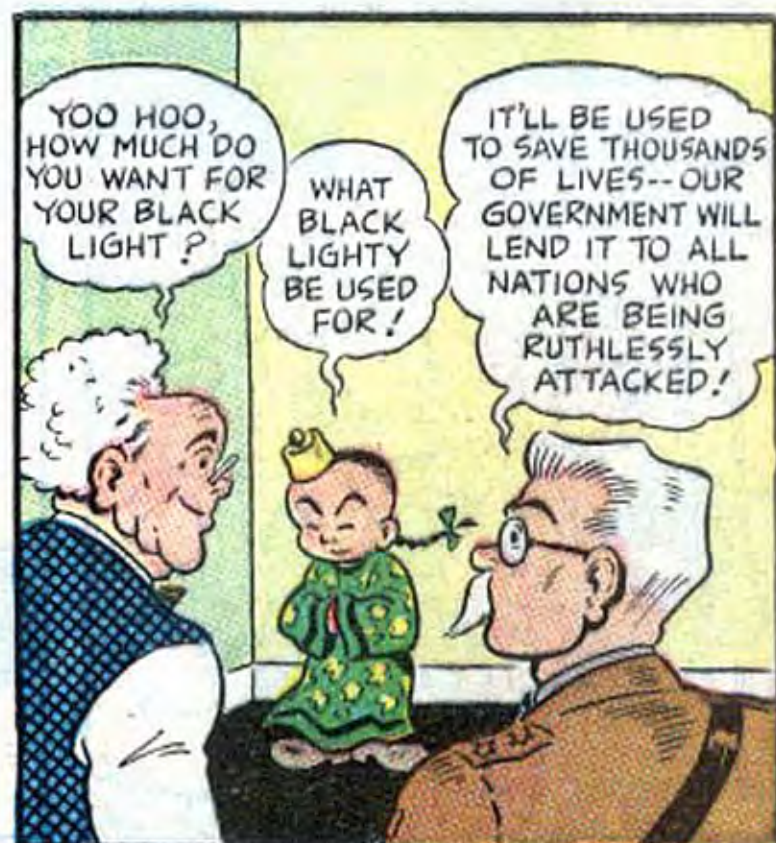
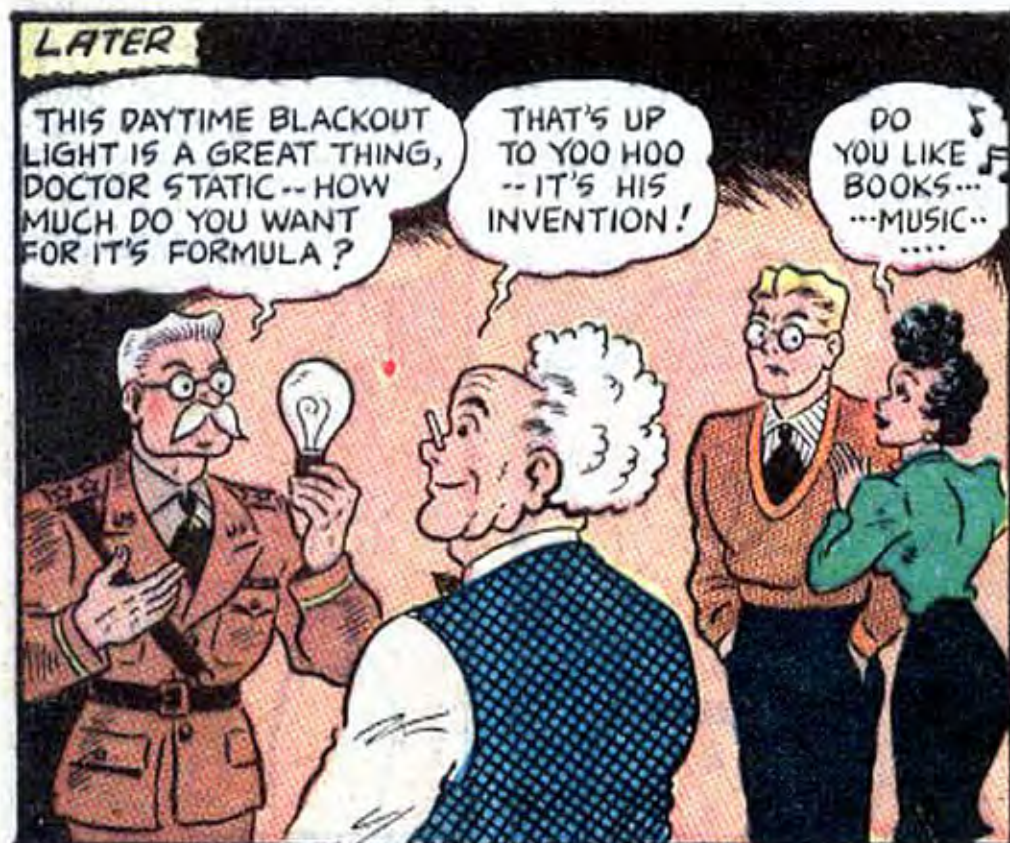




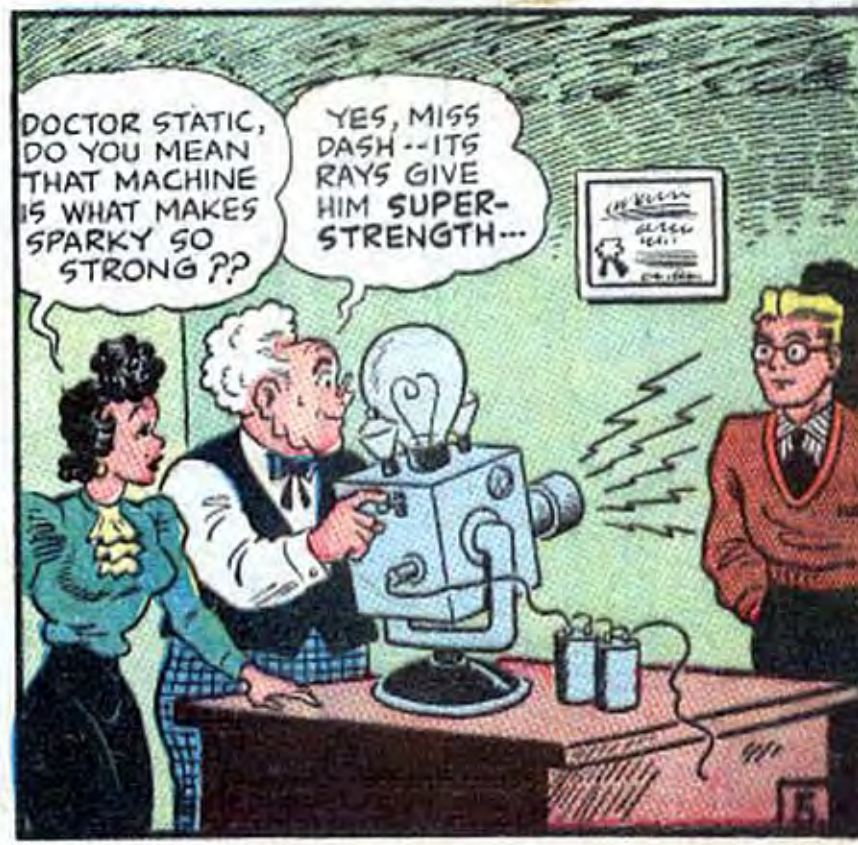
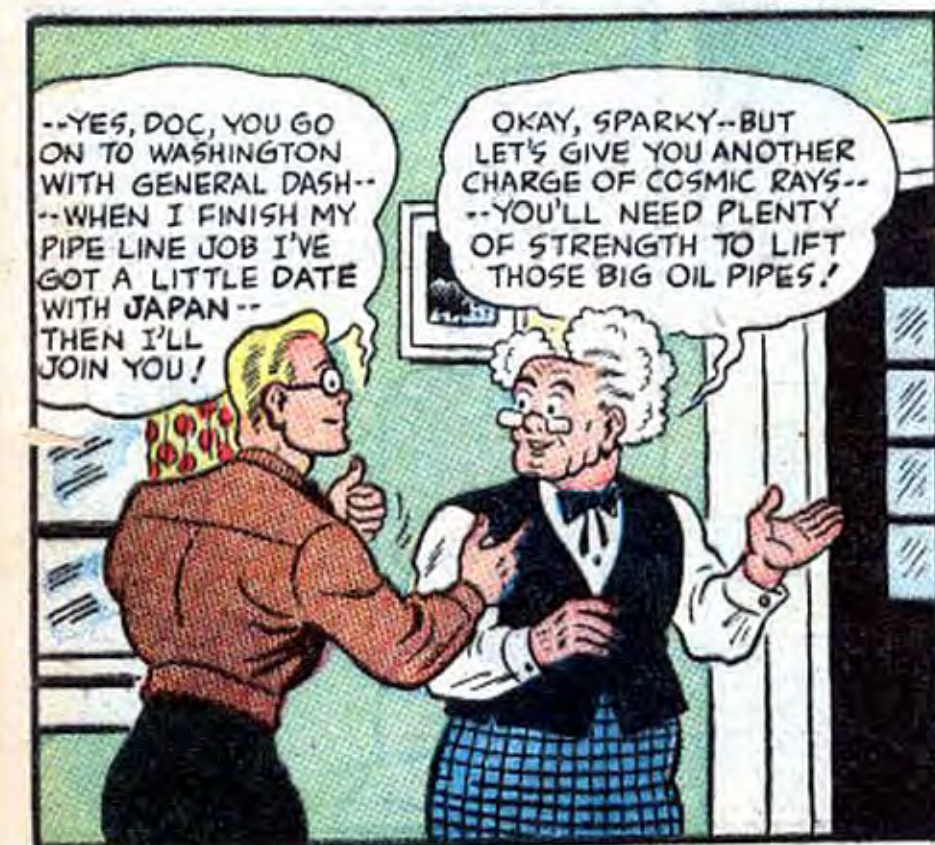
LATER



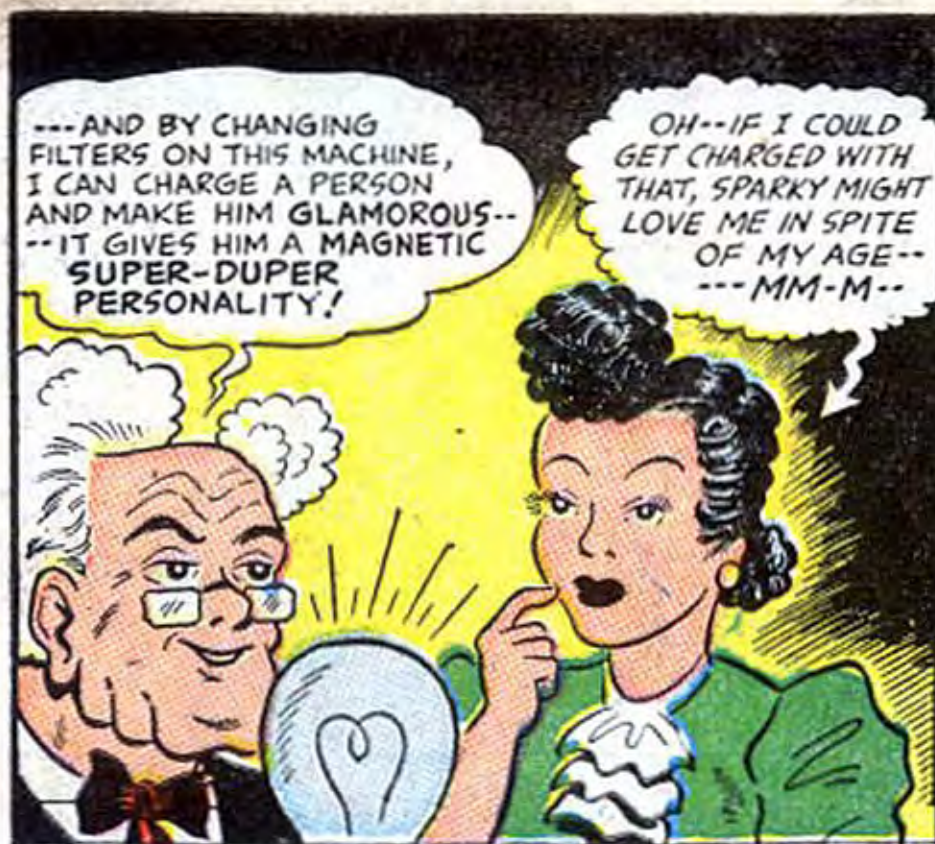




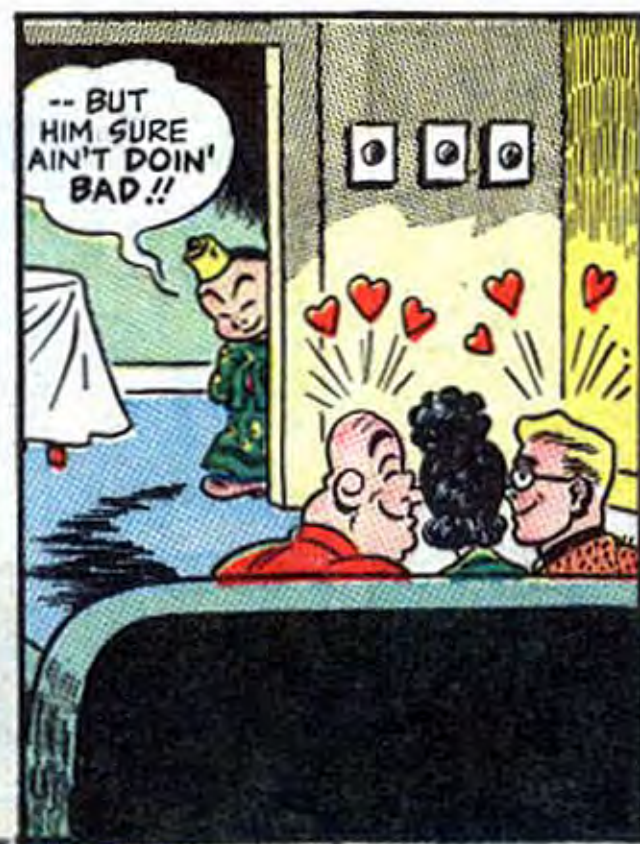




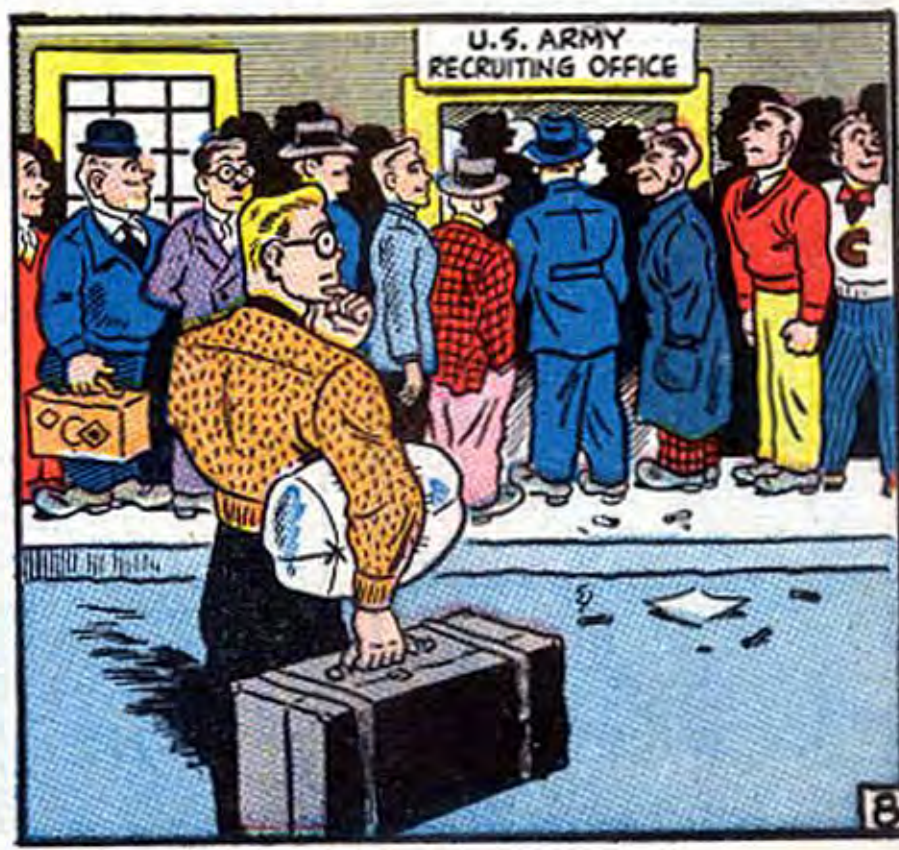
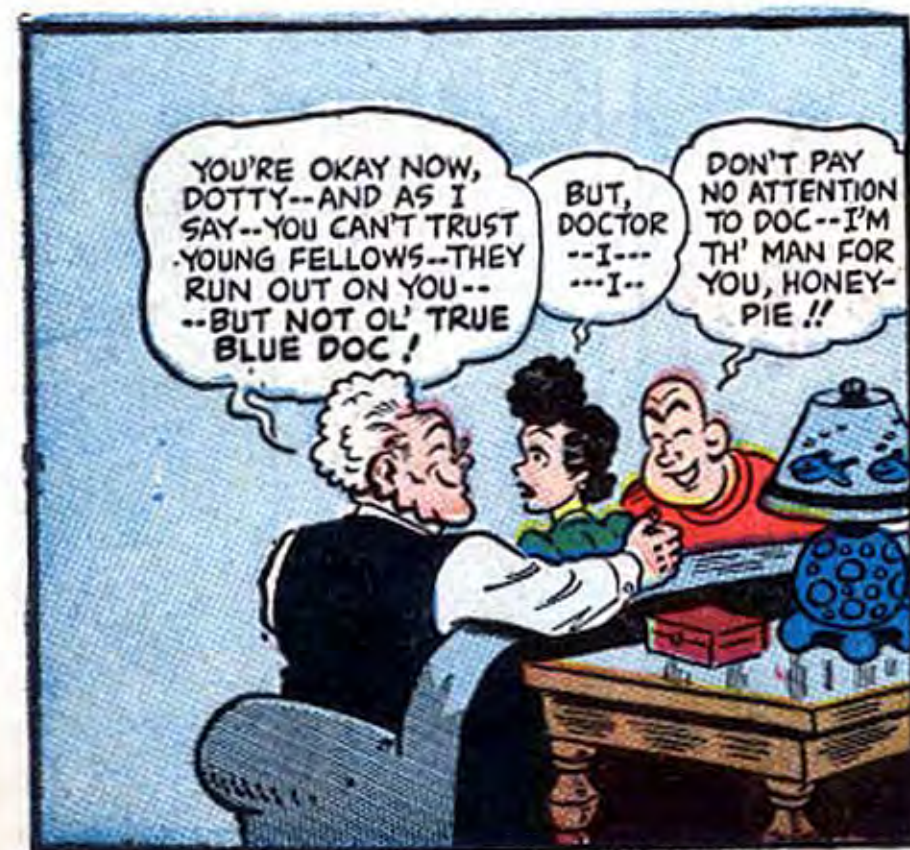
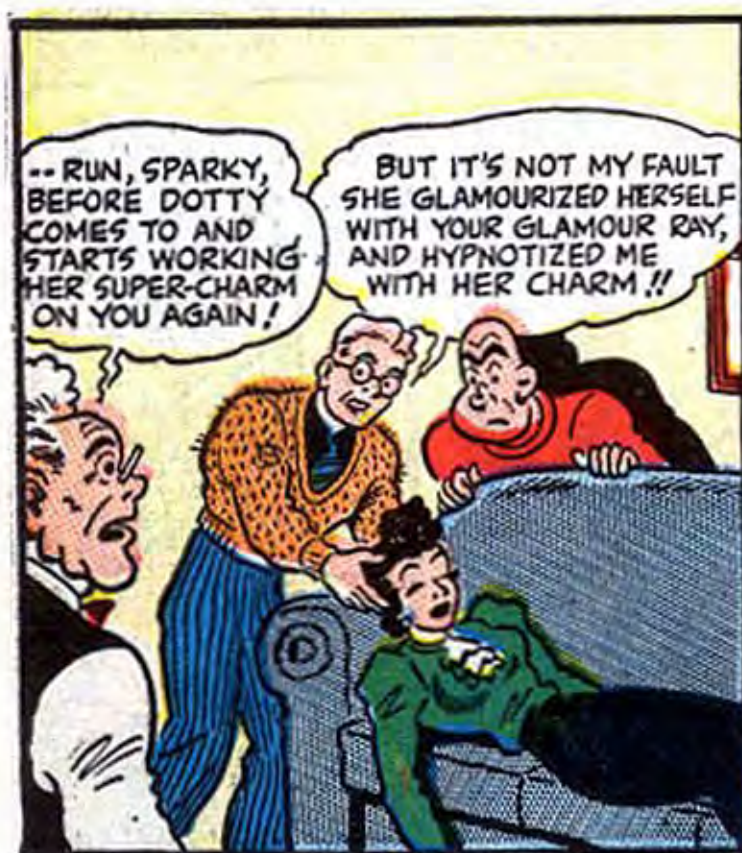




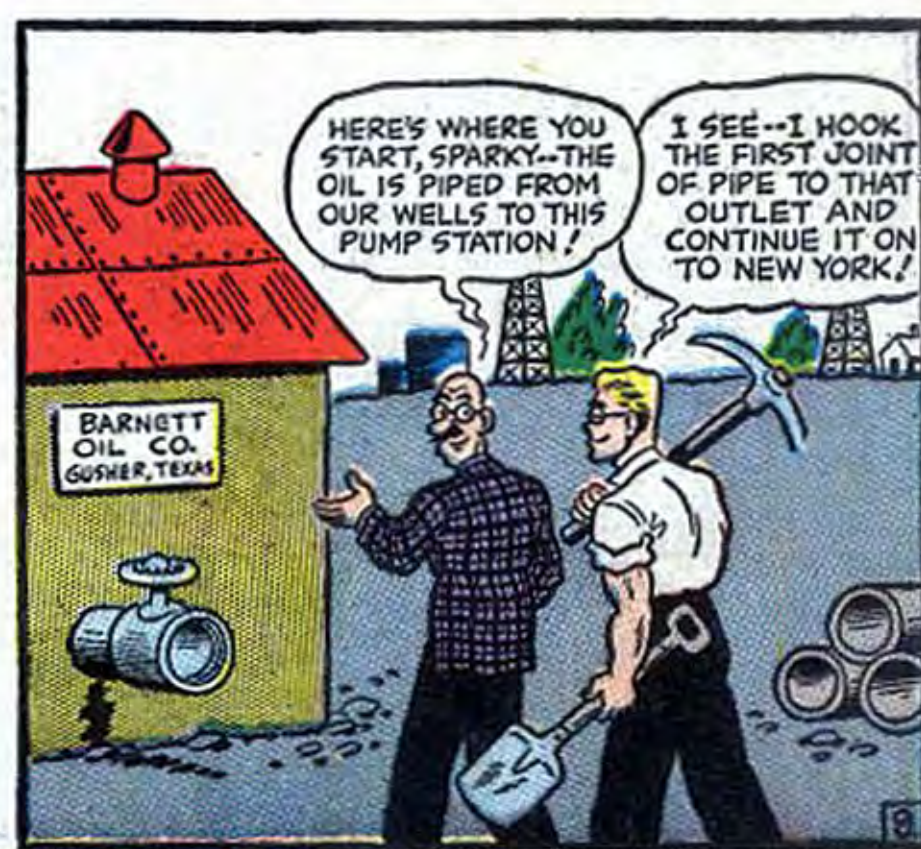
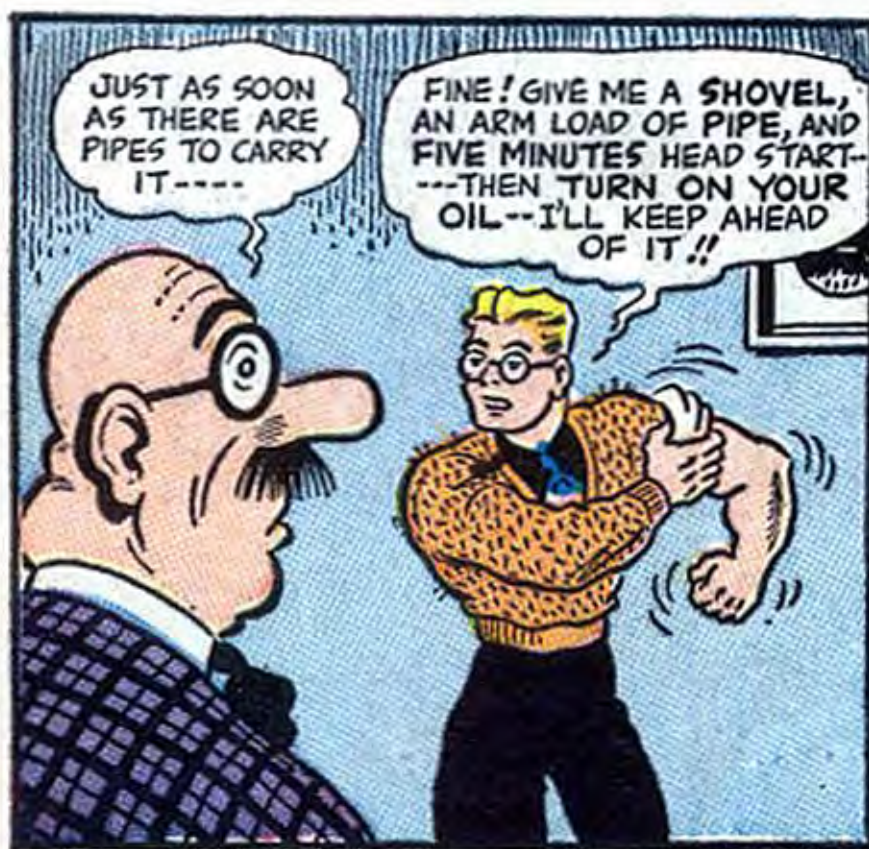
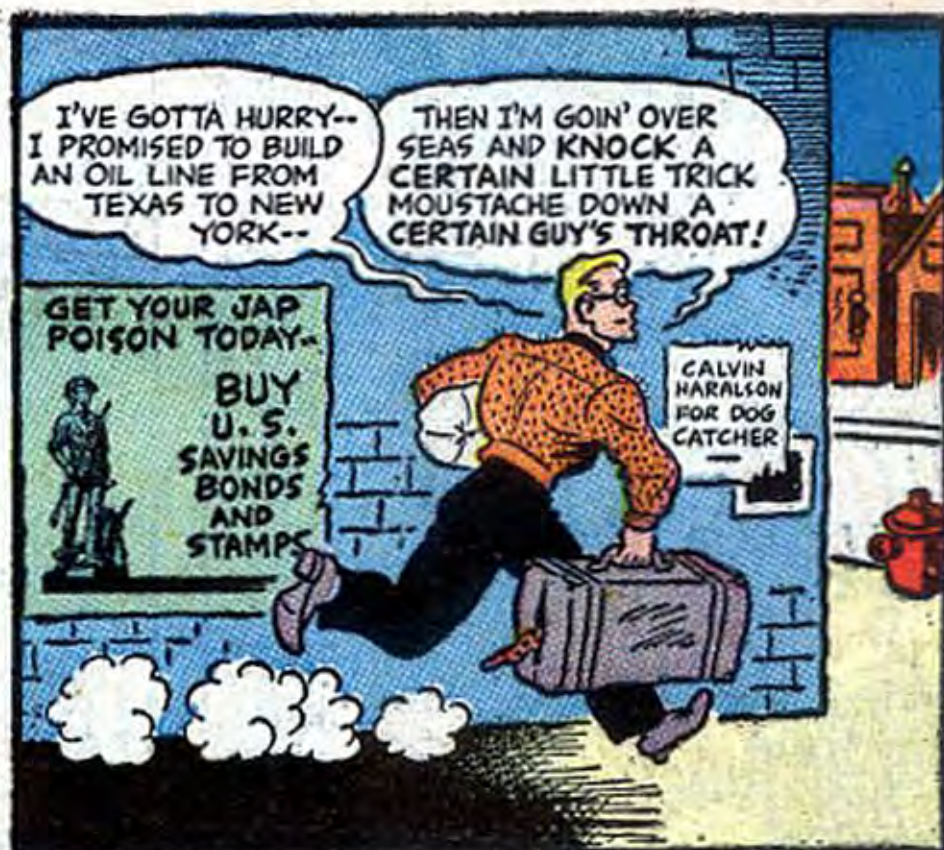




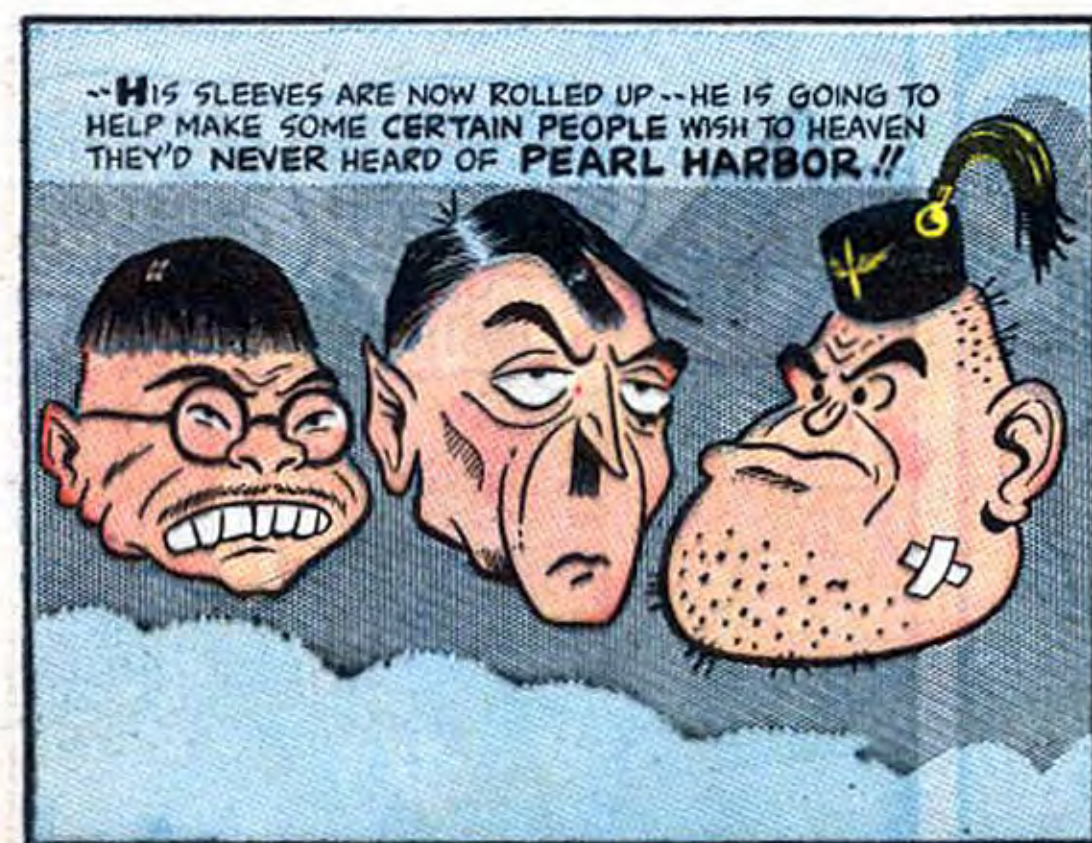
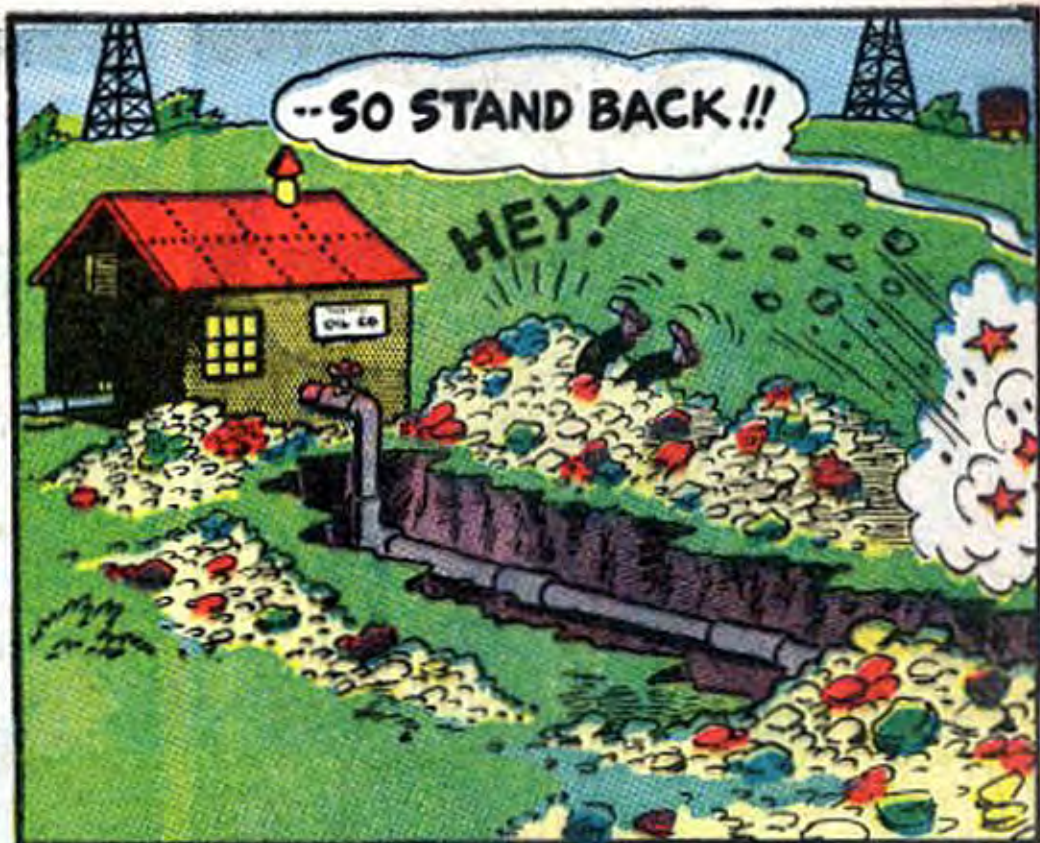




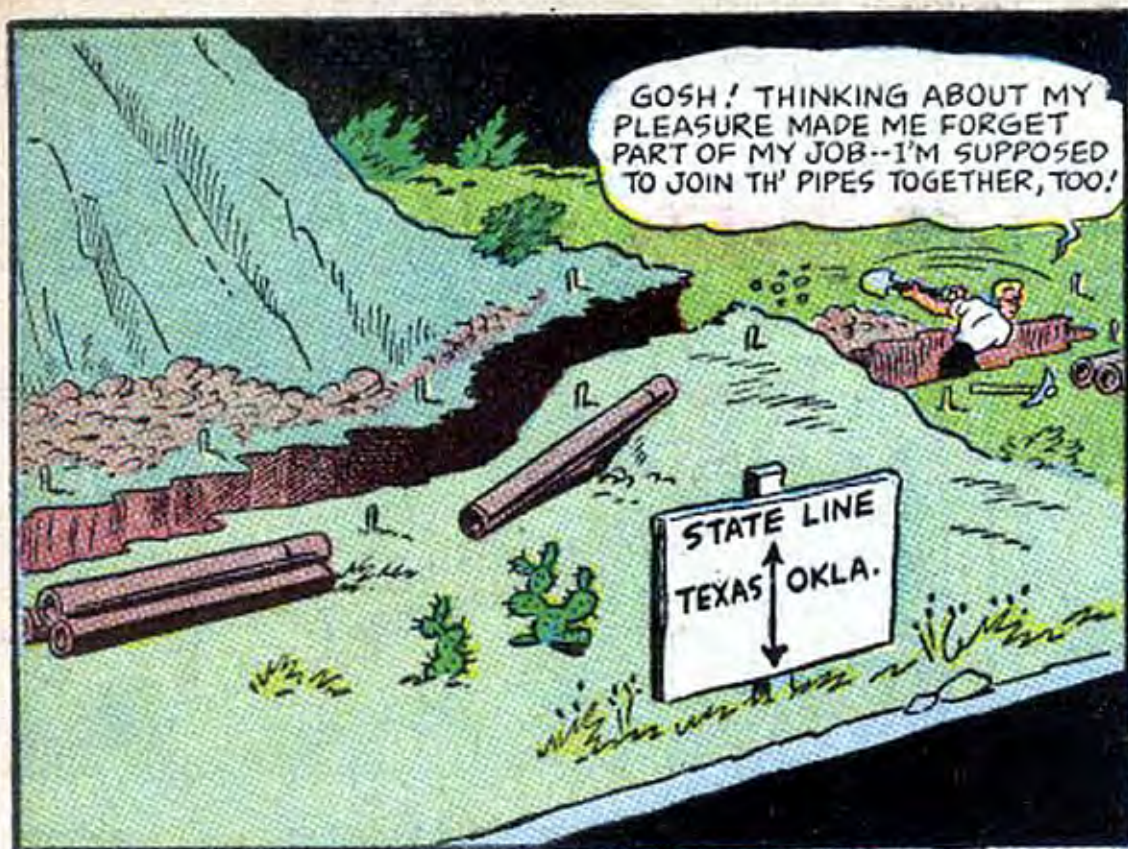










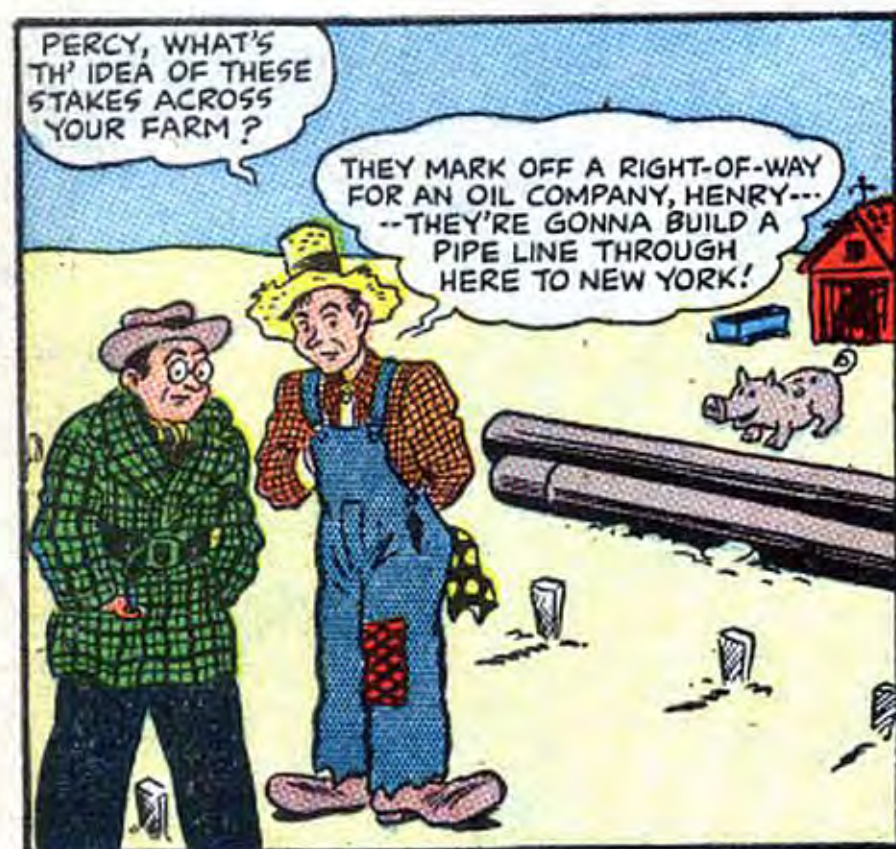


GOSH! THINKING ABOUT MY PLEASURE MADE ME FORGET PART OF MY JOB--I'M SUPPOSED TO JOIN TH' PIPES TOGETHER, TOO!



I TOLD MR. BARNETT TO TURN ON TH' OIL FIVE MINUTES AFTER I STARTED---YEP--THERE SHE COMES--I'VE GOTTA HURRY TO KEEP AHEAD OF IT!

G-G--  
GURGLE  
GUG--



PERCY, WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF THESE STAKES ACROSS YOUR FARM?

THEY MARK OFF A RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR AN OIL COMPANY, HENRY---  
--THEY'RE GONNA BUILD A PIPE LINE THROUGH HERE TO NEW YORK!



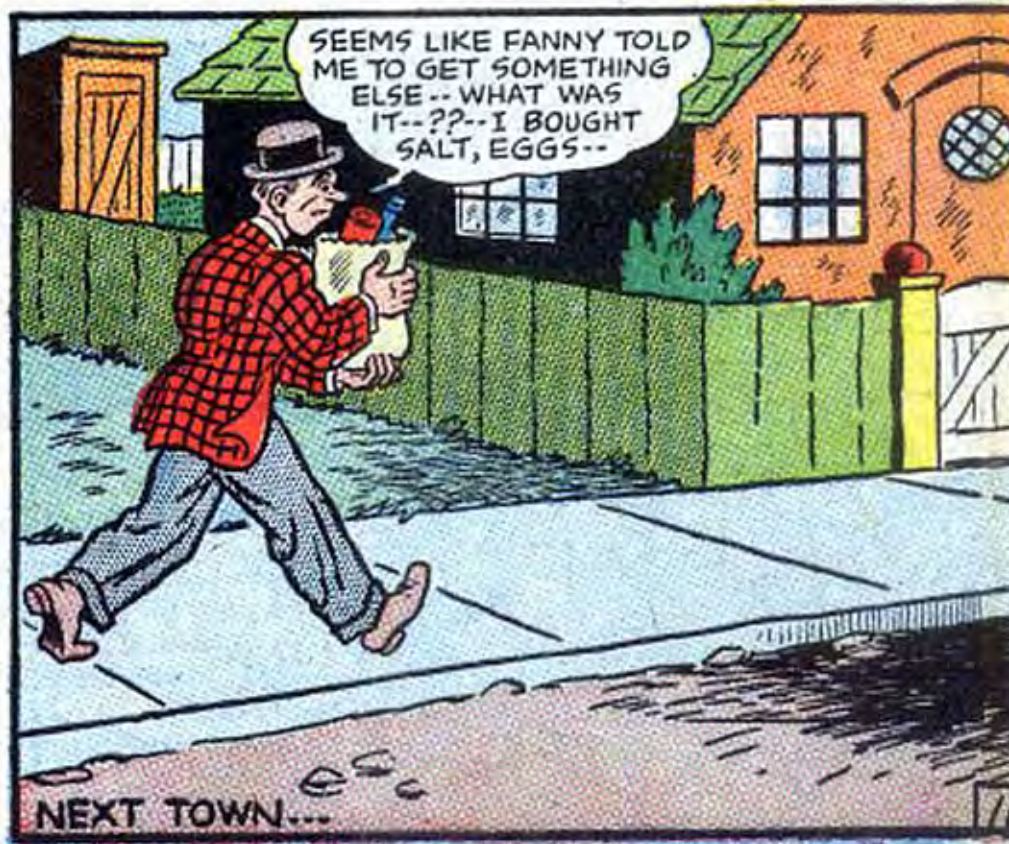
OH, SO THEY CAN HAVE MORE OIL FOR OUR SHIPS AN' PLANES ON TH' EAST COAST, EH?

YEAH-- BUT IT'LL BE MONTHS BEFORE THEY EVEN GET THIS FAR--  
THEY'RE STARTING IT IN TEXAS!



SAY--I JUS' FELT A BREEZE GO BY--  
--MAYBE WE'RE GONNA HAVE A RAIN!

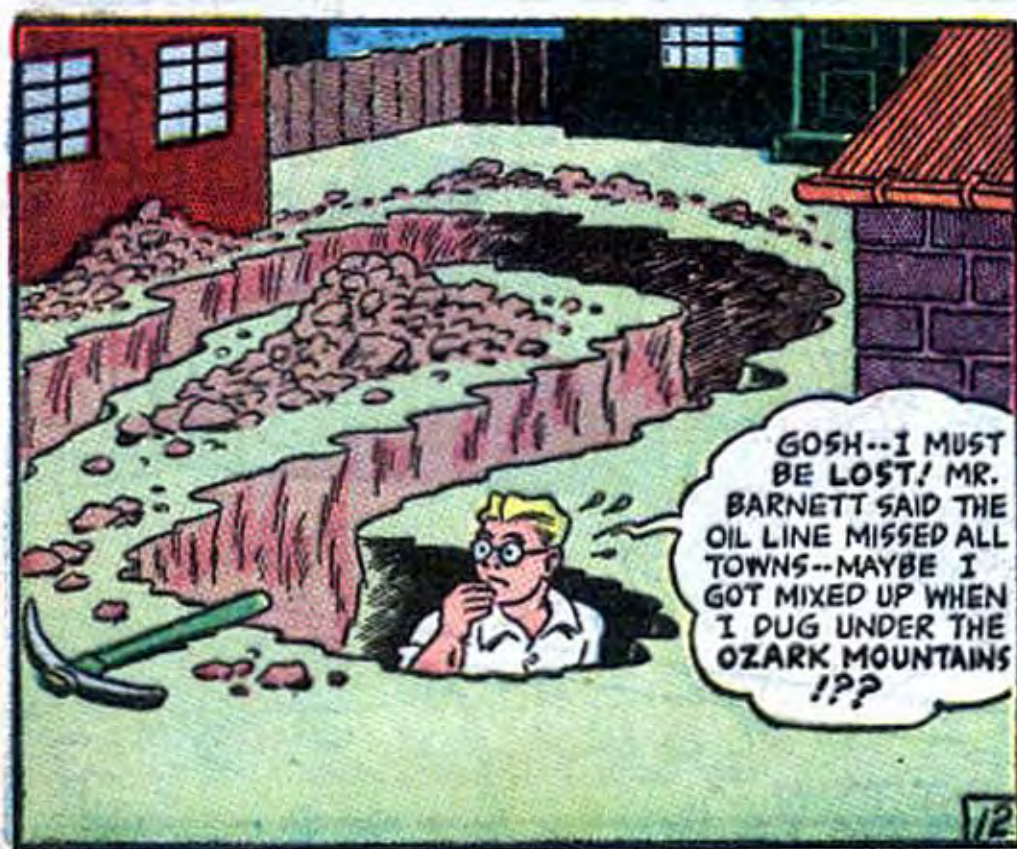
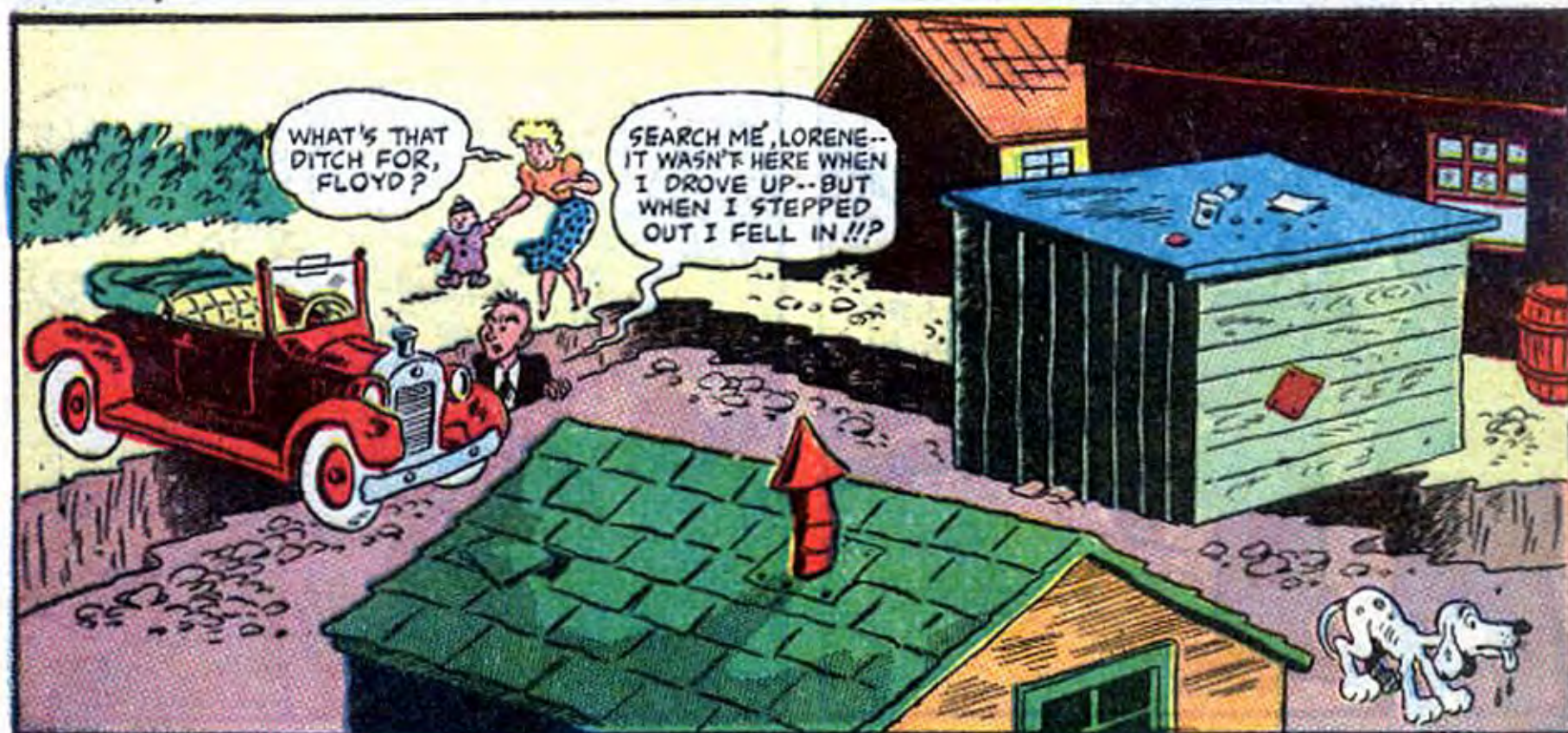
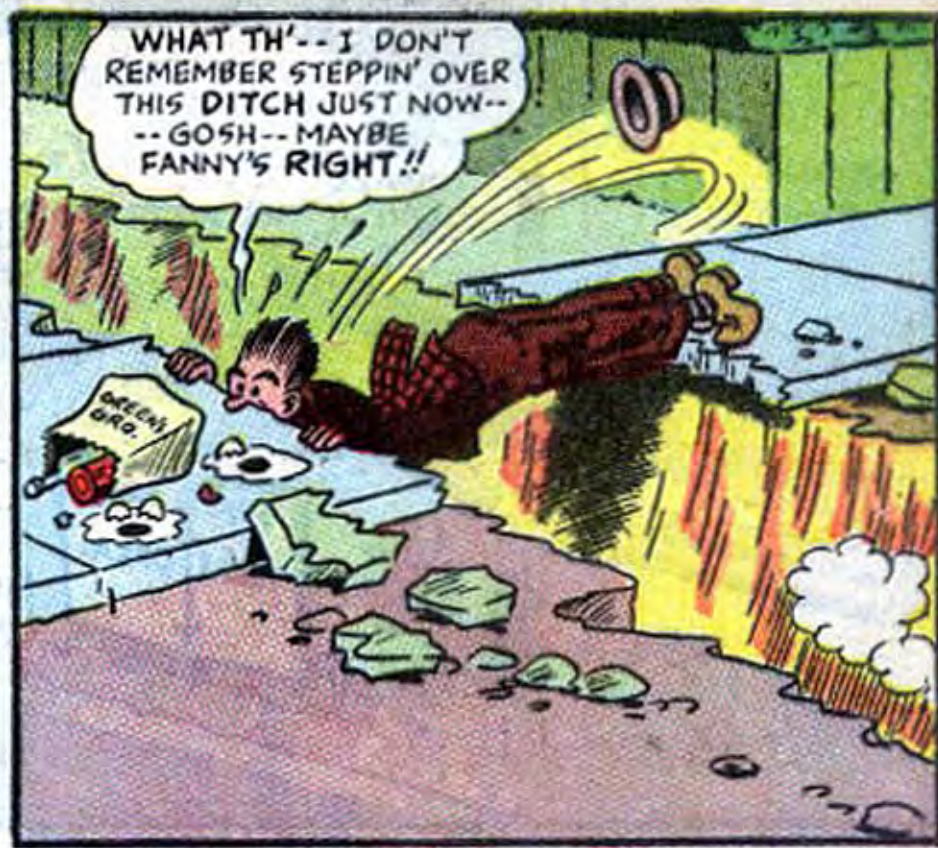
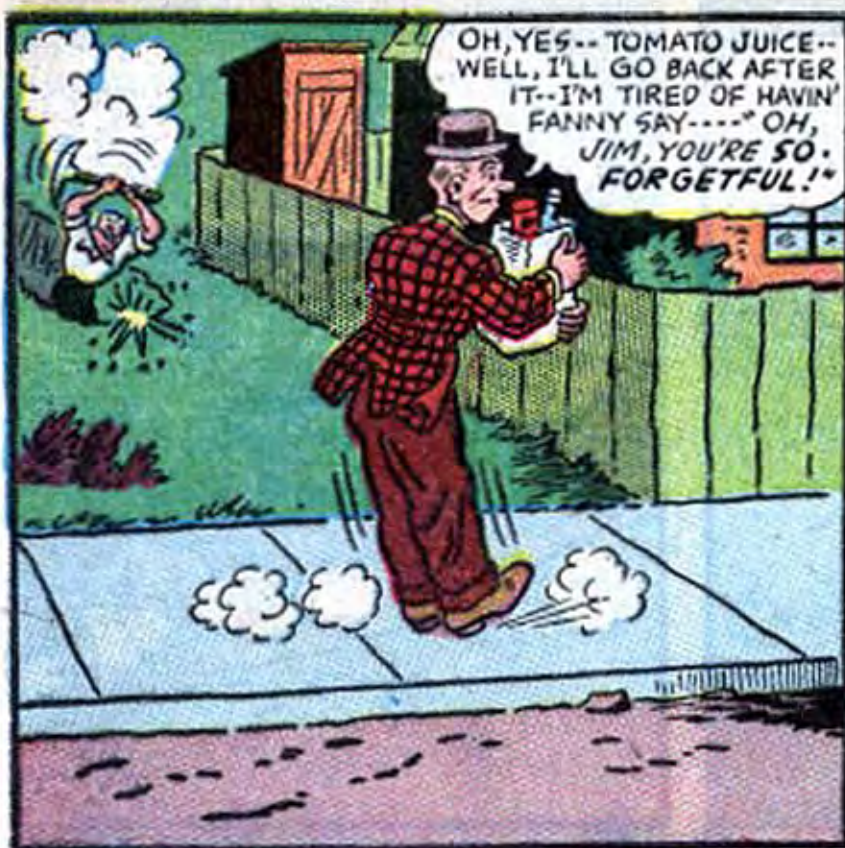
NOPE! NOT A CLOUD IN TH' SKY!



SEEMS LIKE FANNY TOLD ME TO GET SOMETHING ELSE-- WHAT WAS IT--??--I BOUGHT SALT, EGGS--

NEXT TOWN...









OW! TH' OIL'S CAUGHT UP WITH ME -- AND I CAN'T LAY MORE PIPE UNTIL I DIG MORE DITCH----

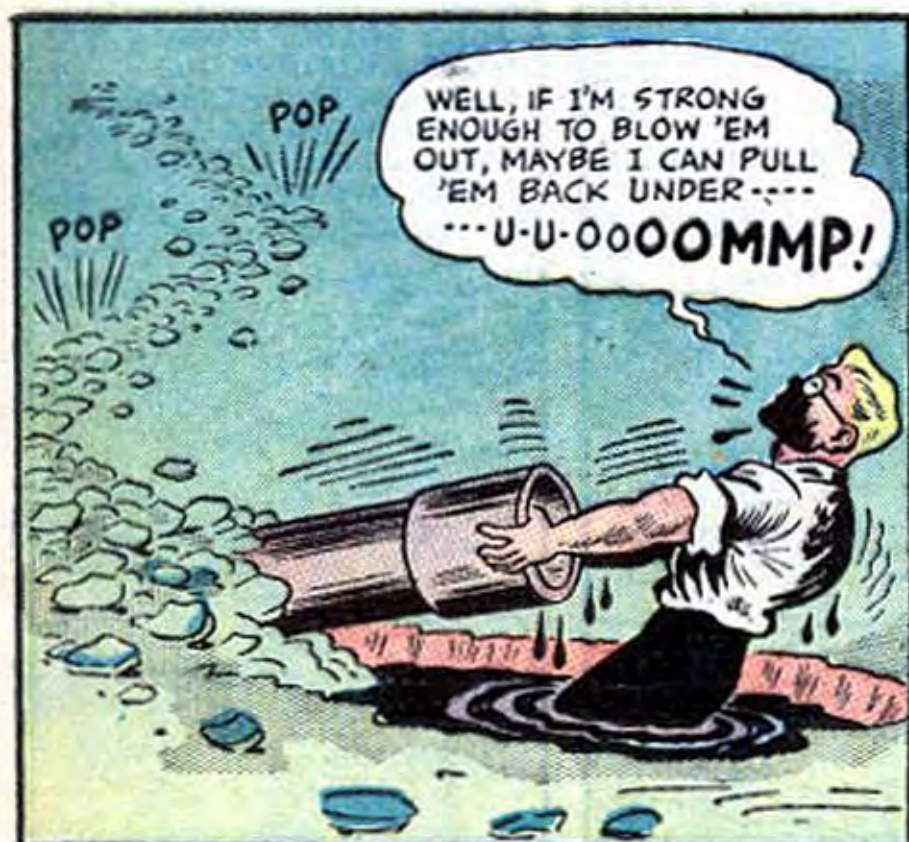


--MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO BLOW TH' OIL BACK TOWARDS TEXAS UNTIL I CAN GET AHEAD OF IT AGAIN-----

--AH-H-H-H-H-  
**WHOOSH!!**



**YIPE!** NOW I AM IN A PICKLE!! I'VE BLOWN TH' PIPES THAT I BURIED OUT OF TH' GROUND--I--I--  
--I GUESS THIS IS JUST TOO BIG A JOB FOR ONE MAN!!



WELL, IF I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO BLOW 'EM OUT, MAYBE I CAN PULL 'EM BACK UNDER----  
---U-U-OOOOMP!



I HATE TO RUIN THIS JOINT OF STEEL PIPE, BUT I'VE GOTTA STOP TH' OIL UNTIL I CAN LAY MORE LINE---  
--THAT KNOT SHOULD HOLD!



AT TH' RATE I'M GOIN' NOW I SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE IN OHIO, OR MAYBE PENNSYLVANIA!



OH-OH-- SNOW!  
IF THE RIGHT-OF-WAY STAKES GET COVERED I WON'T KNOW WHERE TO DIG----



WOW! WHAT A BLIZZARD!  
ONE MORE HOUR AND I'D HAVE REACHED NEW YORK--WELL, I'LL TIE ANOTHER KNOT IN THE PIPE TO STOP TH' OIL!



I'D SEEK SHELTER-- BUT  
IT'D TAKE TIME TO FIND THIS  
SPOT AGAIN AFTER TH' SNOW  
MELTS--AND TH' SOONER I  
FINISH TH' QUICKER I CAN  
GO AFTER HITLER---  
--HO-HUM--HOME WAS  
NEVER LIKE THIS!!



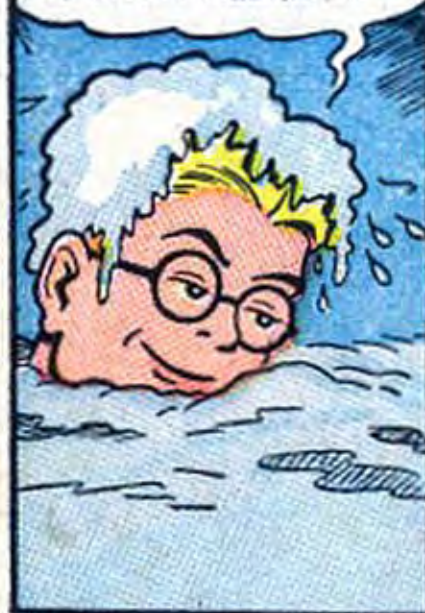
Z-Z-  
Z-Z-Z-



WELL--IT'S STOPPED  
SNOWING-- AND DOES  
THAT SUN FEEL GOOD!!  
TH' NEXT TIME I DIG  
A PIPE LINE THROUGH  
THIS SECTION I'LL  
WEAR SOME LONG  
UNDIES!



WHERE'S TH' END OF THAT  
PIPE--I DON'T WANT TO  
LOSE IT-- AH! THERE IT  
IS--I'LL SIT ON IT UNTIL  
TH' SNOW MELTS AND---



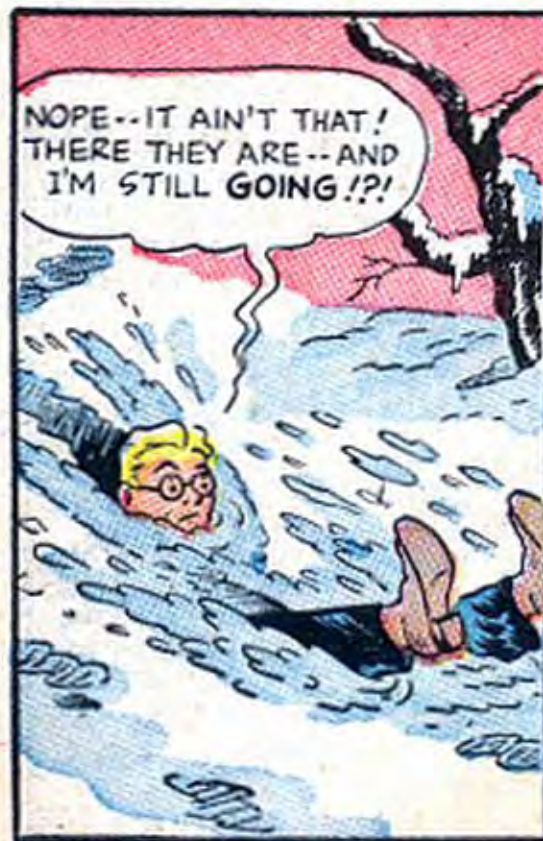
WHAT TH'..!??  
TH' PIPE'S MOVING--  
--IT---- IT'S  
ALIVE!?



HOLY SOCKS! MAYBE  
SLEEPING UNDER THE  
SNOW LAST NIGHT MADE  
ME NUMB--MAYBE I'M  
RUNNING AND CAN'T  
FEEL MY FEET  
WORKING---



NOPE--IT AIN'T THAT!  
THERE THEY ARE--AND  
I'M STILL GOING!?!



NOW I'M  
HEADIN' TOWARDS  
A BARN--I  
HOPE I HIT  
THAT DOOR!



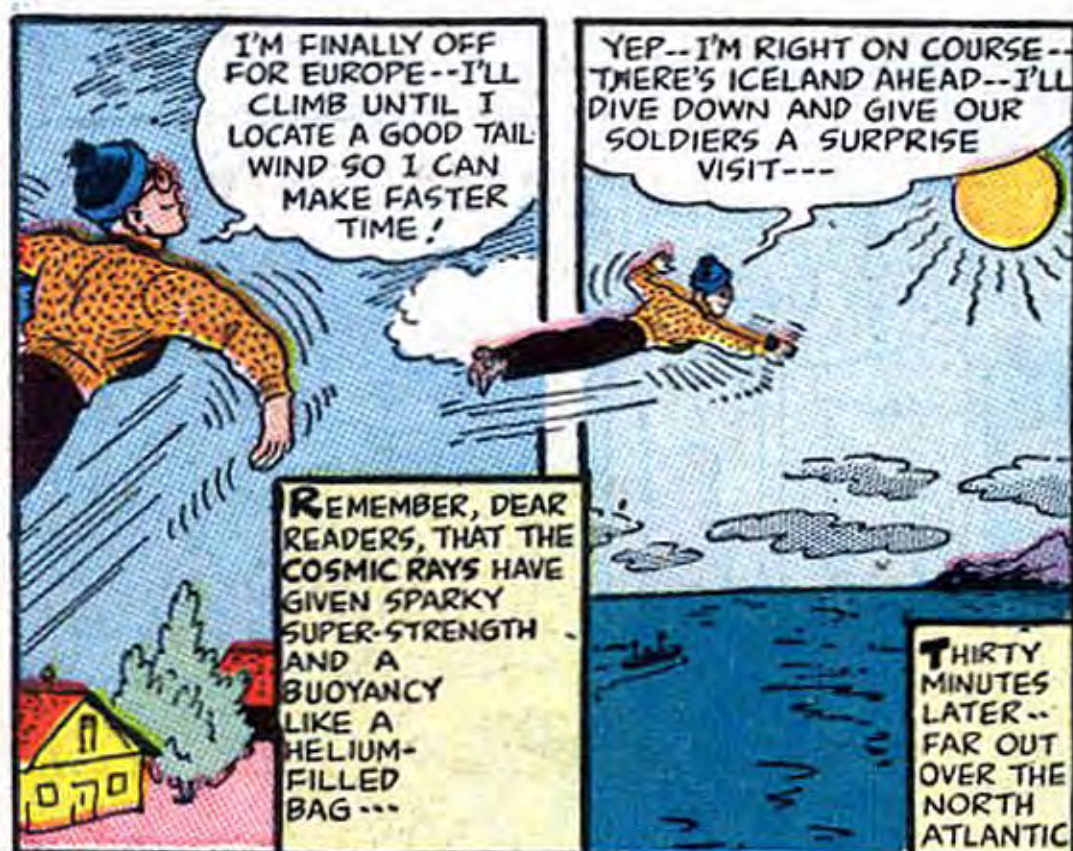
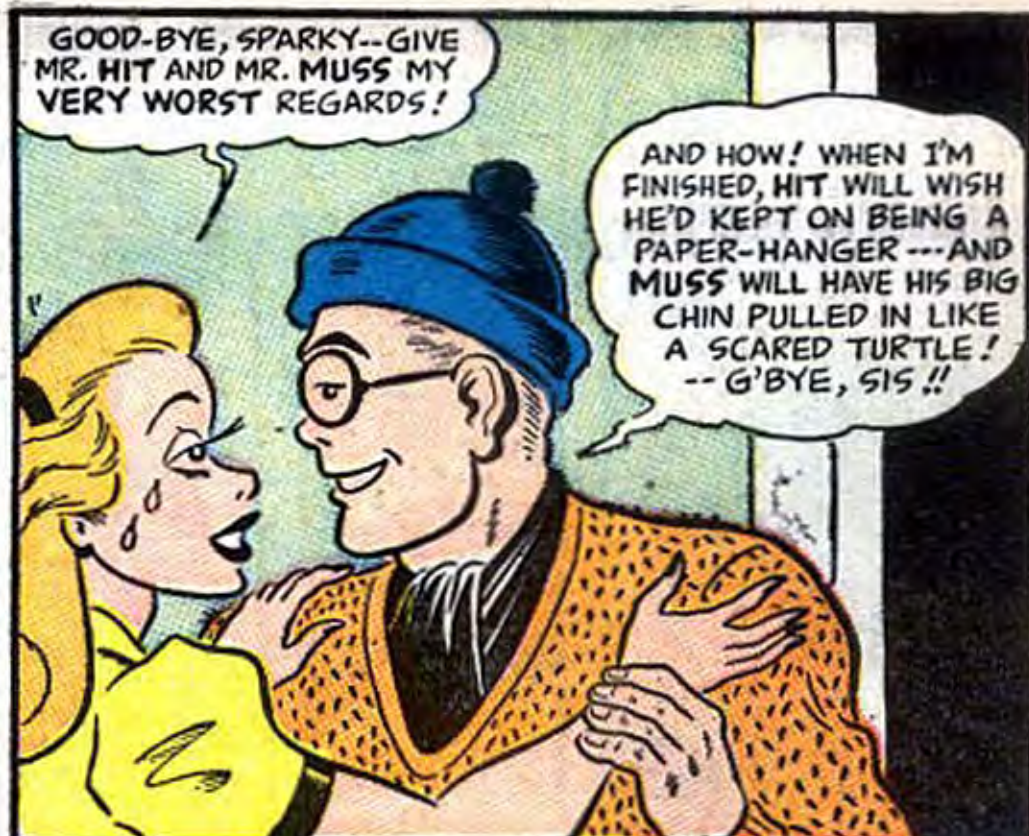
WELL, I'LL BE--NO  
WONDER I SLEPT  
WARM LAST NIGHT--  
--I HAD A ROOM-  
MATE!!







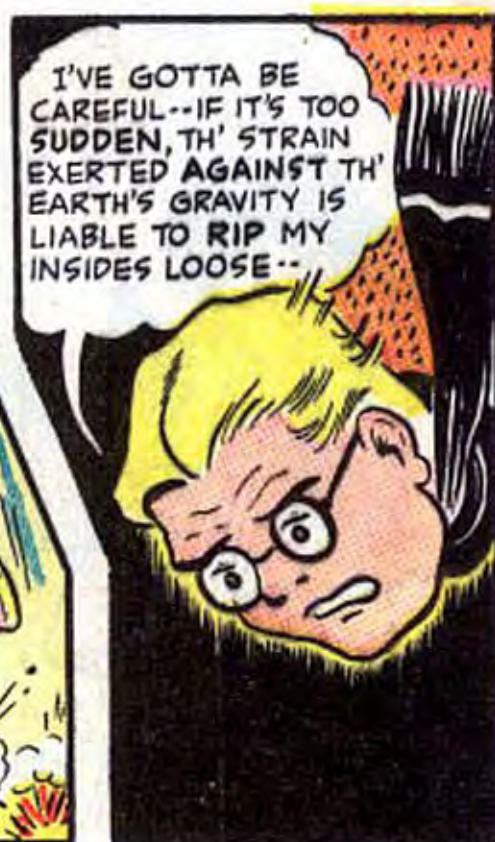
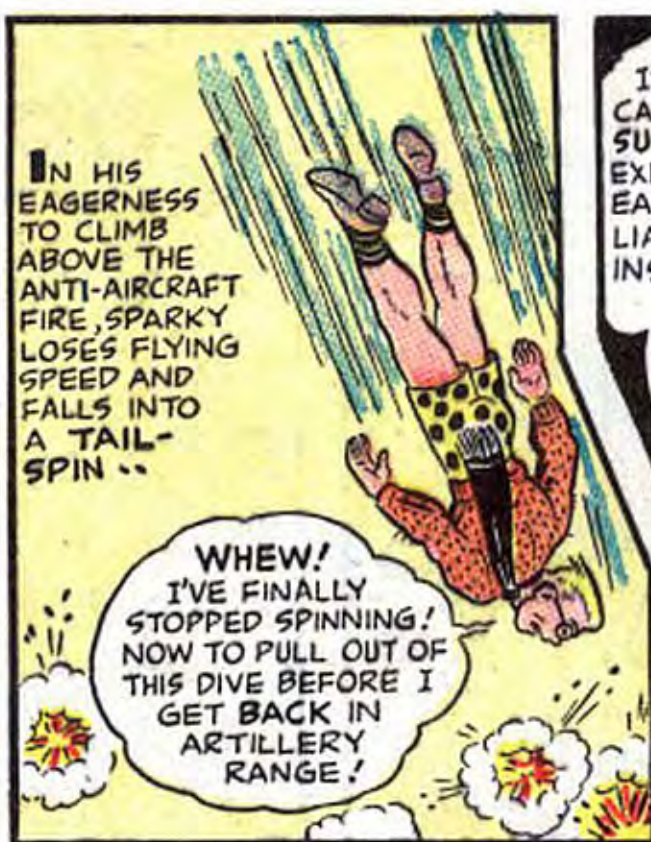




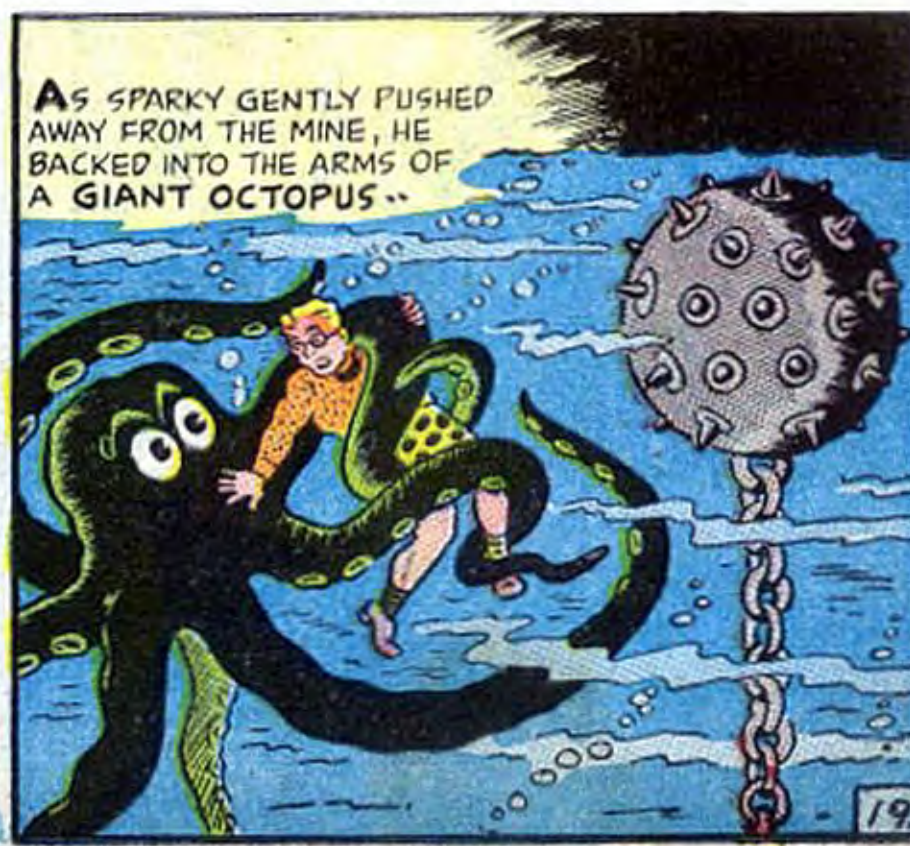














SPARKY KICKS AT THE THING'S EYES --- BLINDED, THE OCTOPUS REACHES OUT FOR SUPPORT--AND TOUCHES A TRIGGER ON THE MINE ---



--INSTANTLY, TWO TONS OF NITROGLYCERIN EXPLODE WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING --



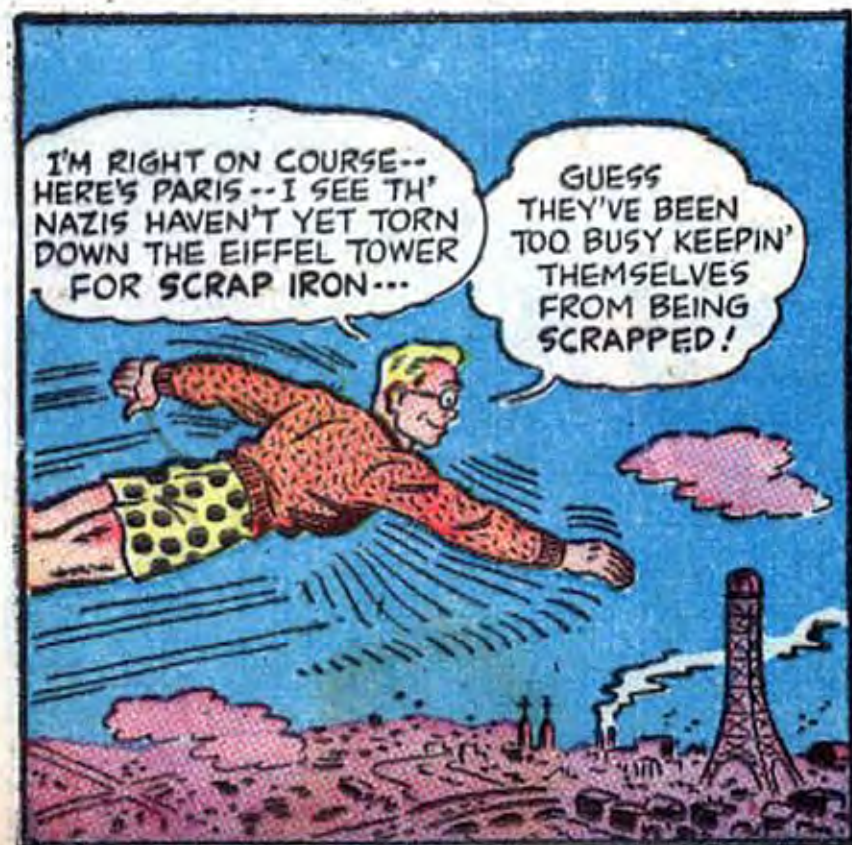
UG..UM..  
-- WHAT AN  
EXPLOSION !!  
UFF--IT KNOCKED  
MY BREATH ----  
-- W--WHAT'S  
THIS !?



OH--IT'S PART OF THAT OCTOPUS' ARM--GOSH! I'M LUCKY HIS HUGE BODY WAS BETWEEN ME AND THAT MINE -- I'D HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO SMITHERINES !



I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMETHIN' REALLY HAPPENS TO ME--



I'M RIGHT ON COURSE--HERE'S PARIS --I SEE TH' NAZIS HAVEN'T YET TORN DOWN THE EIFFEL TOWER FOR SCRAP IRON...

GUESS THEY'VE BEEN TOO BUSY KEEPIN' THEMSELVES FROM BEING SCRAPPED!



I'VE GOTTA KEEP IN ONE PIECE UNTIL I GET A CRACK AT HITLER-- --AFTER THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER! LOOK OUT, GERMANY--HERE I COME !!









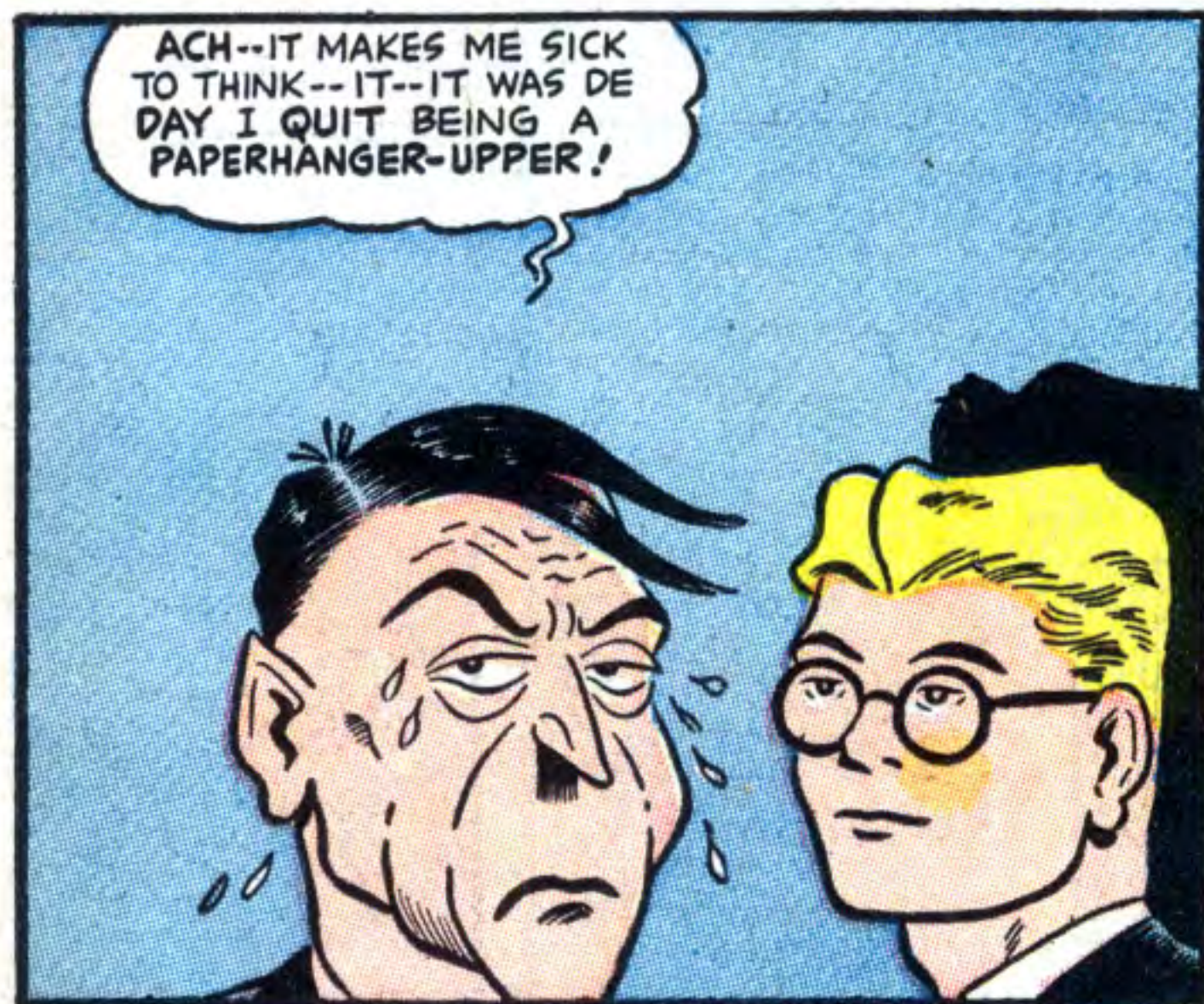




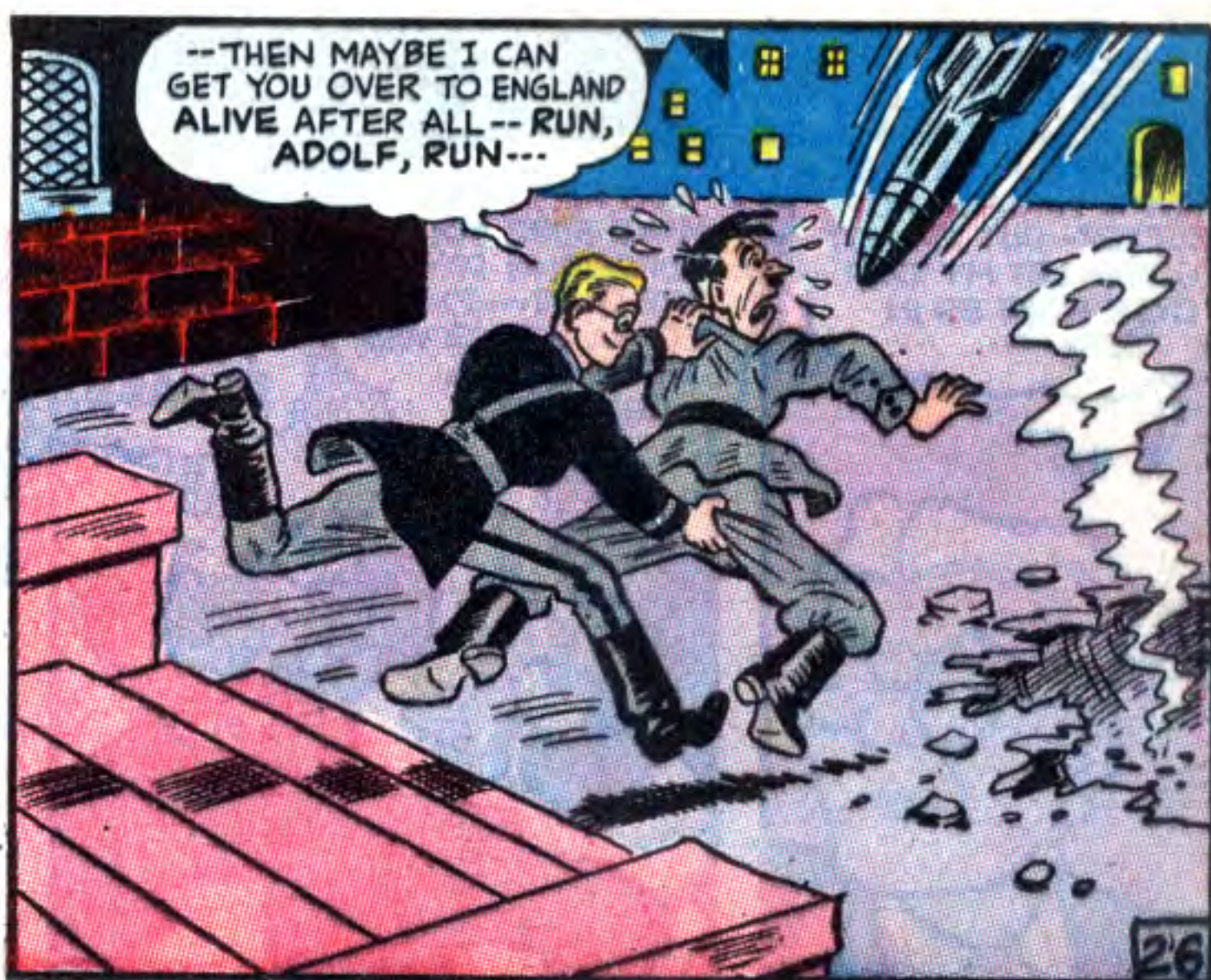




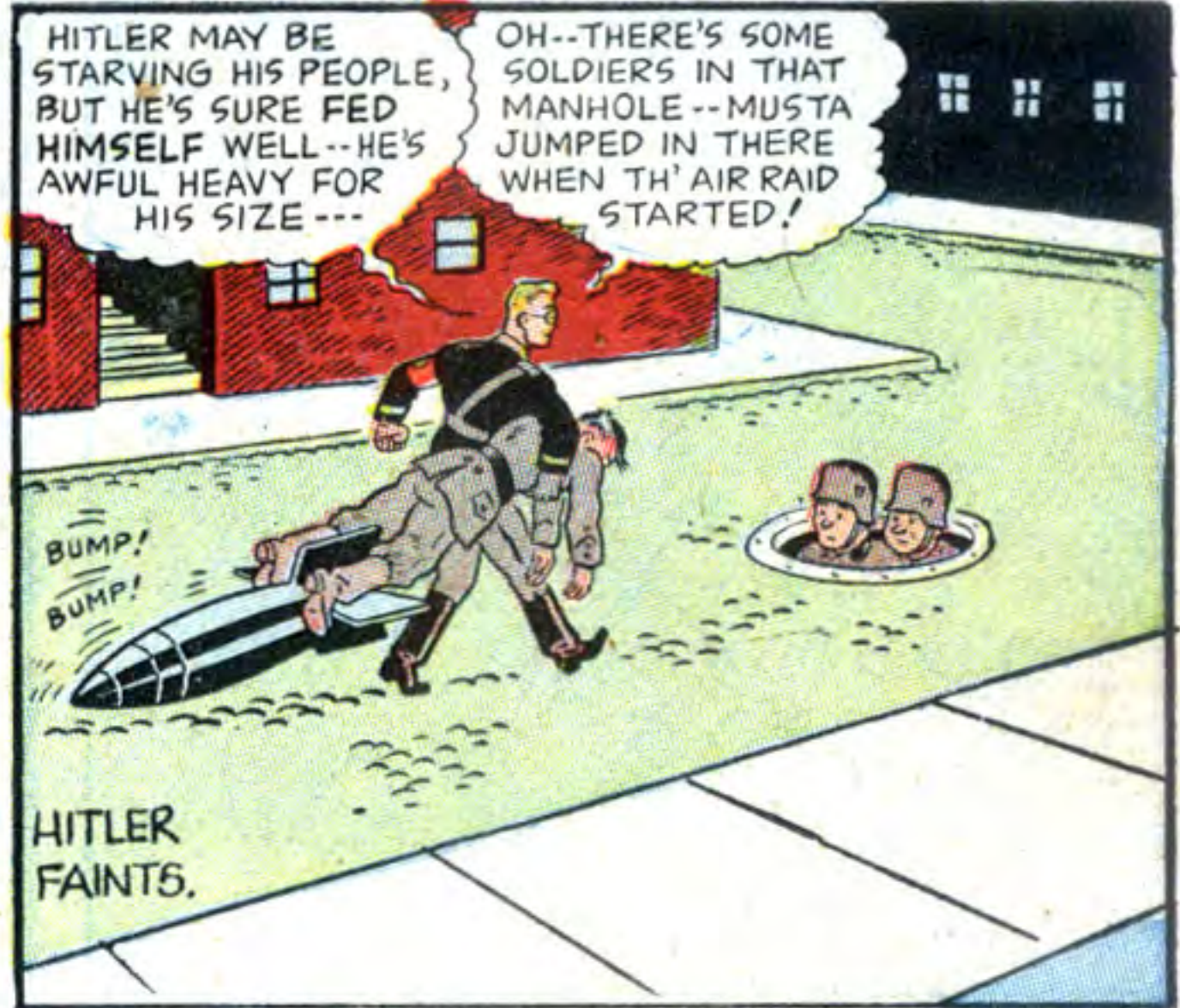
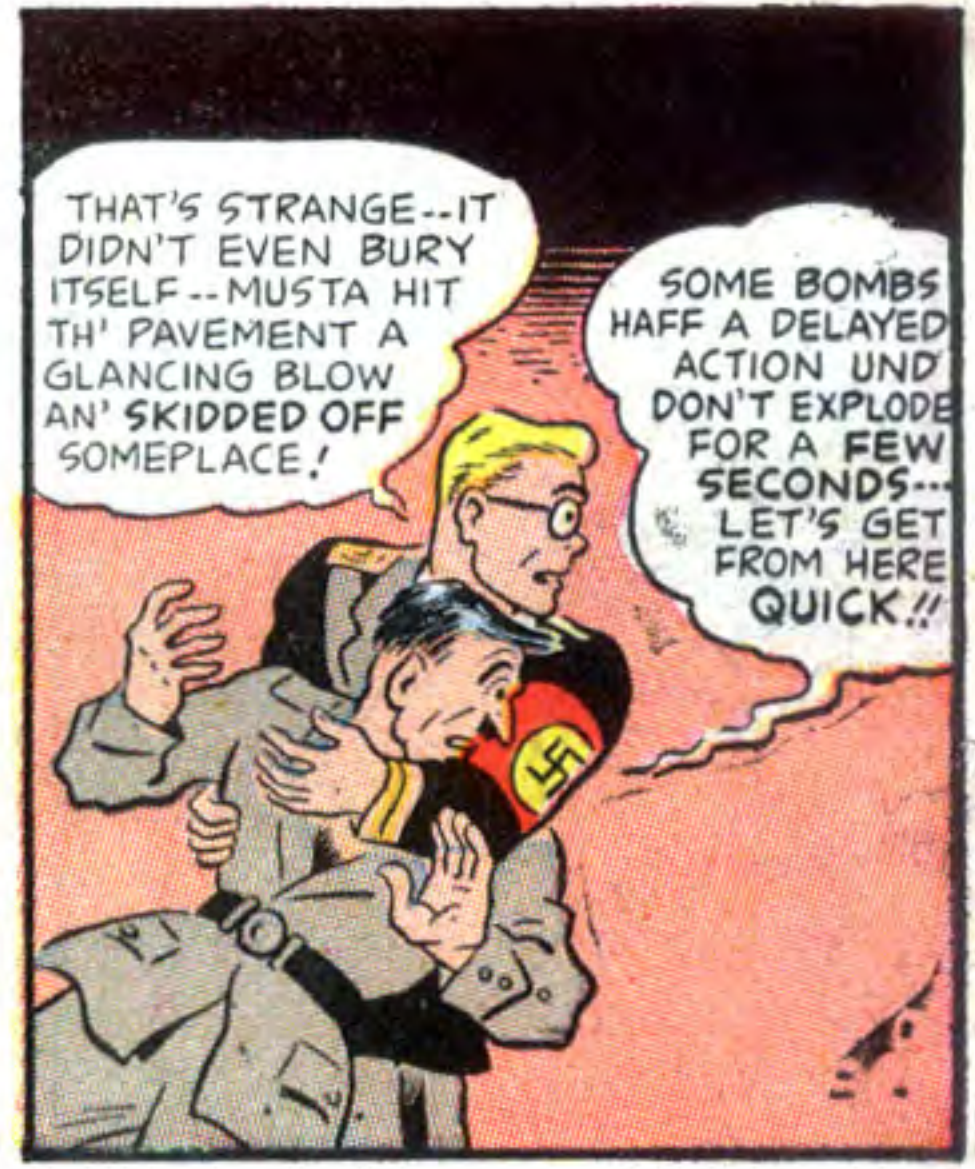
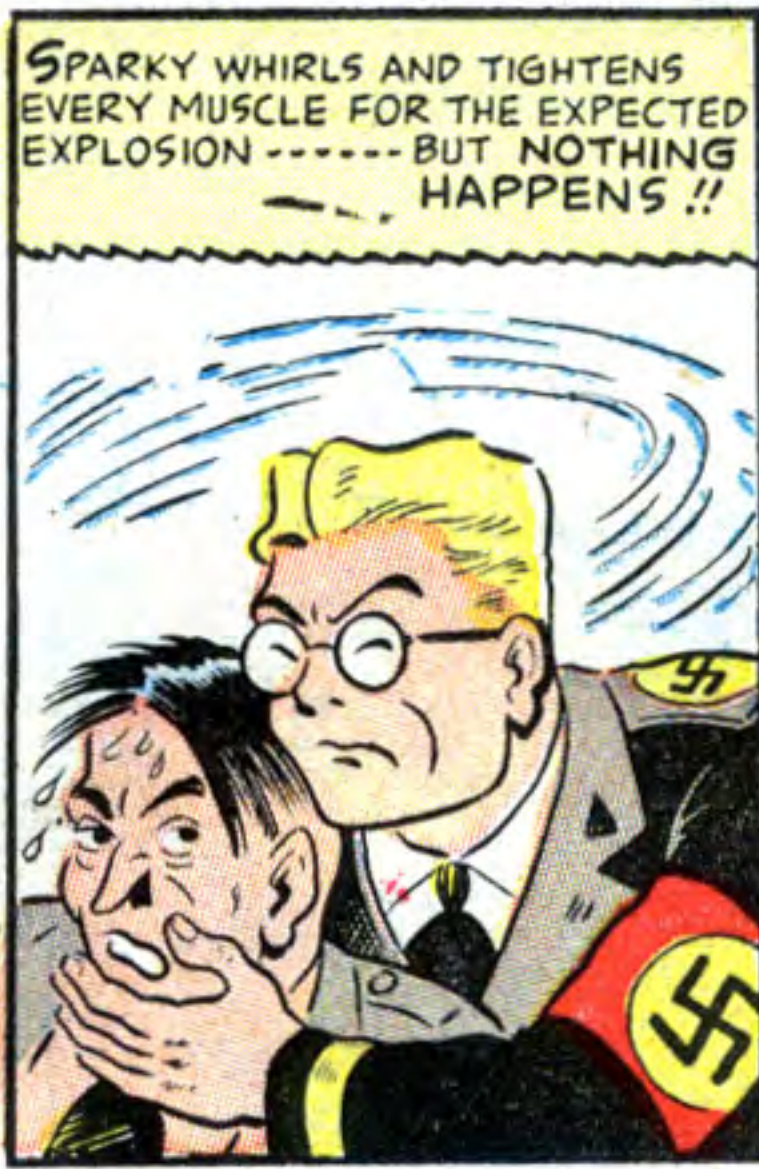
















IF THIS AIR RAID WILL CONTINUE FOR AWHILE AND KEEP PEOPLE OFF TH' STREETS, I'LL GET HITLER OUT OF BERLIN WITHOUT BEING SEEN---

OH-OH--THERE GO TH' SIRENS AGAIN--MUST BE TH' "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL--I'LL DUCK INTO AN ALLEY!



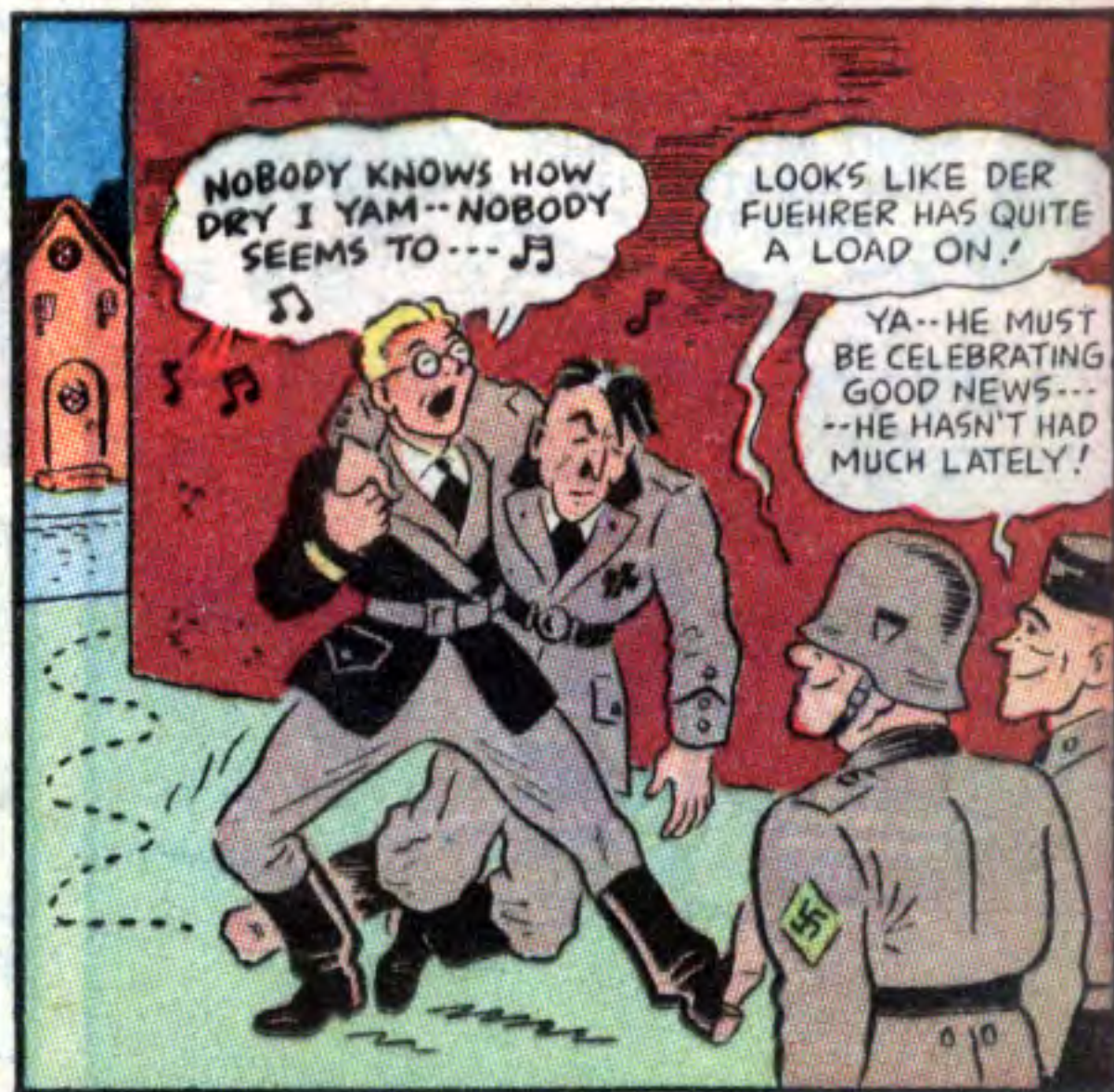
GOSH--NOW TH' STREETS ARE FULL OF SOLDIERS---THANK GOODNESS MR. SNICKERGOOBER HAS FAINTED AND CAN'T YELL---



BUT WITH HIM IN THIS WOBBLY CONDITION EVERYONE WILL KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG, AND--- SAY--I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



♪ SWEET AD-ER-LINE... ♪



NOBODY KNOWS HOW DRY I YAM--NOBODY SEEMS TO--- ♪

LOOKS LIKE DER FUEHRER HAS QUITE A LOAD ON!

YA--HE MUST BE CELEBRATING GOOD NEWS--- --HE HASN'T HAD MUCH LATELY!



L'I'L BROWN JUG, HOW WE LUFF THEE...



GOODNIGHT! THERE'S A BUNCH FOLLOWING US! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO KIDNAP HITLER WITH HALF TH' GERMAN ARMY TAGGIN' ALONG!

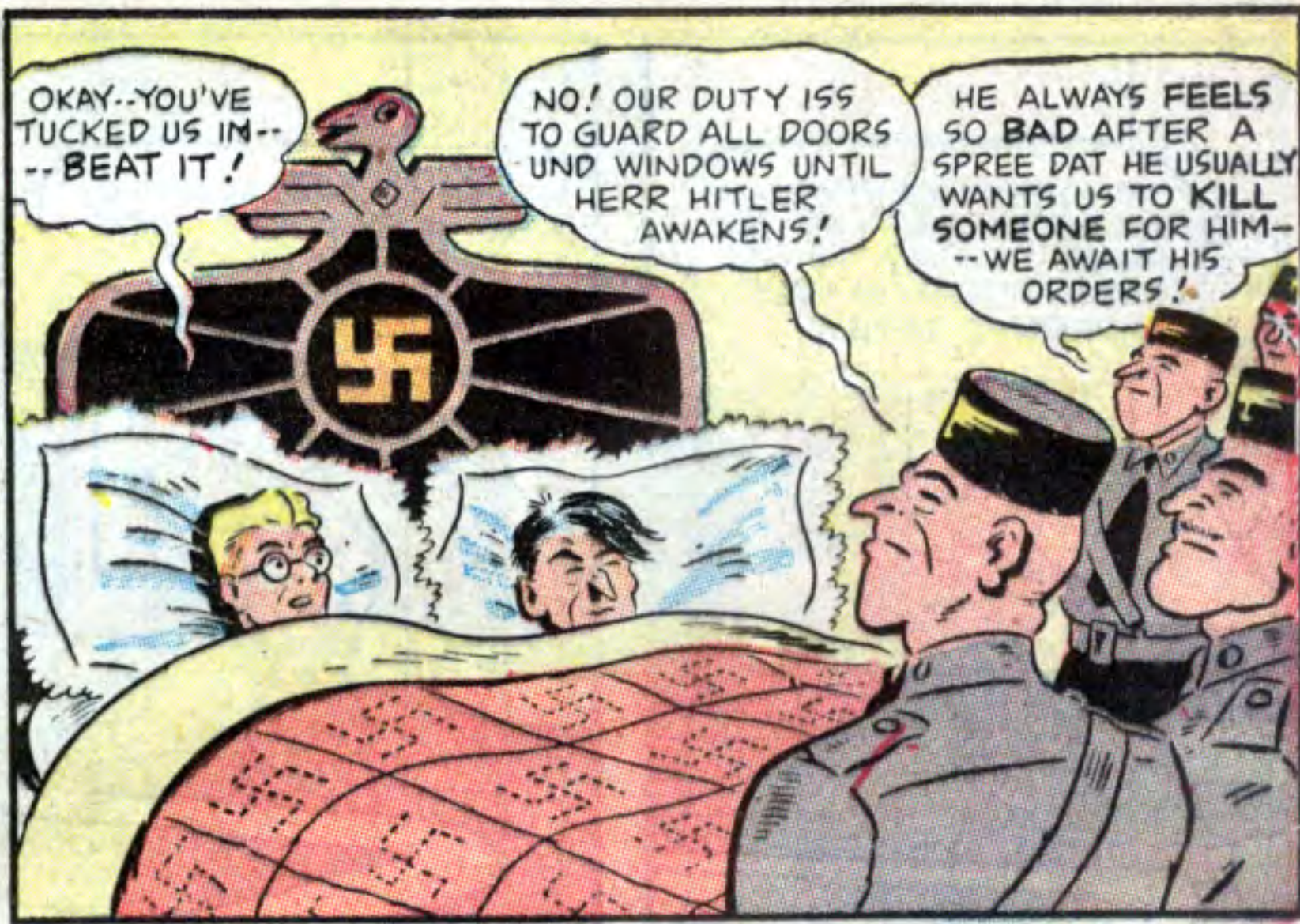
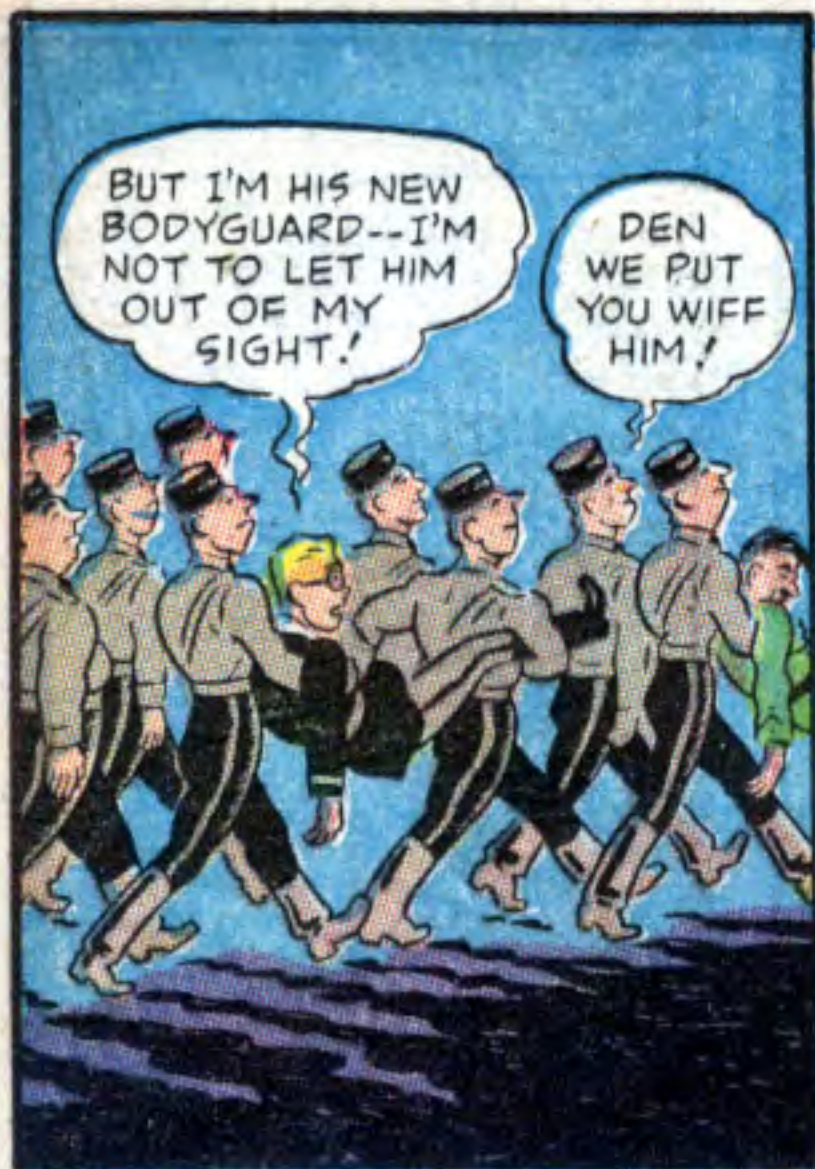
HITLER'S BOUND TO SNAP OUT OF THIS FAINTING SPELL SOON AN' GIVE TH' WHOLE SHOW AWAY!



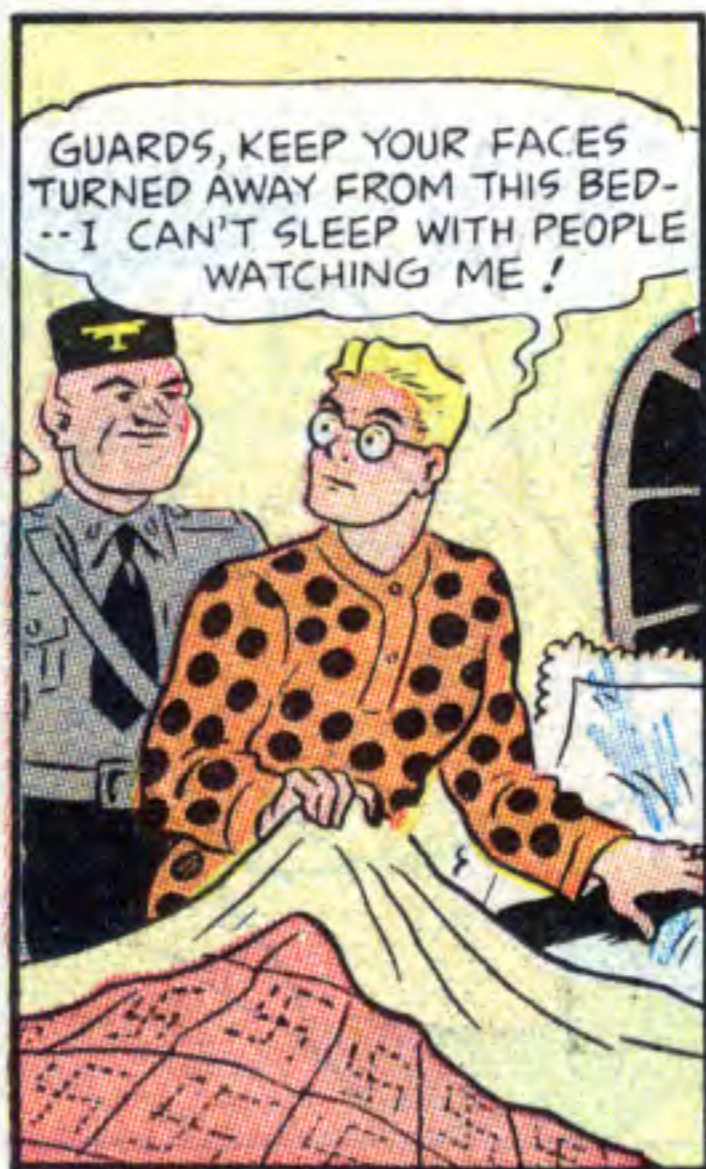
SHAY--WHATSHA MEANIN' OF THISH-- STOPSH FOLLOWIN' US--G'WAN--BEAT IT!

SORRY, HERR OFFICER--BUT WE ISS HERR HITLER'S OFFICIAL "TO BED PUTTER-INNER" WHEN HE HASS BEEN OUDT ON A SPREE !!





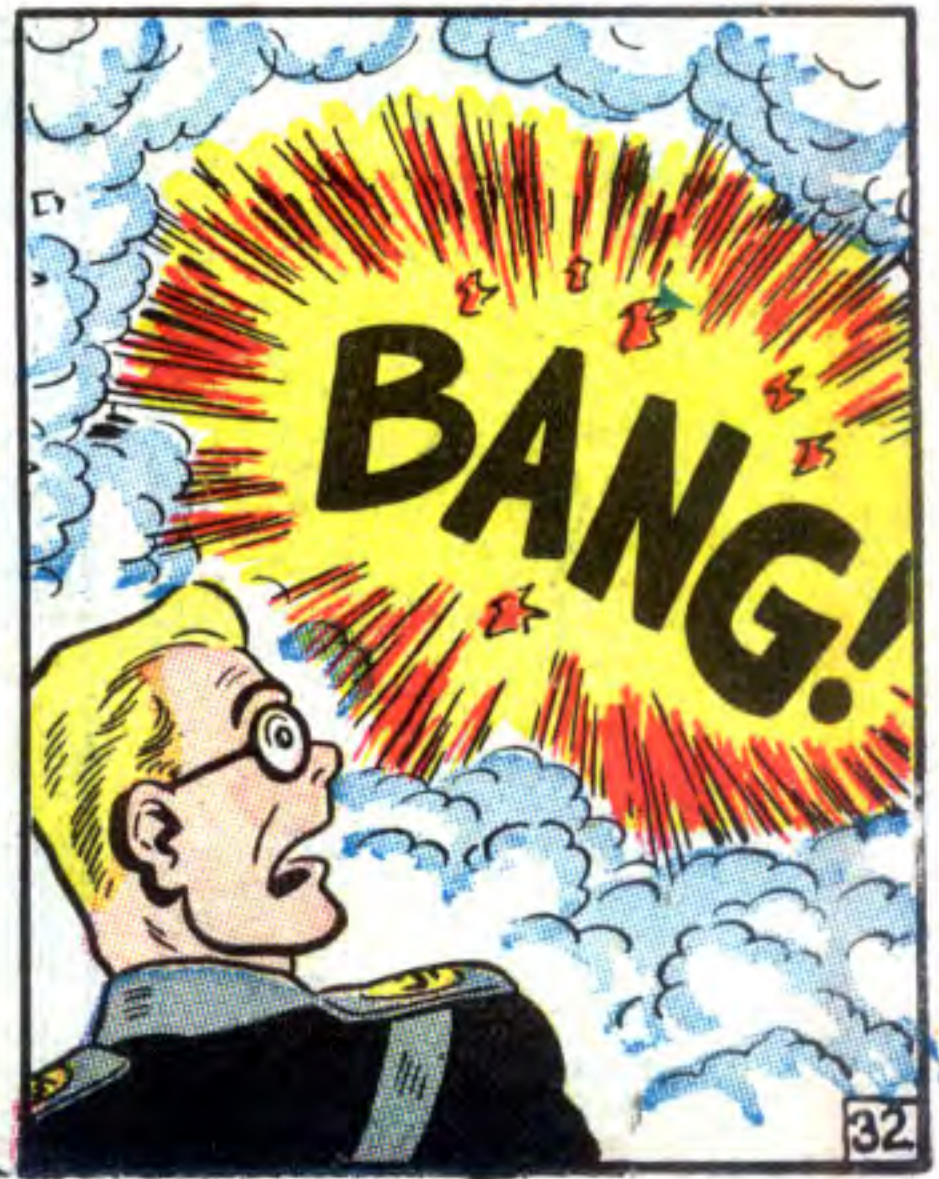
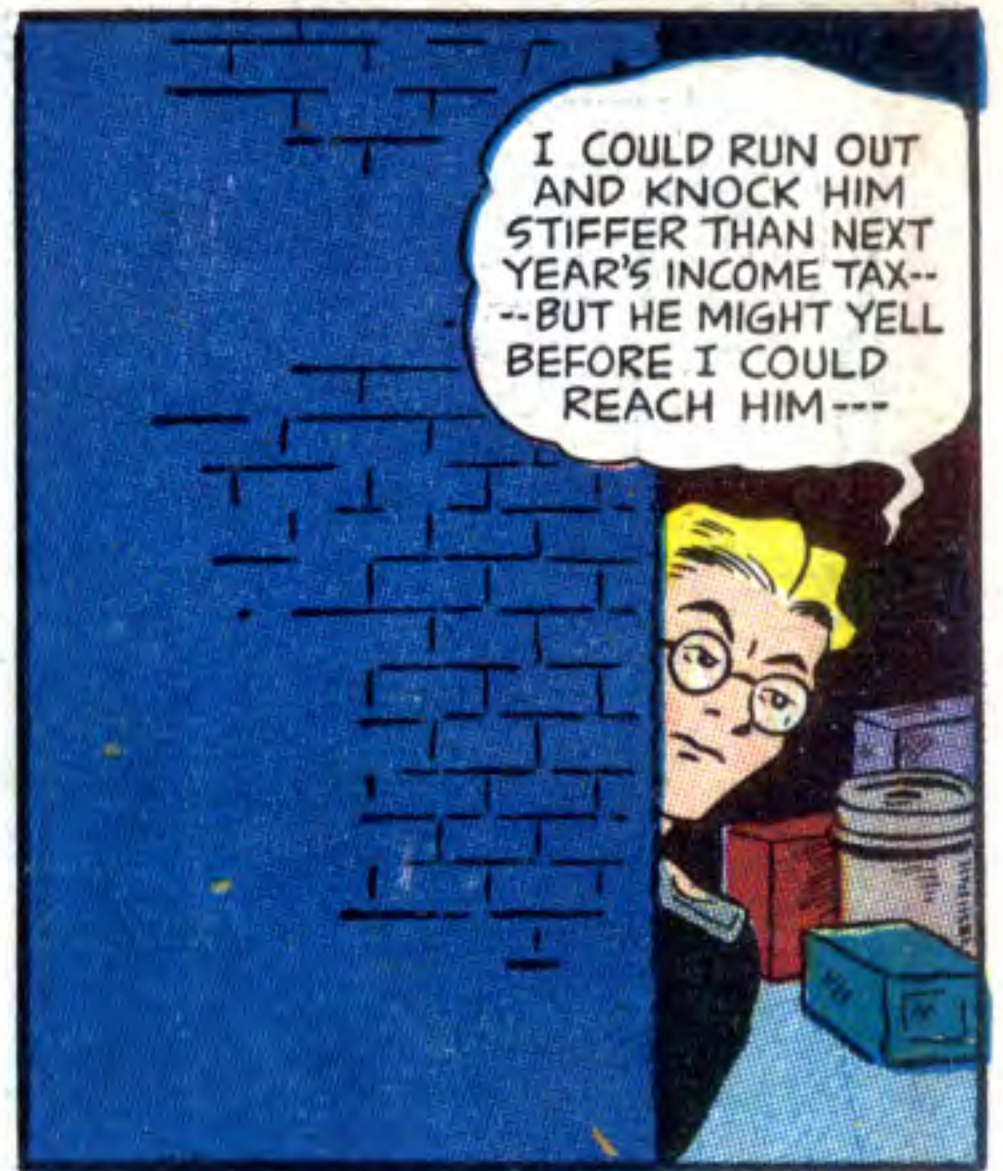
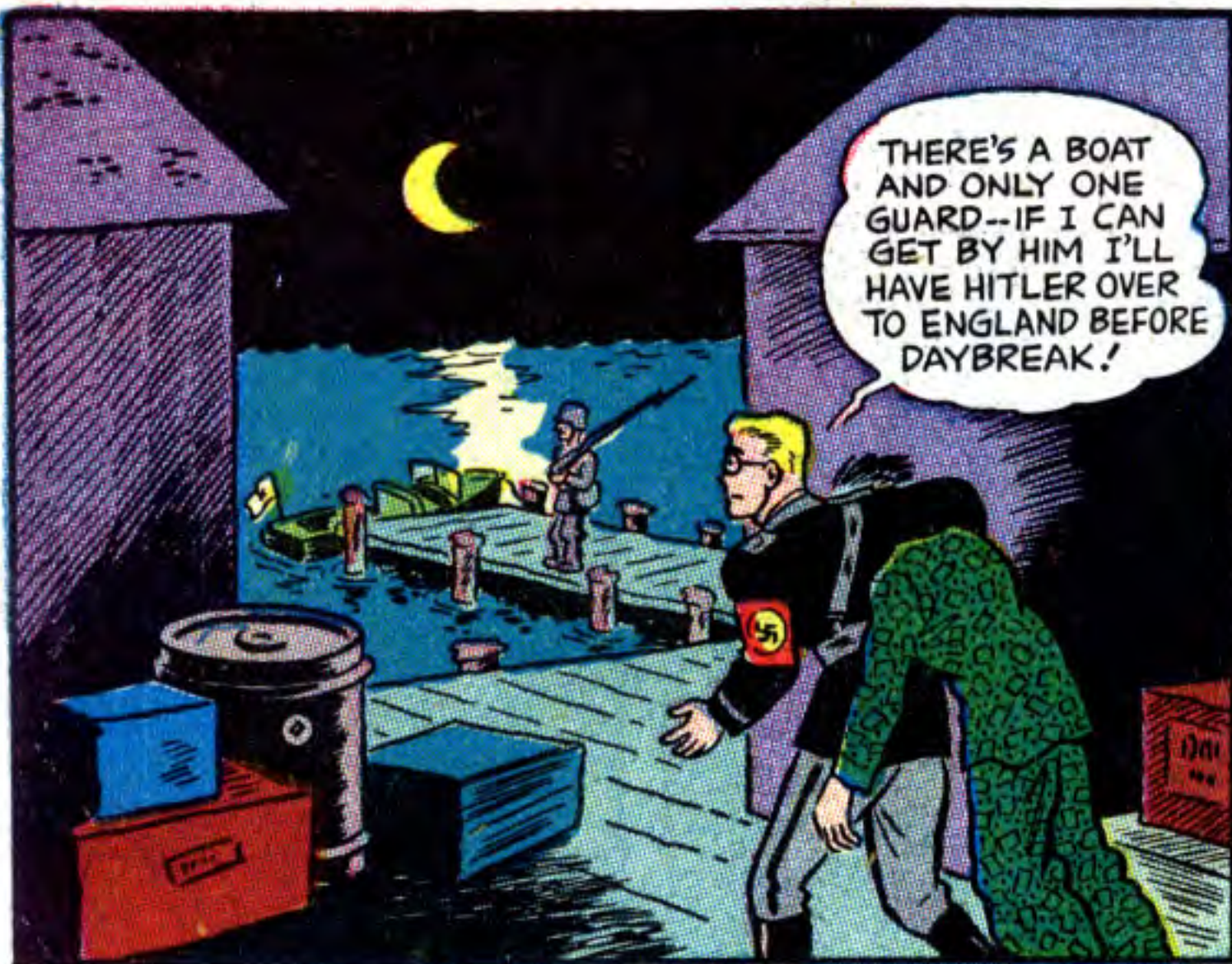




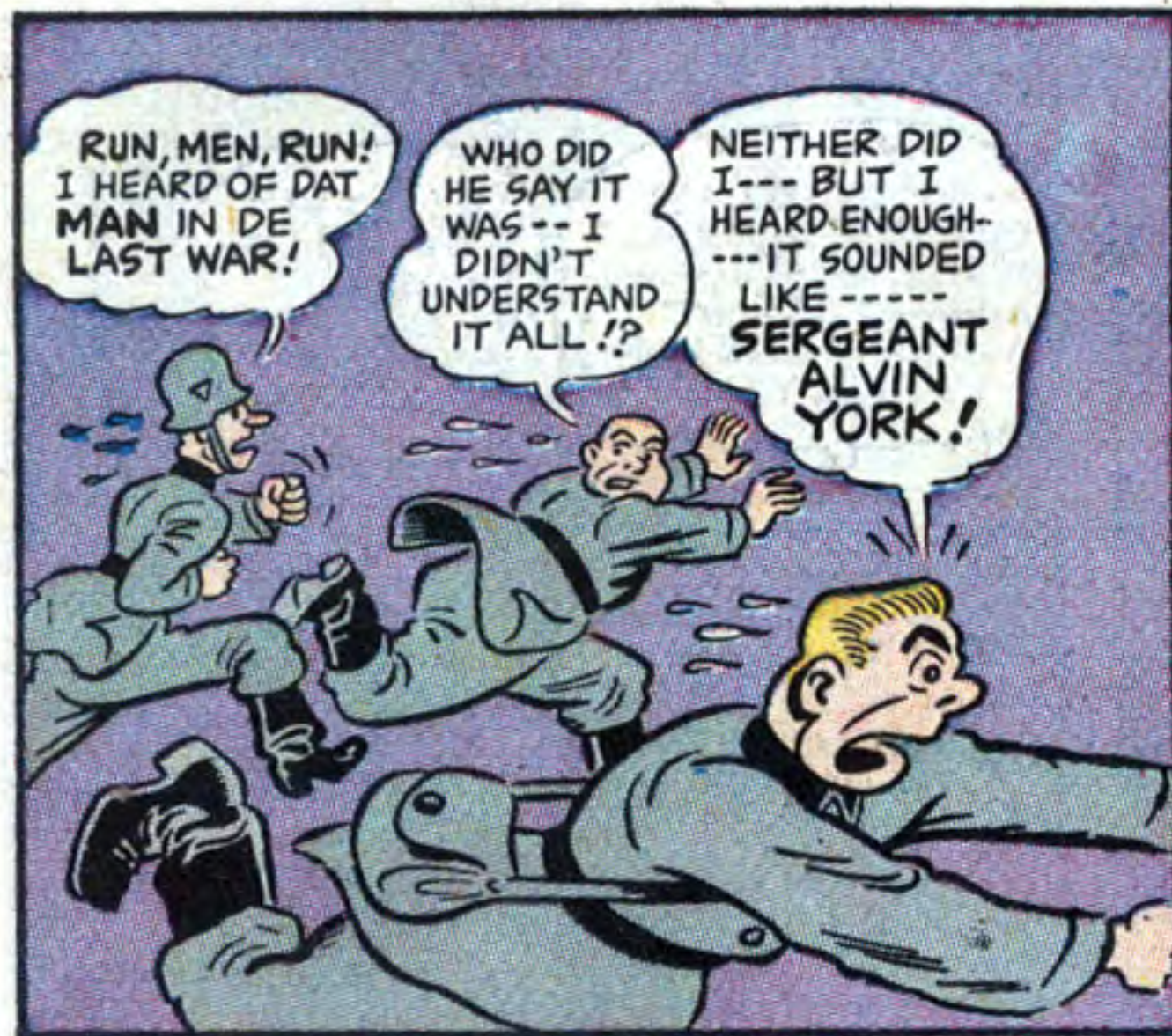
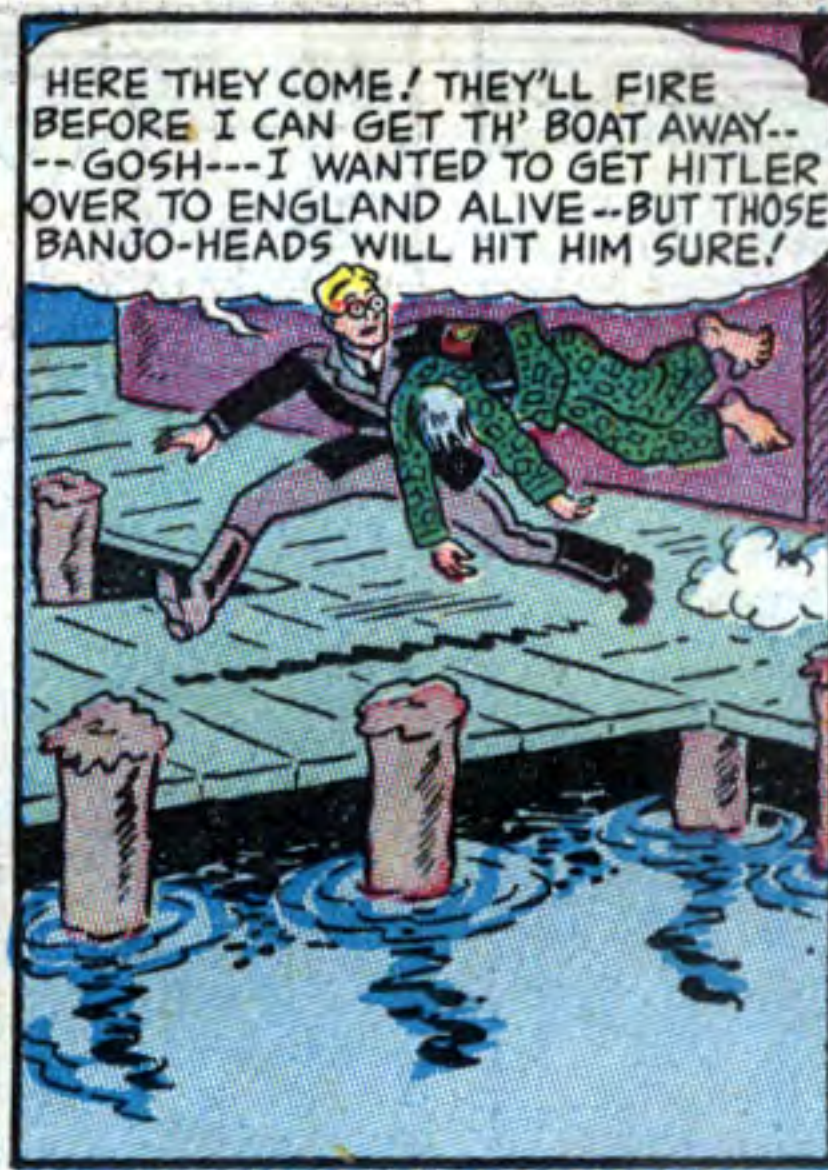




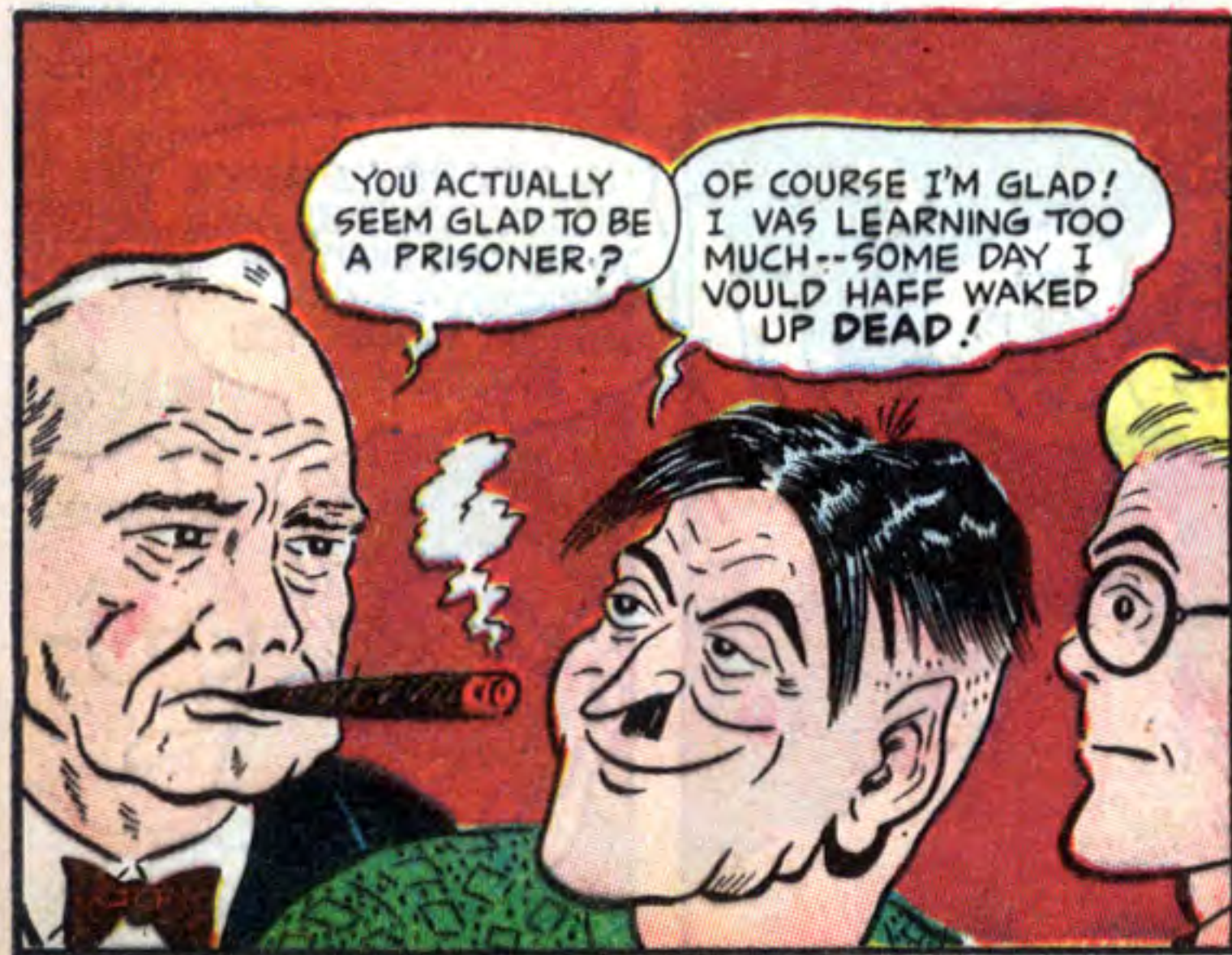
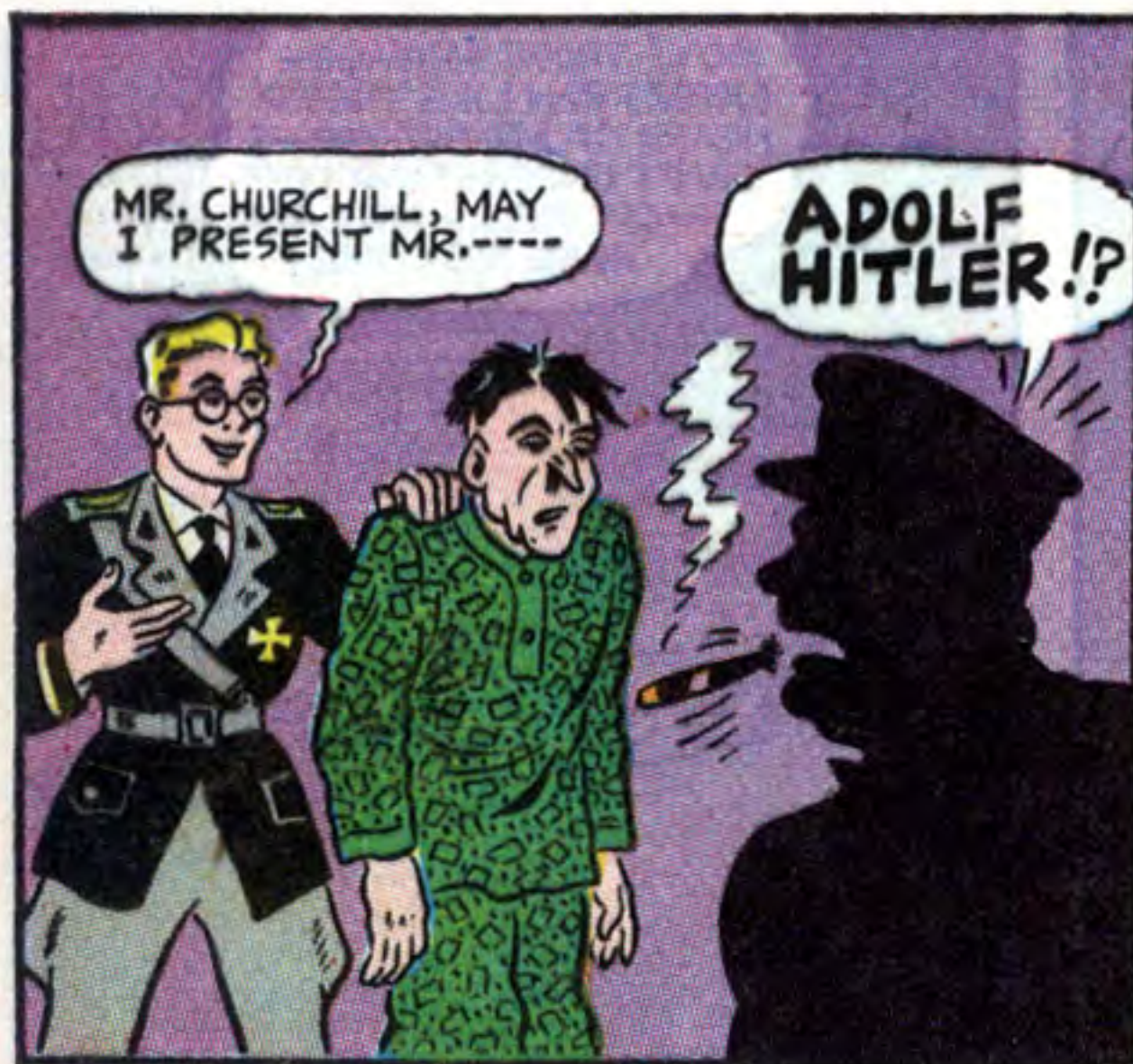




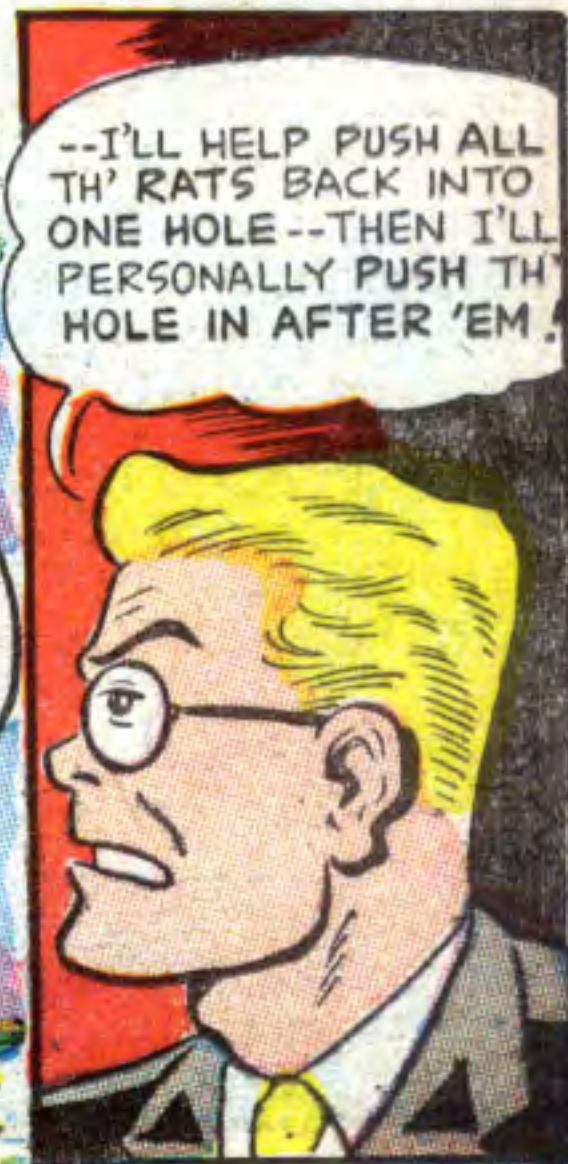
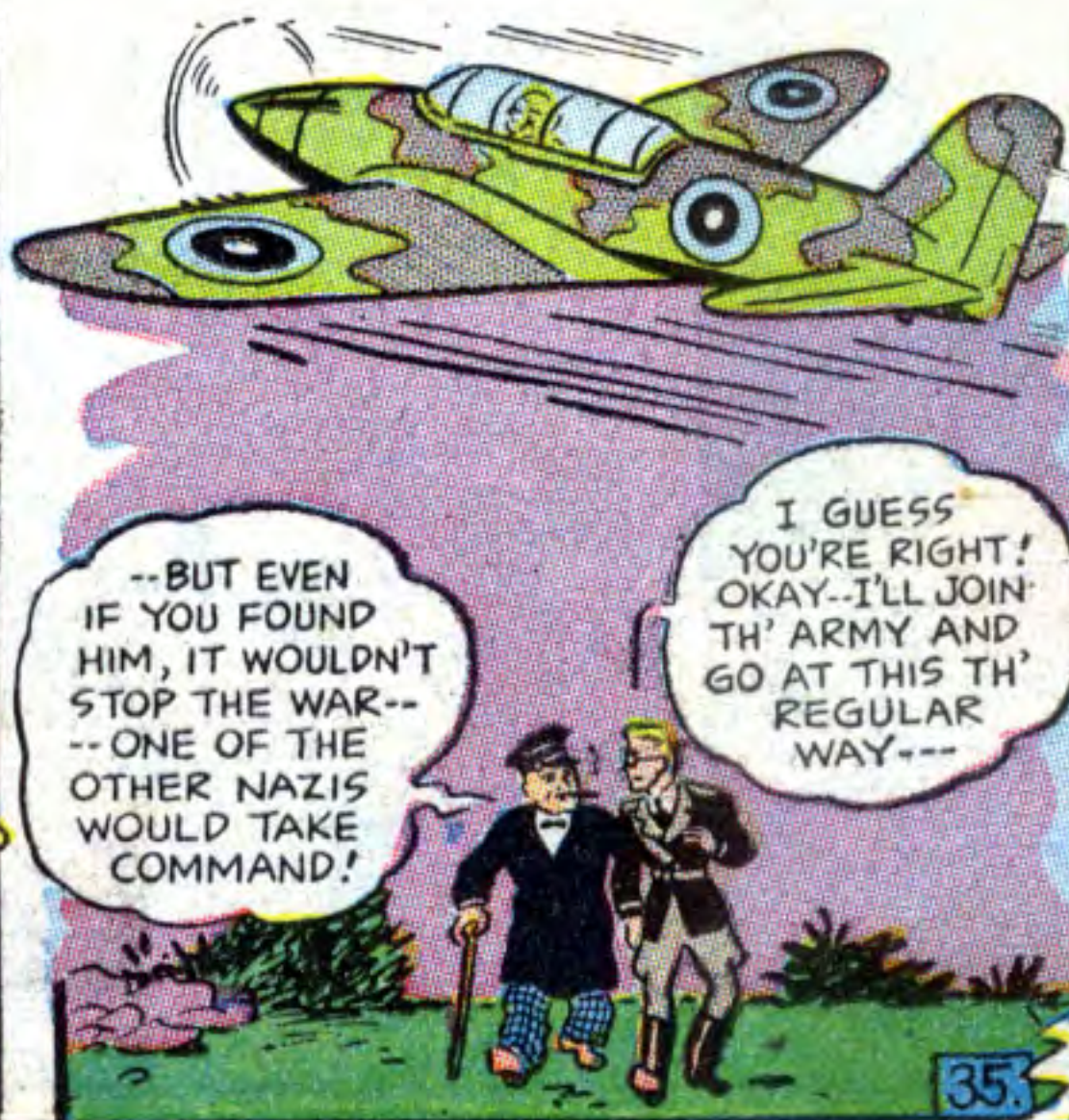




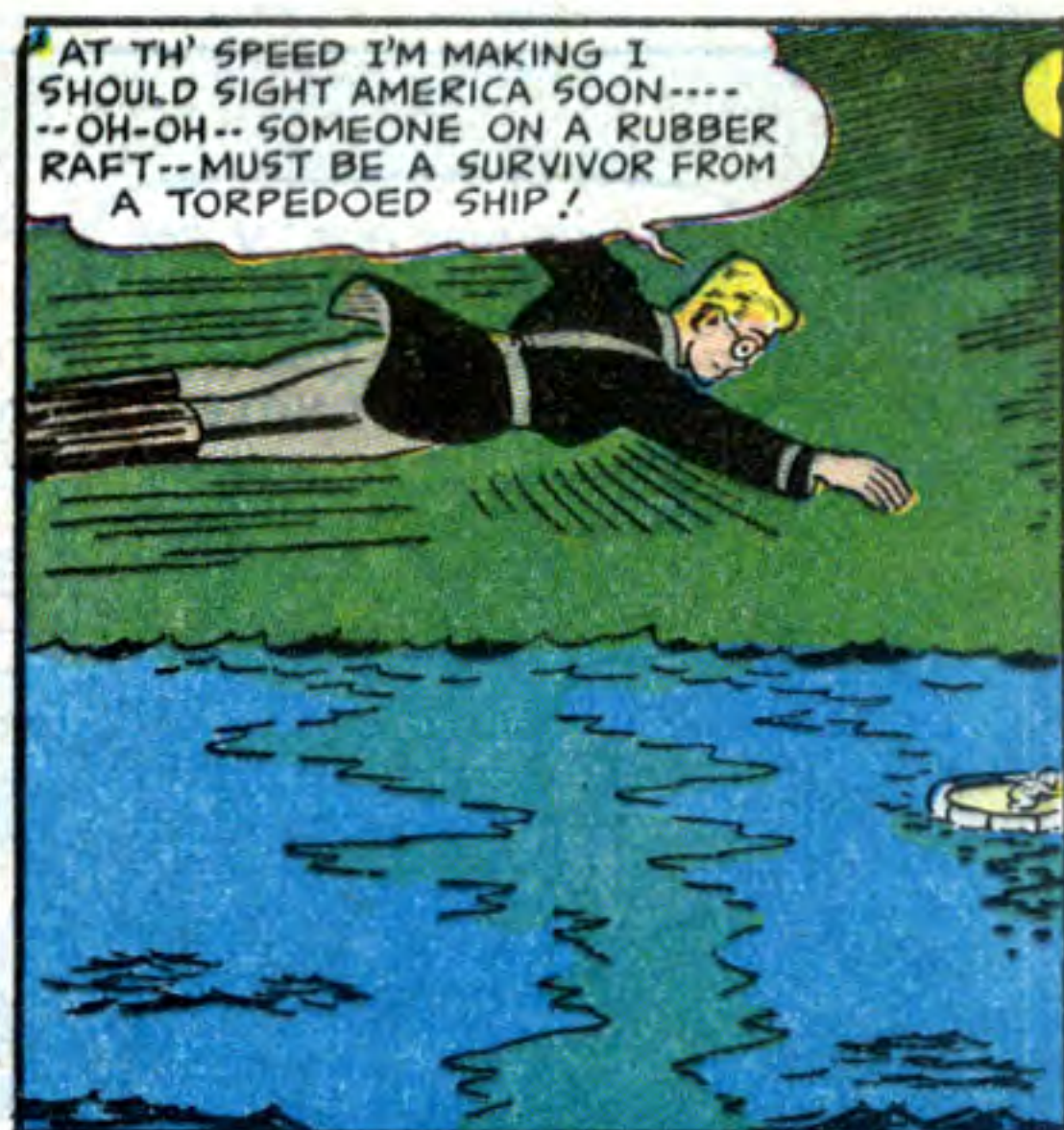
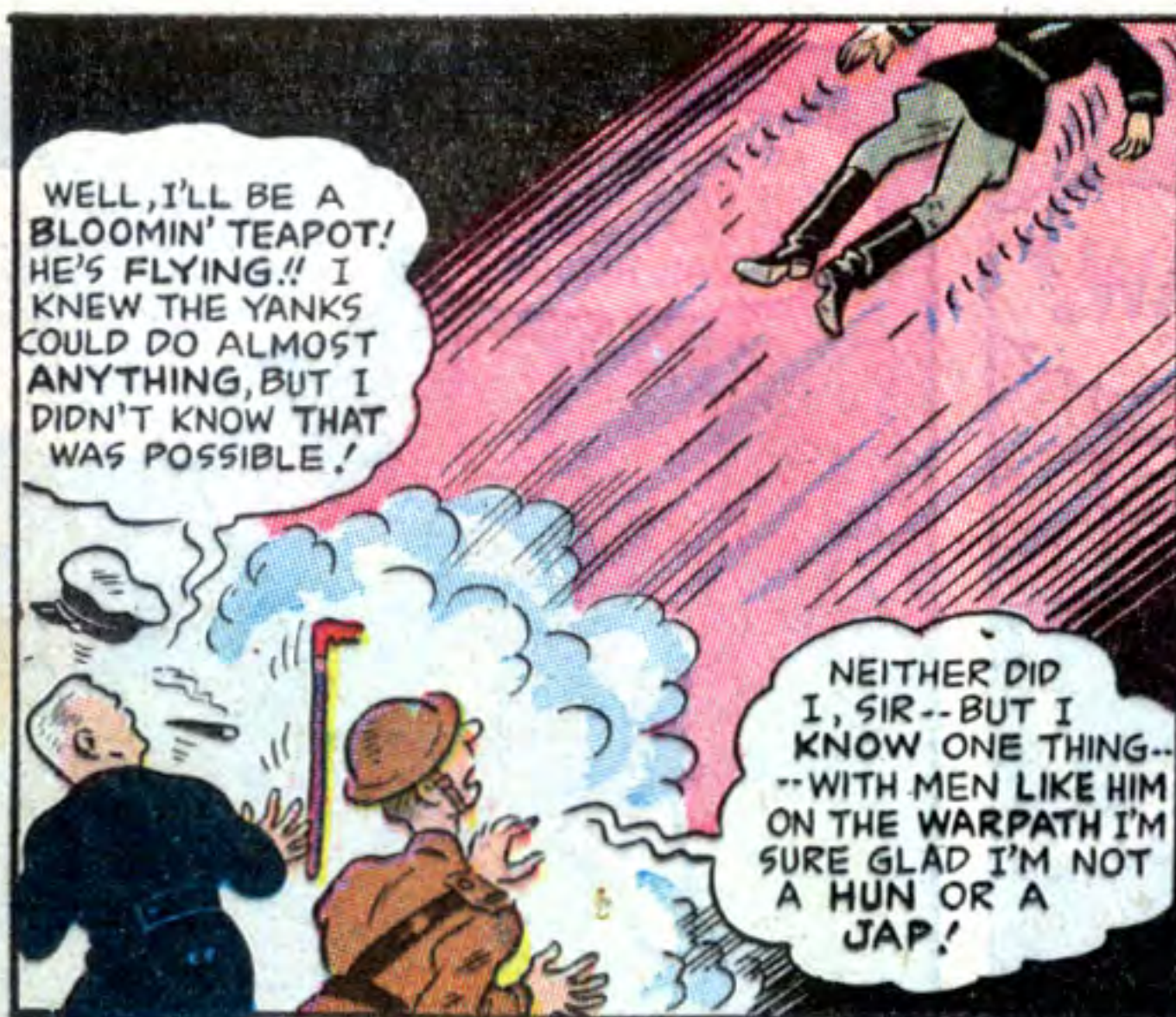




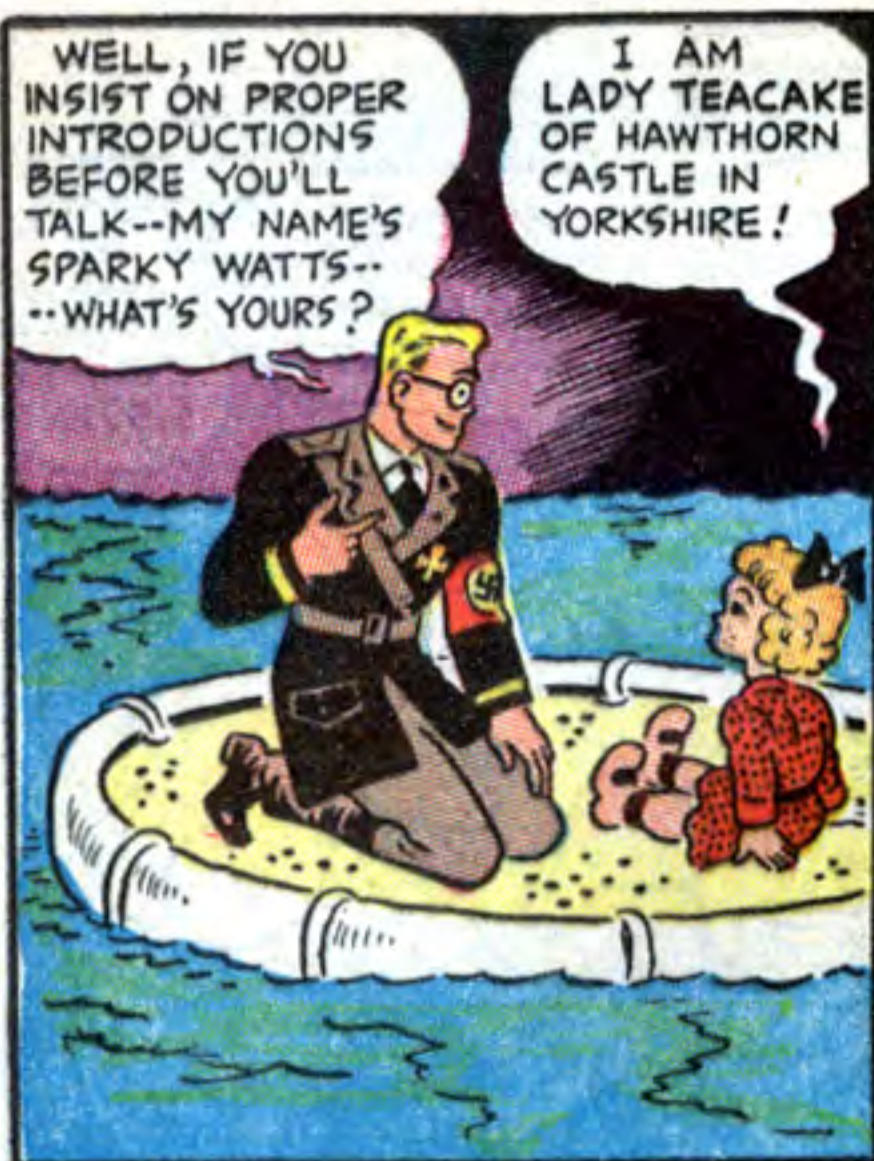




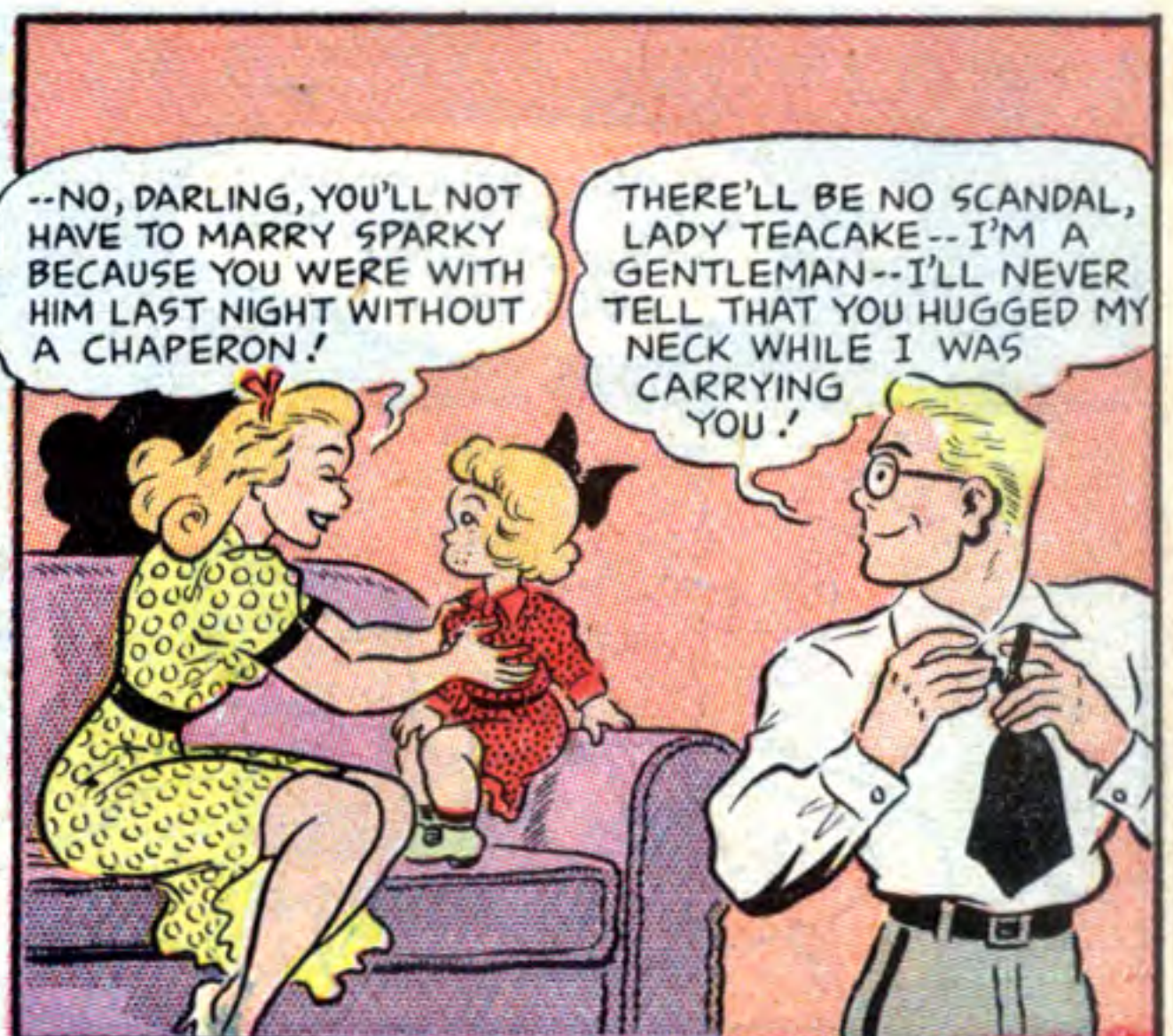
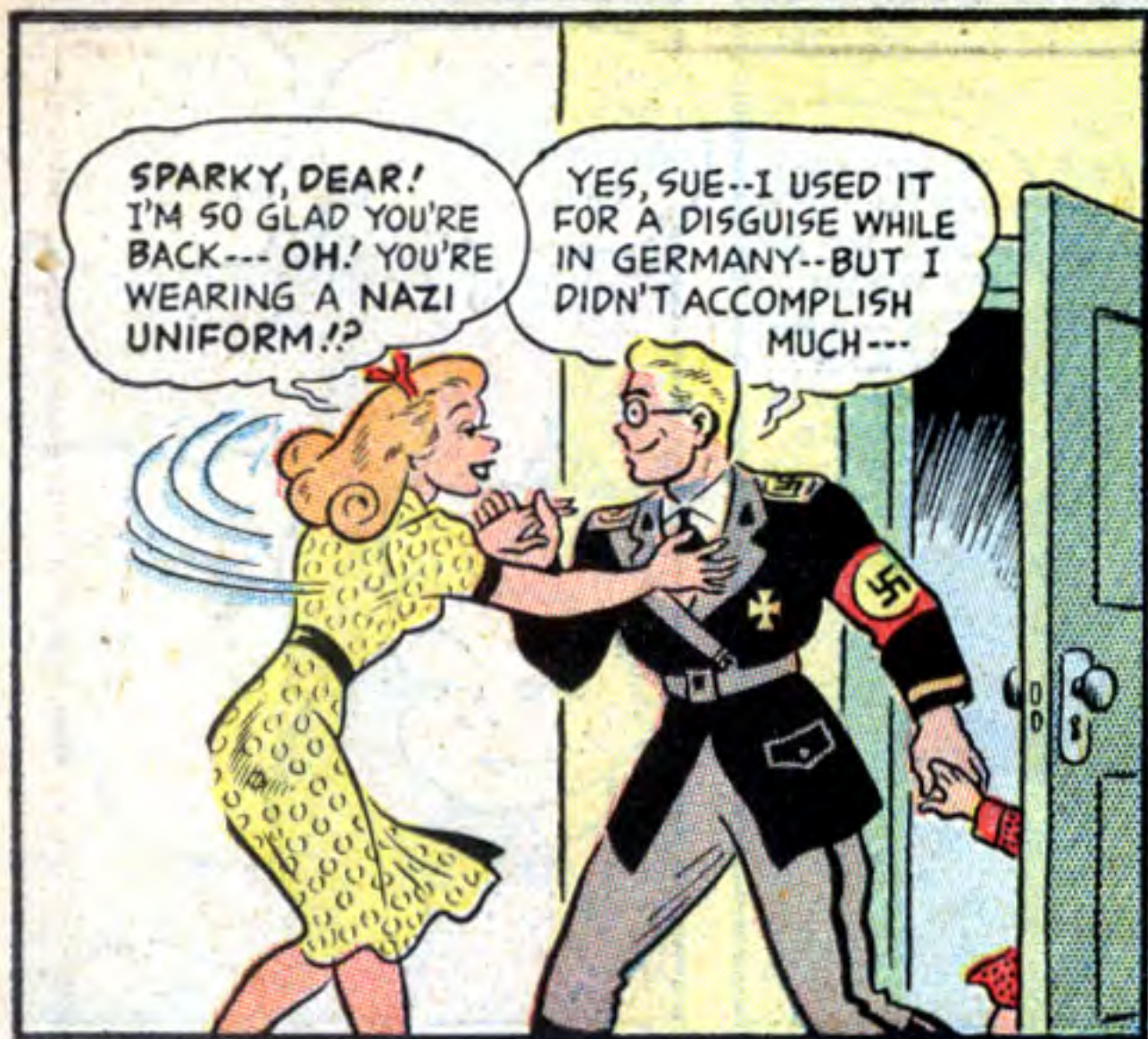




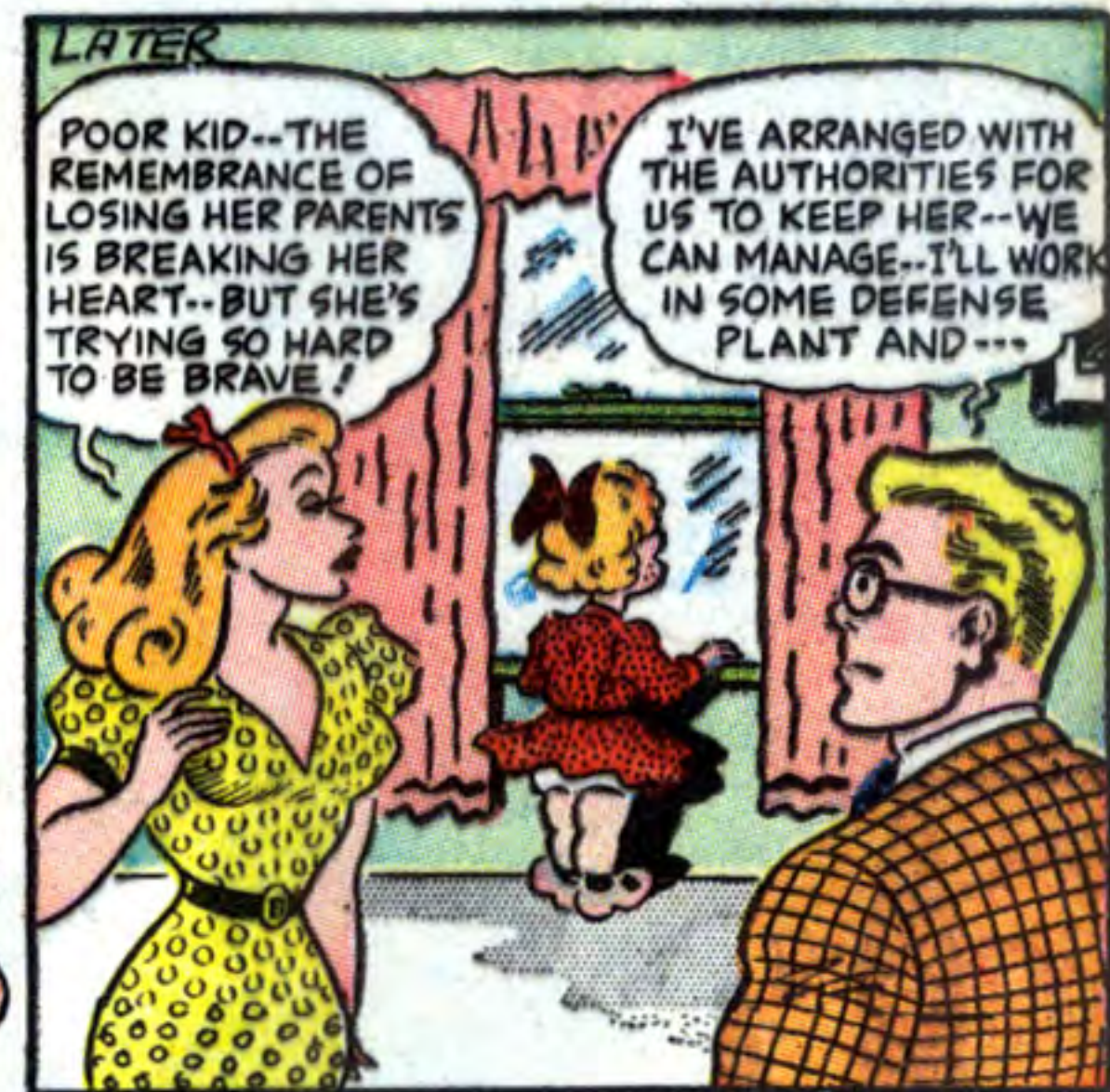
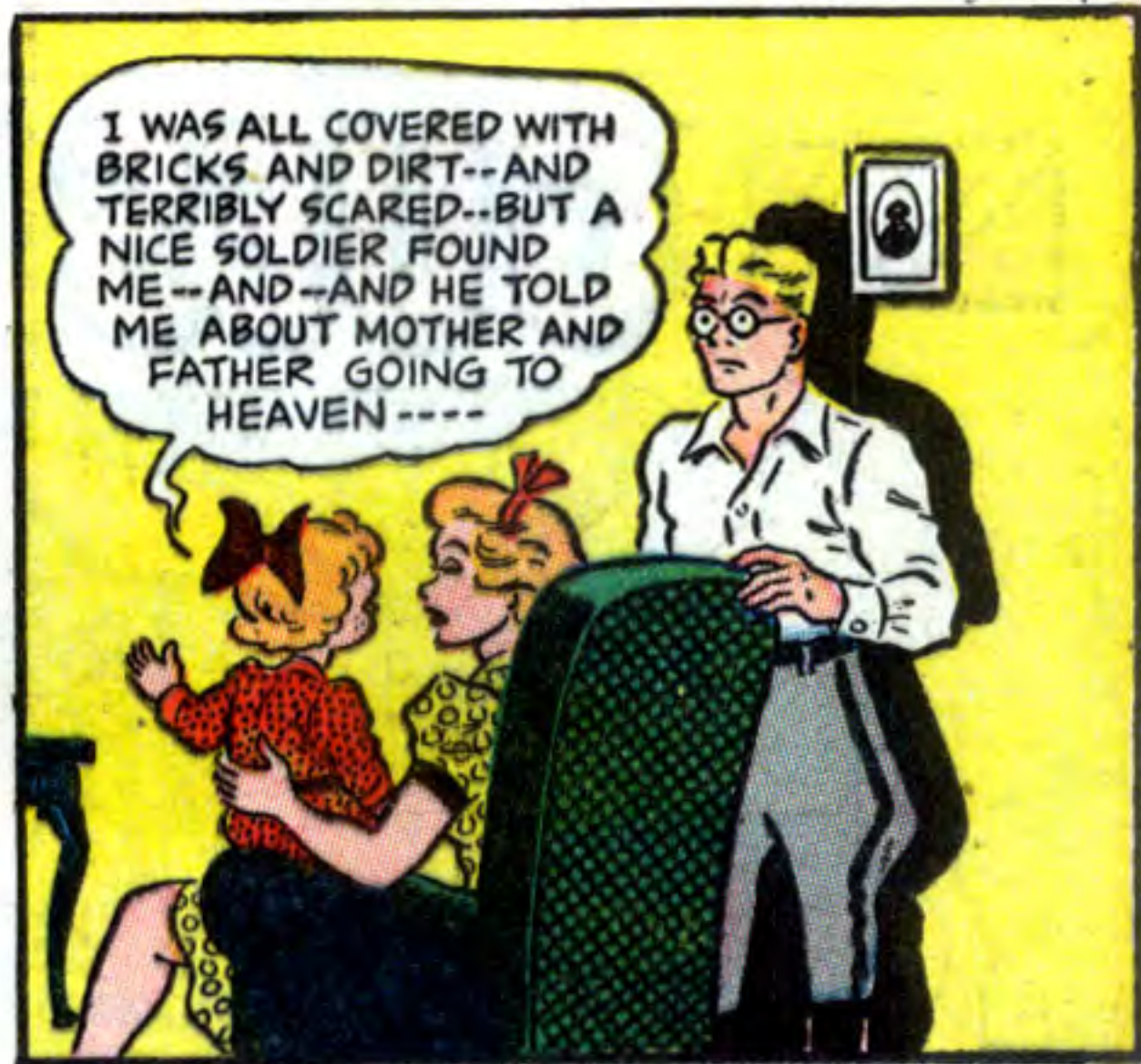
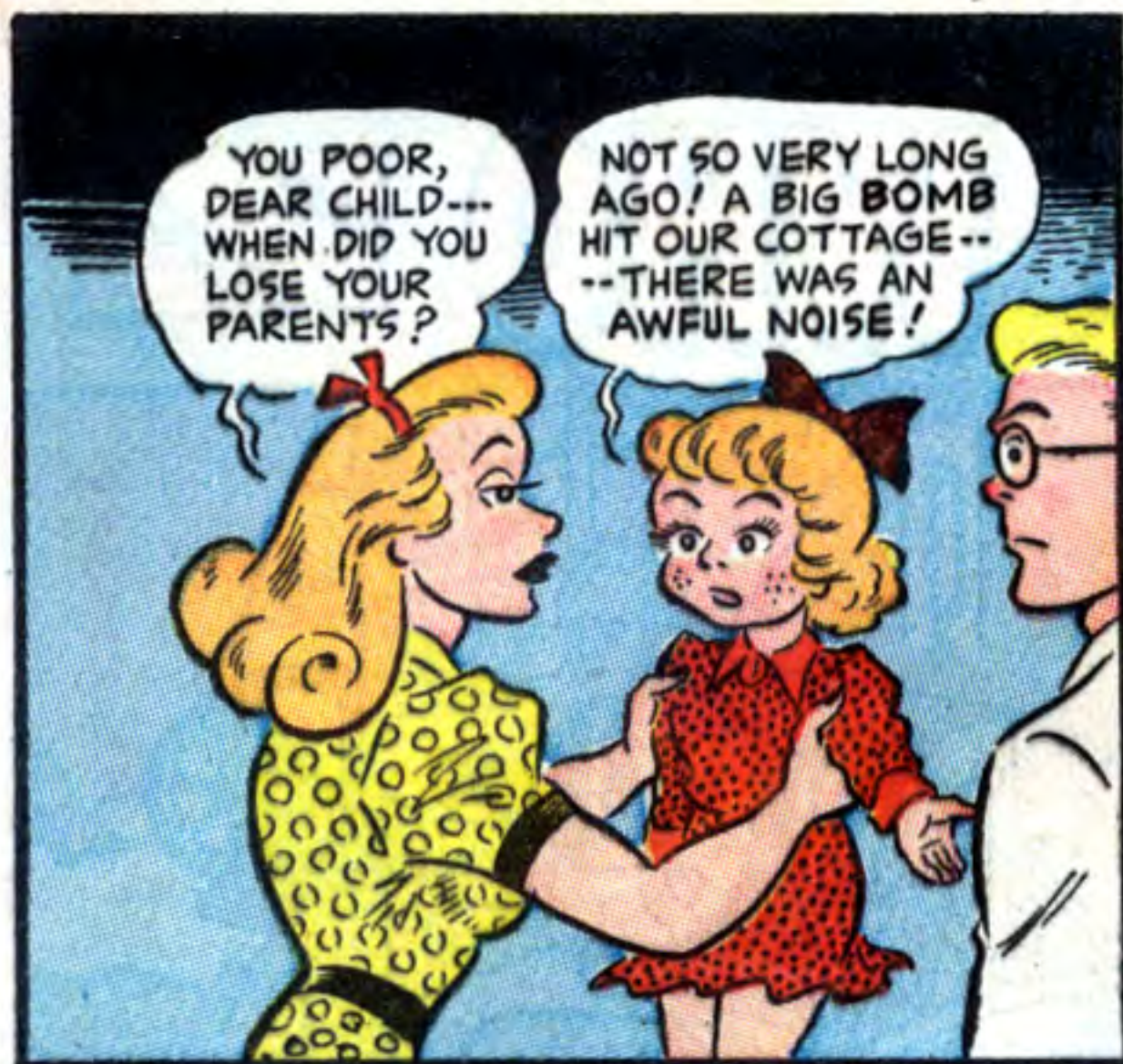






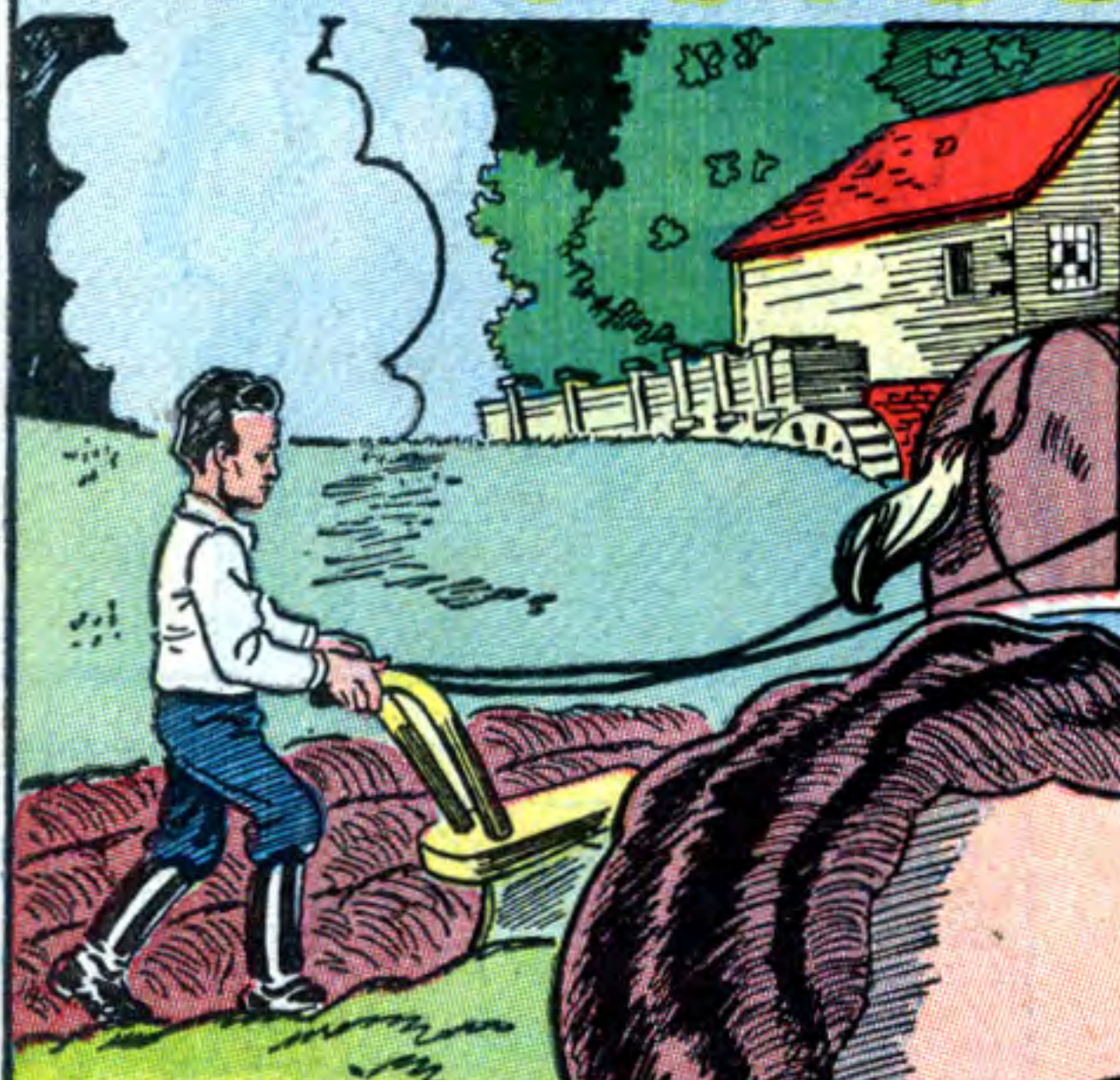




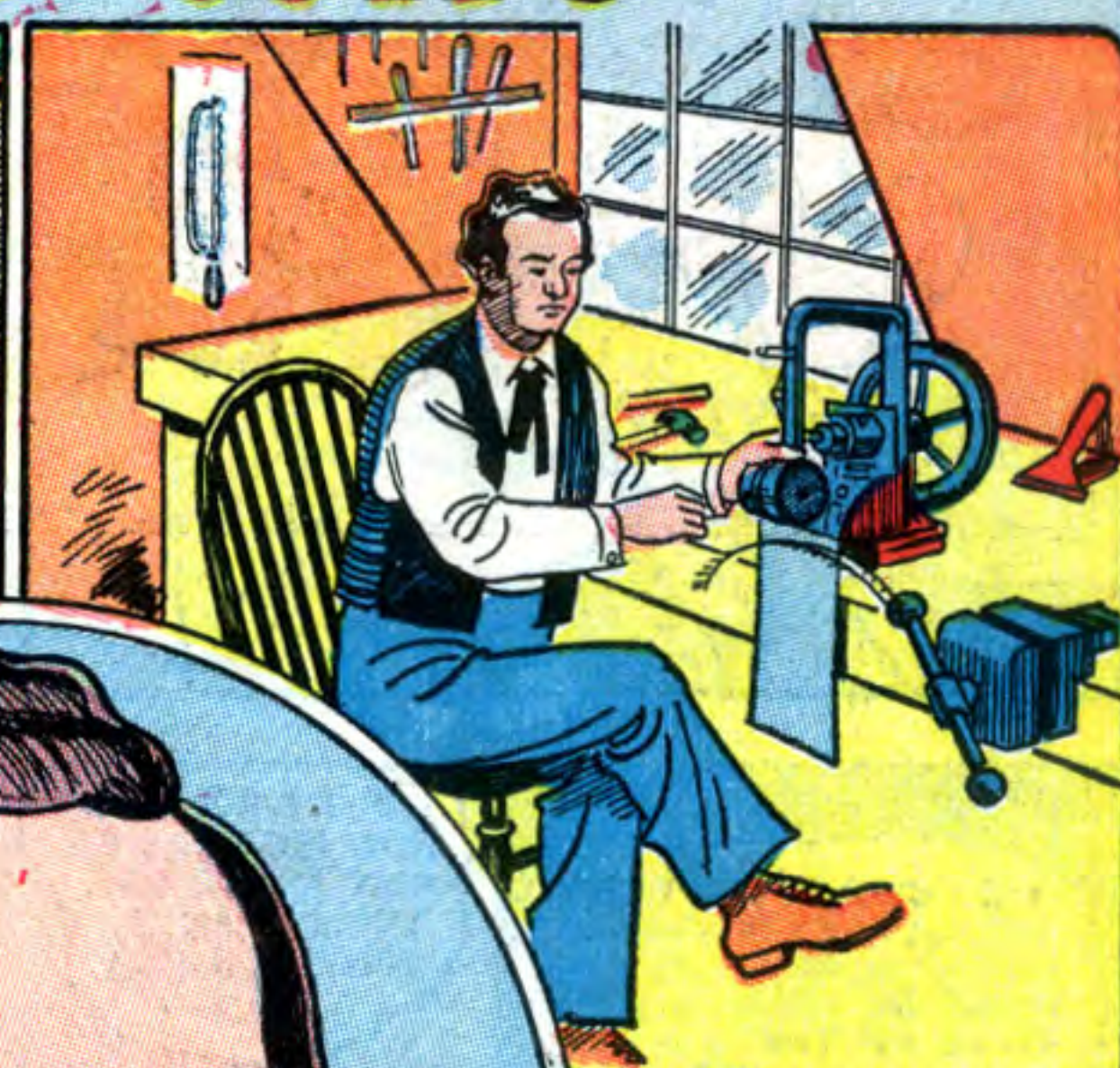




# GUESS WHO



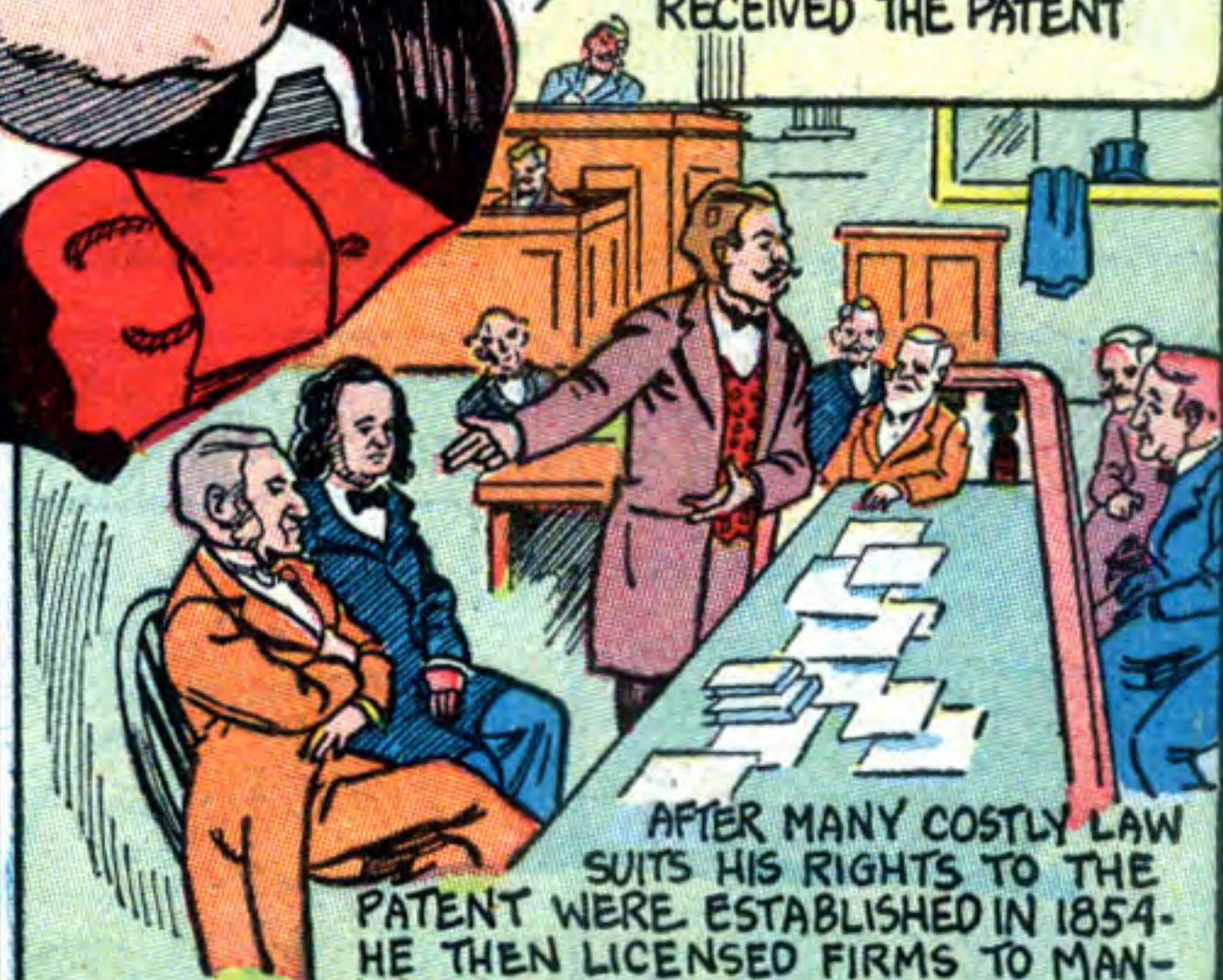
BORN AT SPENCER, MASS. JULY 9<sup>TH</sup> 1819-HIS EARLY LIFE WAS SPENT HELPING ON THE FARM AND IN HIS FATHER'S MILL.



AFTER LEAVING HOME HE GOT A JOB IN A MACHINE SHOP-IT WAS WHILE WORKING AT THIS TRADE THE IDEA OF THE MACHINE THAT MADE HIM WORLD FAMOUS WAS CONCEIVED-IT TOOK 5 YEARS OF HIS SPARE TIME TO DEVELOP IT-AND IN 1846 HE RECEIVED THE PATENT



THE NEXT TWO YEARS WERE SPENT IN ENGLAND WHERE HE WAS EMPLOYED BY A MANUFACTURER TO WHOM HE SOLD THE ENGLISH RIGHTS FOR \$1,200. HE RETURNED HOME PENNILESS AND DISCOURAGED-IN HIS ABSENCE THERE WERE COUNTLESS INFRINGEMENTS ON HIS PATENT.



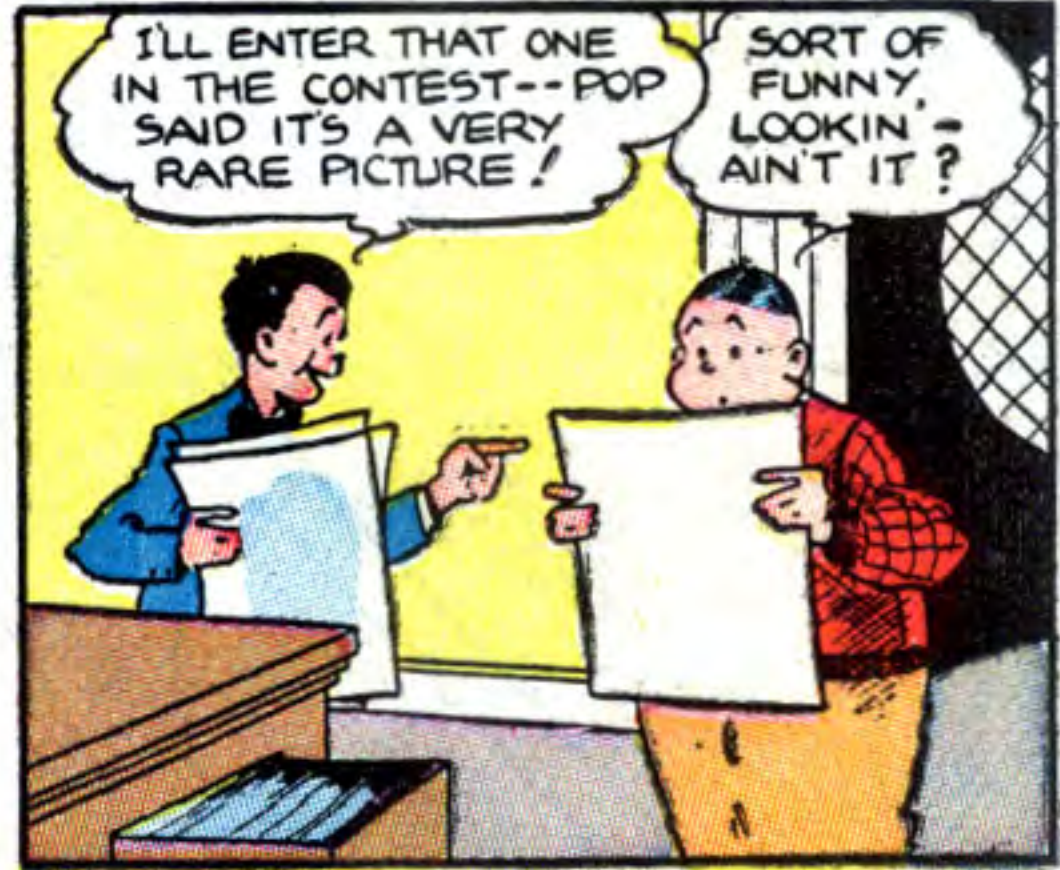
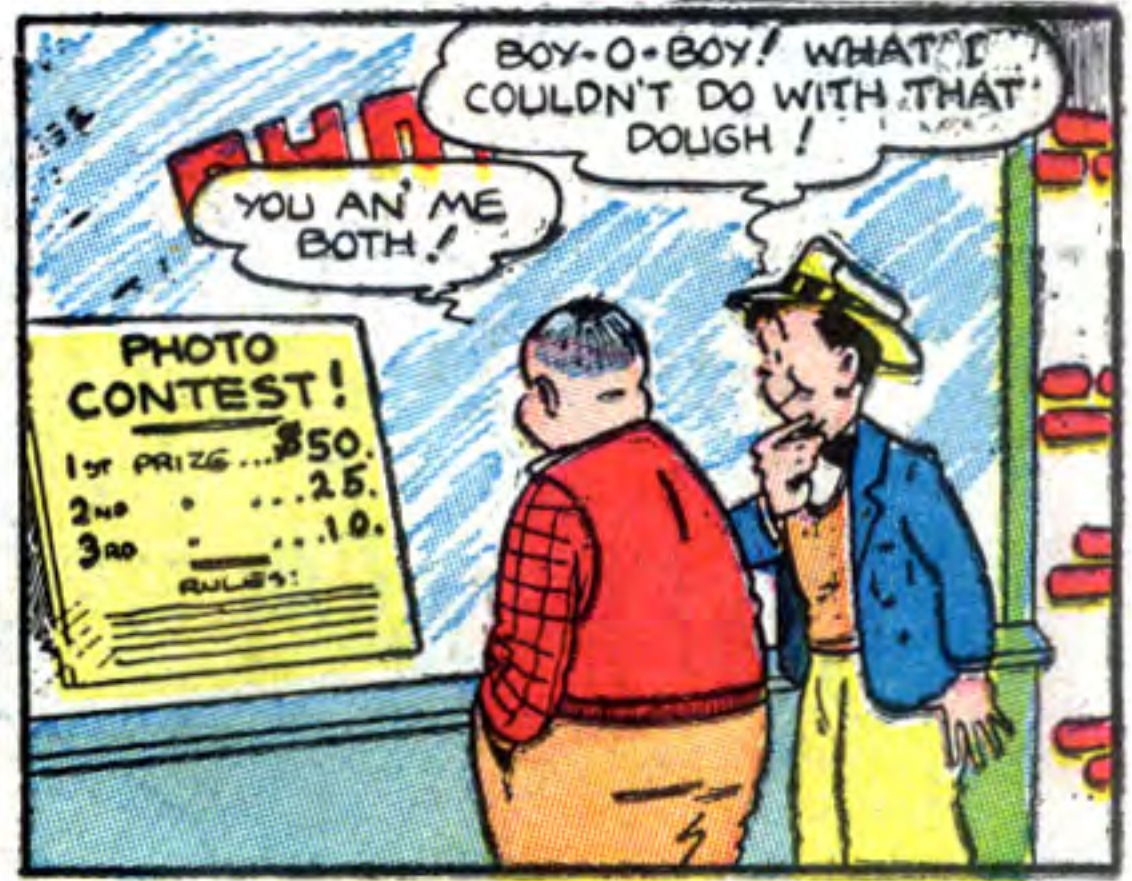
AFTER MANY COSTLY LAW SUITS HIS RIGHTS TO THE PATENT WERE ESTABLISHED IN 1854-HE THEN LICENSED FIRMS TO MANUFACTURE UNDER HIS PATENT-AND WHEN IT EXPIRED IN 1867 HE WAS WORTH ABOUT \$2,000,000-HIS REMAINING YEARS WERE SPENT IN BROOKLYN WHERE HE PASSED AWAY

ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

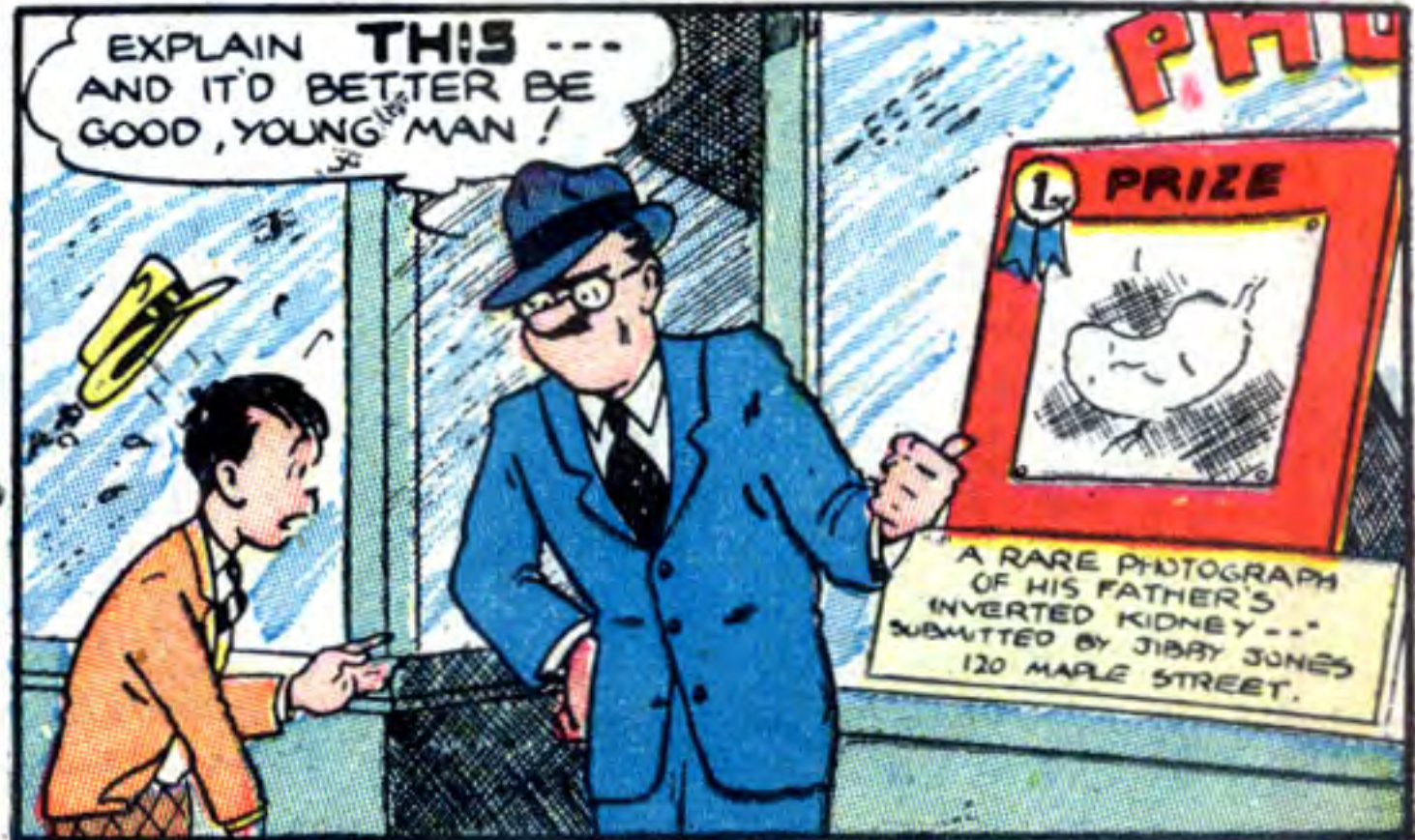


# JIBBY JONES

by KINGMAN



SEVERAL DAYS LATER..





The

# SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

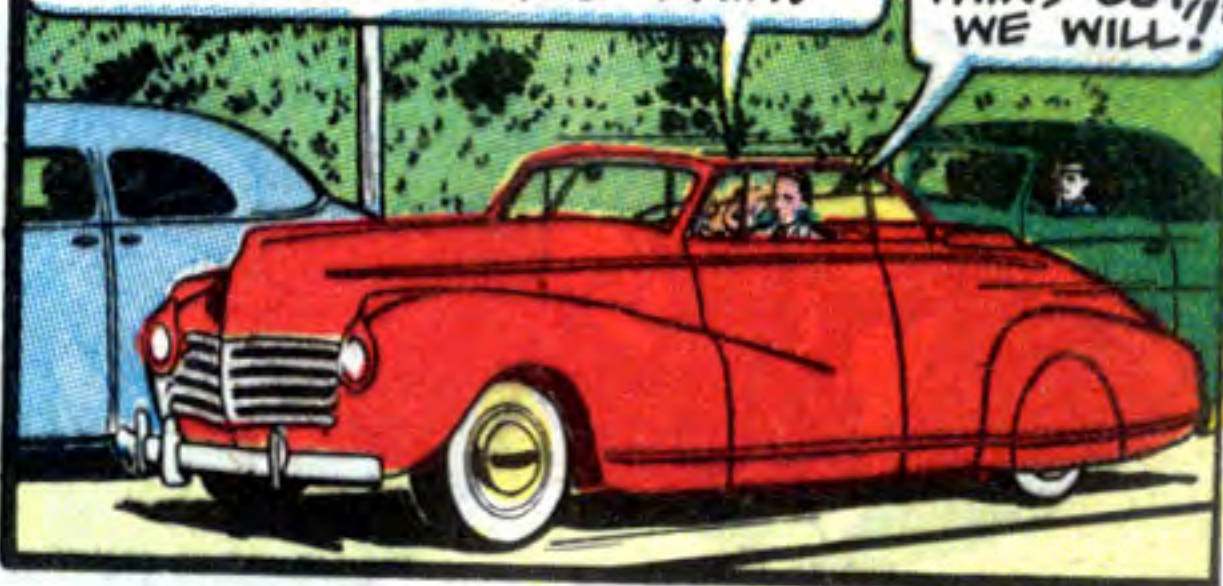


WHEN THE HEAVENS OPEN UP AND RAIN POURS DOWN NO ONE THINKS ANYTHING OF IT, BUT IF THAT RAIN SHOULD KILL—! THAT IS THE PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTS THE SKYMAN WHEN THE FIRST REPORTS CAME RUSHING IN OVER THE STRICKER AREAS! WHERE DOES THIS DEADLY RAIN COME FROM? WHO IS CAUSING IT? HOW CAN HE BE STOPPED? ONCE MORE AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO TAKES TO THE AIRPLANES TO SMASH A KILLER!!

SUNDAY TRAFFIC ON BARRETT BOULEVARD IS HEAVY...

I HOPE WE GET HOME SOON, TOM. IT'S CLOUDING UP AND LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

IF THIS TRAFFIC THINS OUT, WE WILL!



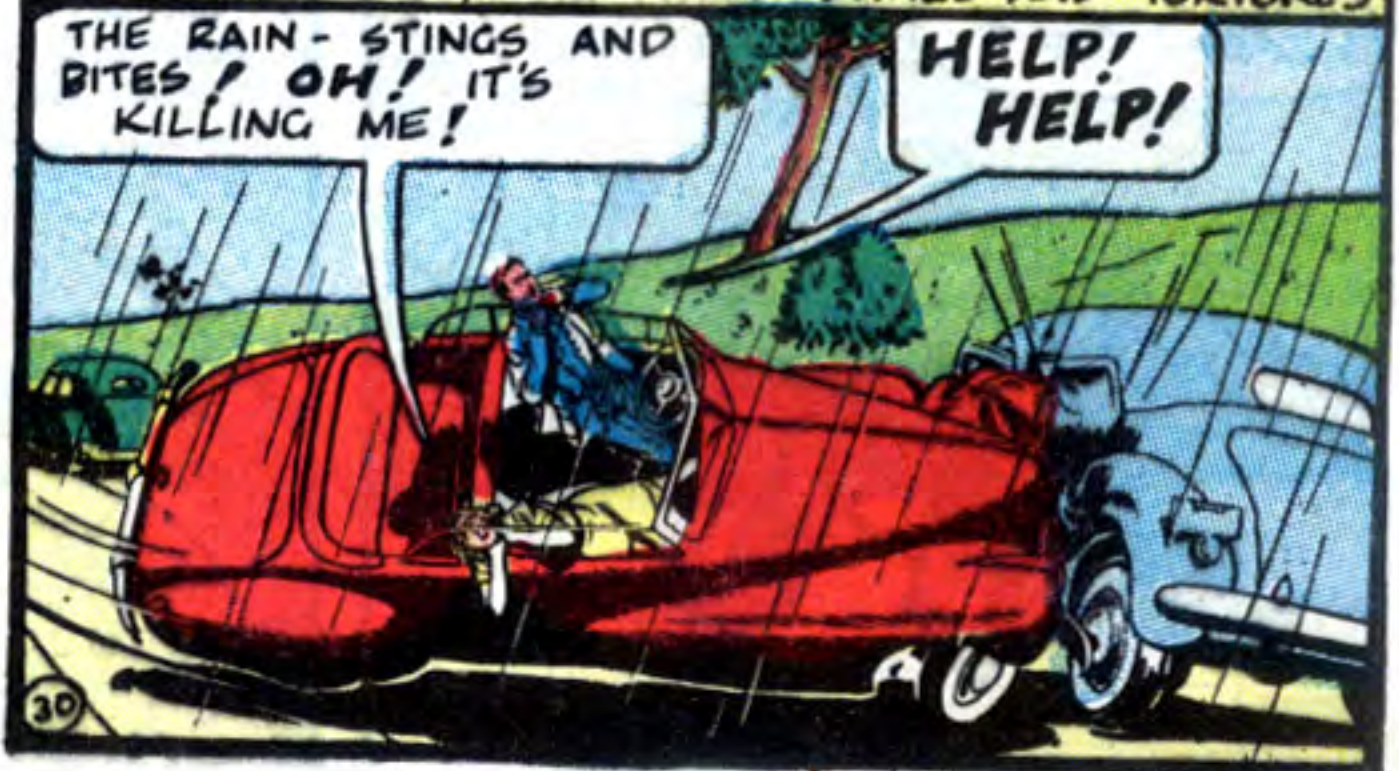
HERE'S THE FIRST DROP! OH! OH! AAAAGH!



INSTEAD OF THE GENTLE WARM RAIN THAT USUALLY FALLS, THIS RAIN STINGS AND TORTURES

THE RAIN - STINGS AND BITES! OH! IT'S KILLING ME!

HELP! HELP!





SOON THE CROWDED ROADS ARE FILLED WITH CRASHED CARS AND RAIN-KILLED PLEASURE-SEEKERS!



RADIO MIKES CARRY NEWS OF THE DISASTER ACROSS THE COUNTRY---

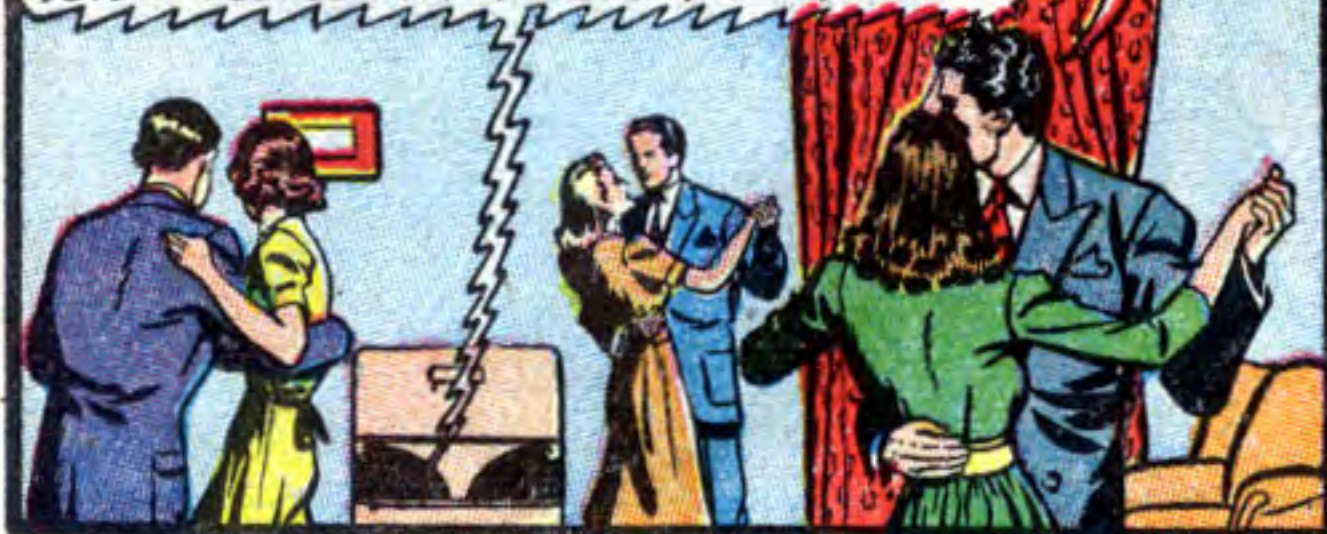
NEWS KEEPS POURING IN, BUT NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN THE DISASTER. IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE CLOUDS WERE FILLED WITH DEADLY POISON AND IT RAINED DOWN ON EARTH!



AT THE LUXURIOUS TURNER ESTATE, ALLAN TURNER IS ENTERTAINING A FEW FRIENDS—AMONG THEM, FAWN CARROLL...

WE INTERRUPT THE PROGRAM AT THIS TIME FOR A LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH: RAIN THAT KILLED TWENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE AND PROBABLY MANY MORE—

LISTEN!



RAIN! RAIN THAT KILLS PEOPLE. IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!

I WISH THE SKYMAN COULD LEARN OF THIS! I'LL BET HE COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

I CERTAINLY AM, AND IF YOU WERE HALF THE MAN THE SKYMAN IS, YOU'D COME ALONG. BUT THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT!

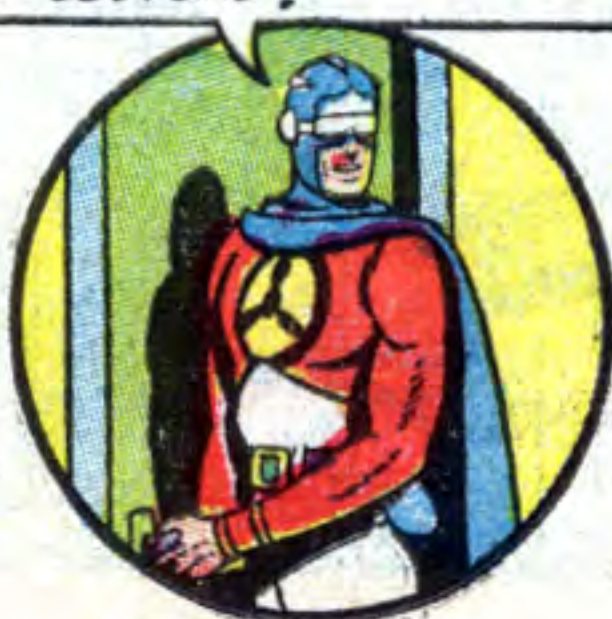


MAYBE FAWN WILL MEET HER SKYMAN SOONER THAN SHE THINKS—IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER. AHEAD OF HER!



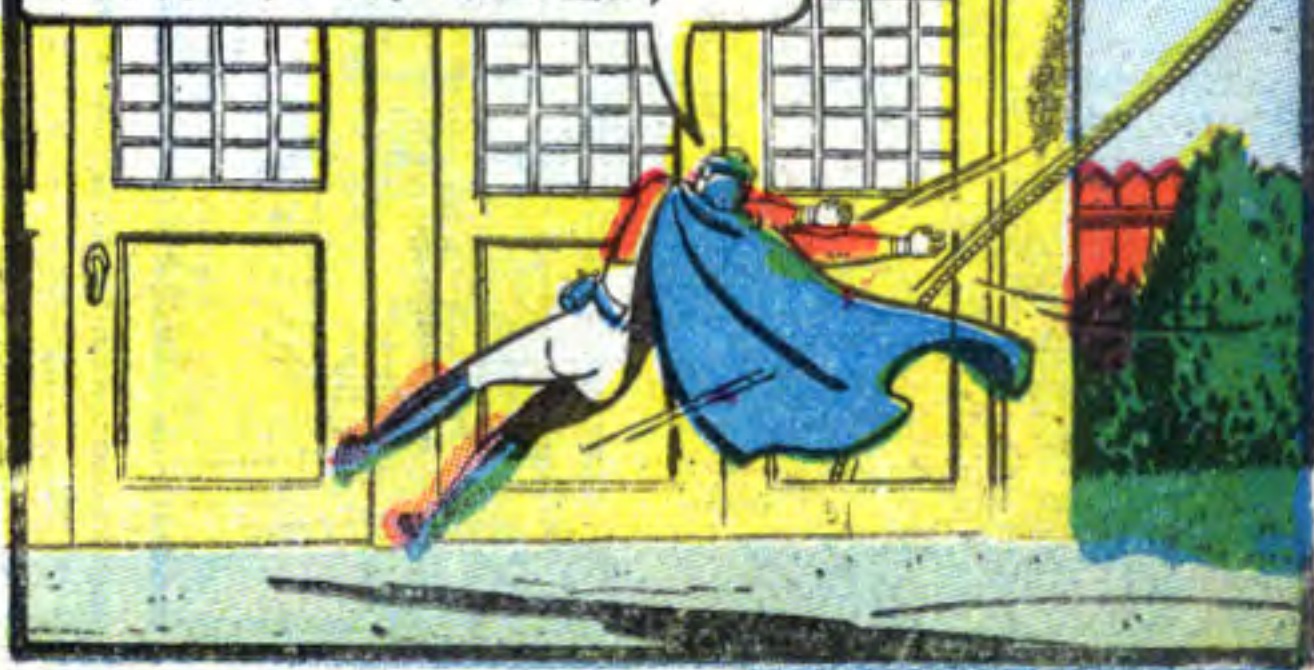
ALLAN TURNER ENTERS HIS ROOM AND EMERGES AS THE SKYMAN

I'LL LET THE REST OF MY GUESTS AMUSE THEMSELVES UNTIL I RETURN! BUT NONE OF THEM MUST SEE ME IN THIS COSTUME!



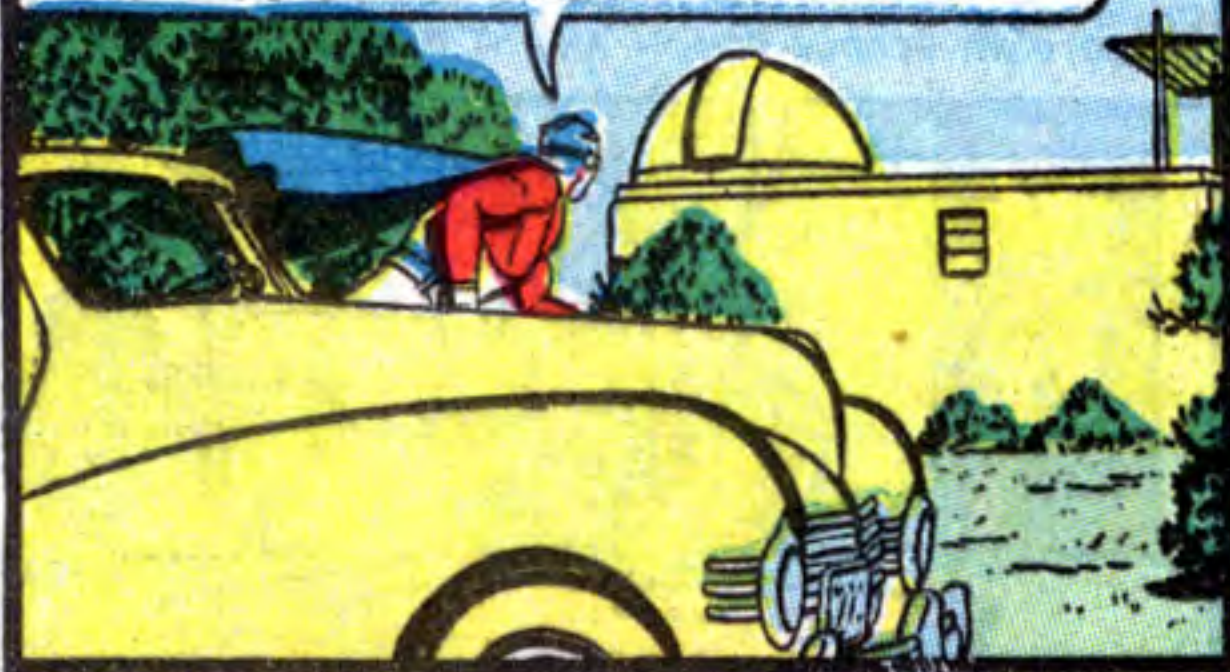
LEAPING FROM THE HALL WINDOW-BALCONY, THE SKYMAN SWINGS ACROSS HIS LAWN—

SO I'LL TAKE THE NEAREST ROUTE TO MY GARAGE!



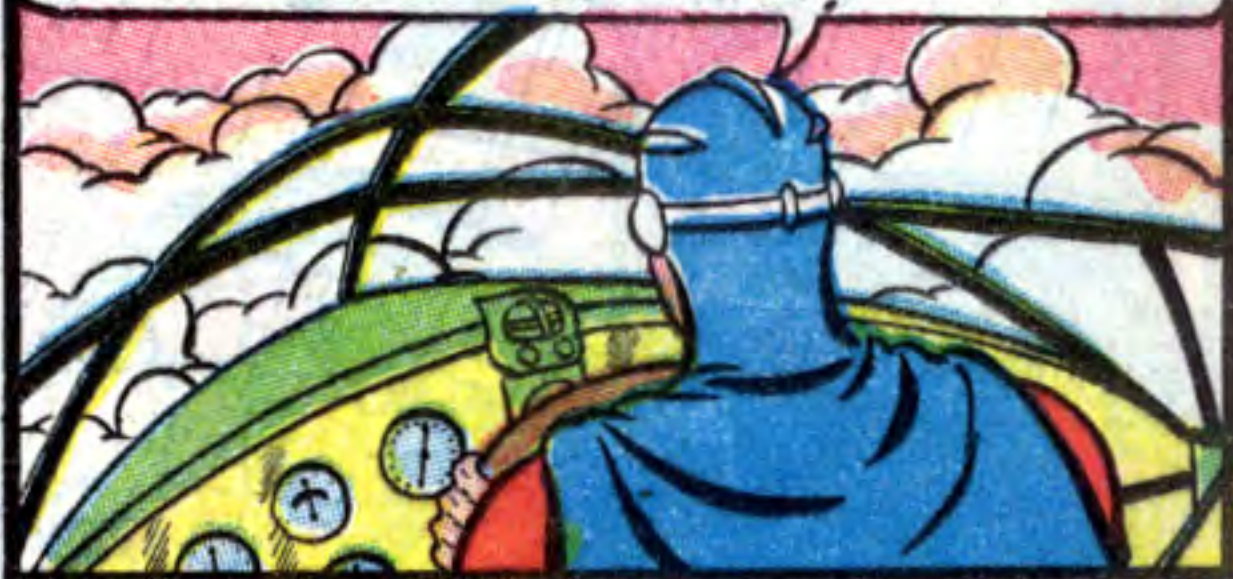


IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO GET TO MY SKYDROME. THE "WING" IS IN TIP-TOP SHAPE, SO IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE OVER BARRETT BOULEVARD!



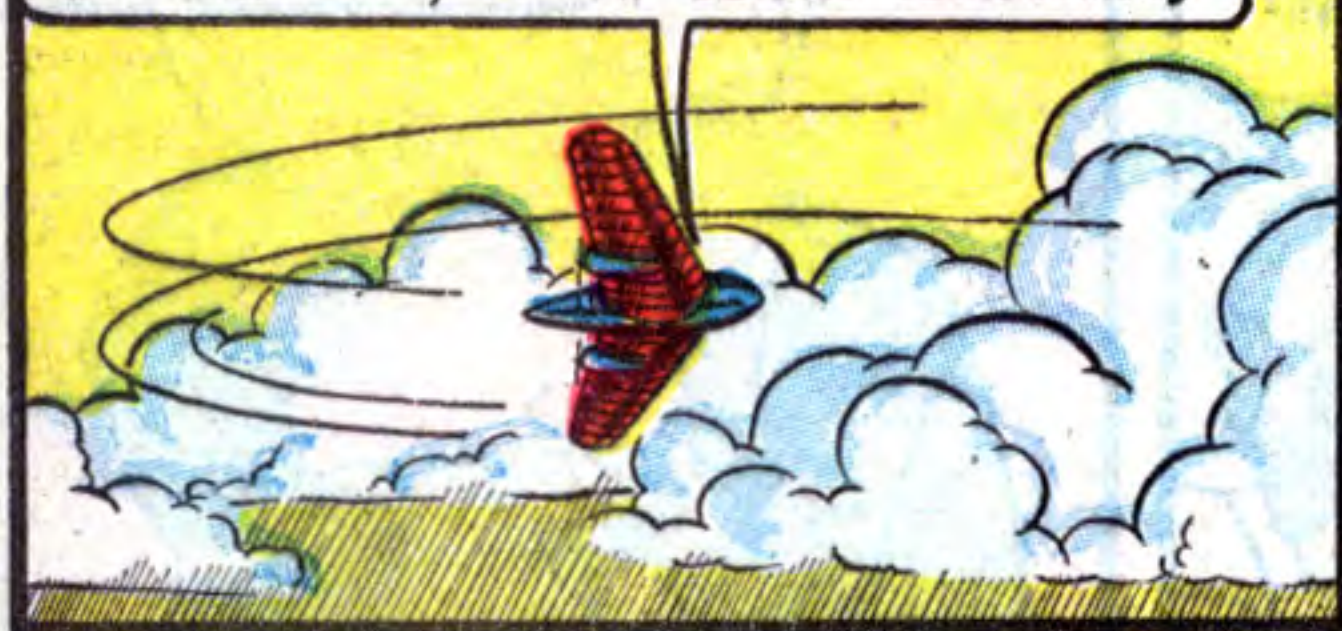
TRUE TO HIS WORD THE AMAZING AIRMAN IS SOON OVER THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

IF I RISE OVER THE CLOUDS FROM WHICH THIS RAIN IS FALLING, I MAY GET A CLUE AS TO WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

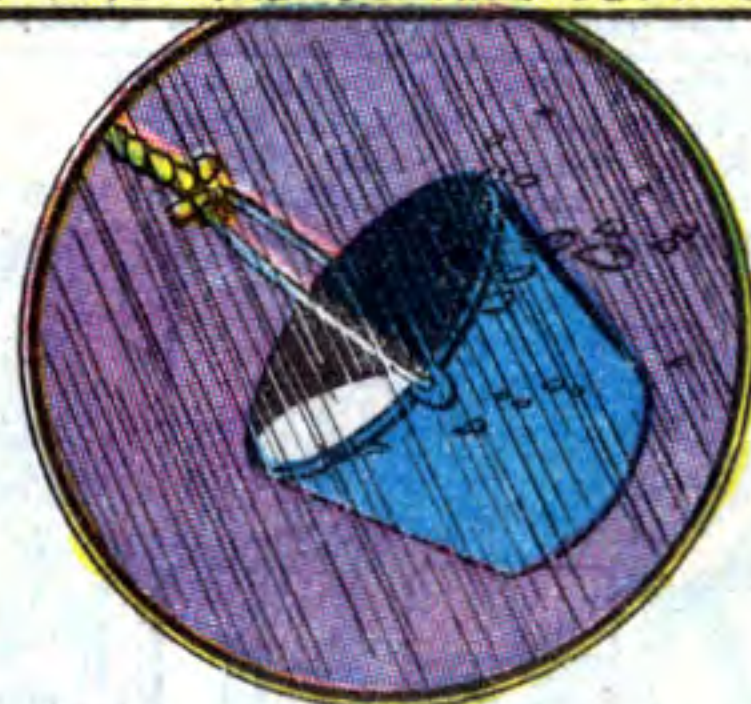


BUT HE MEETS ONLY FAILURE —

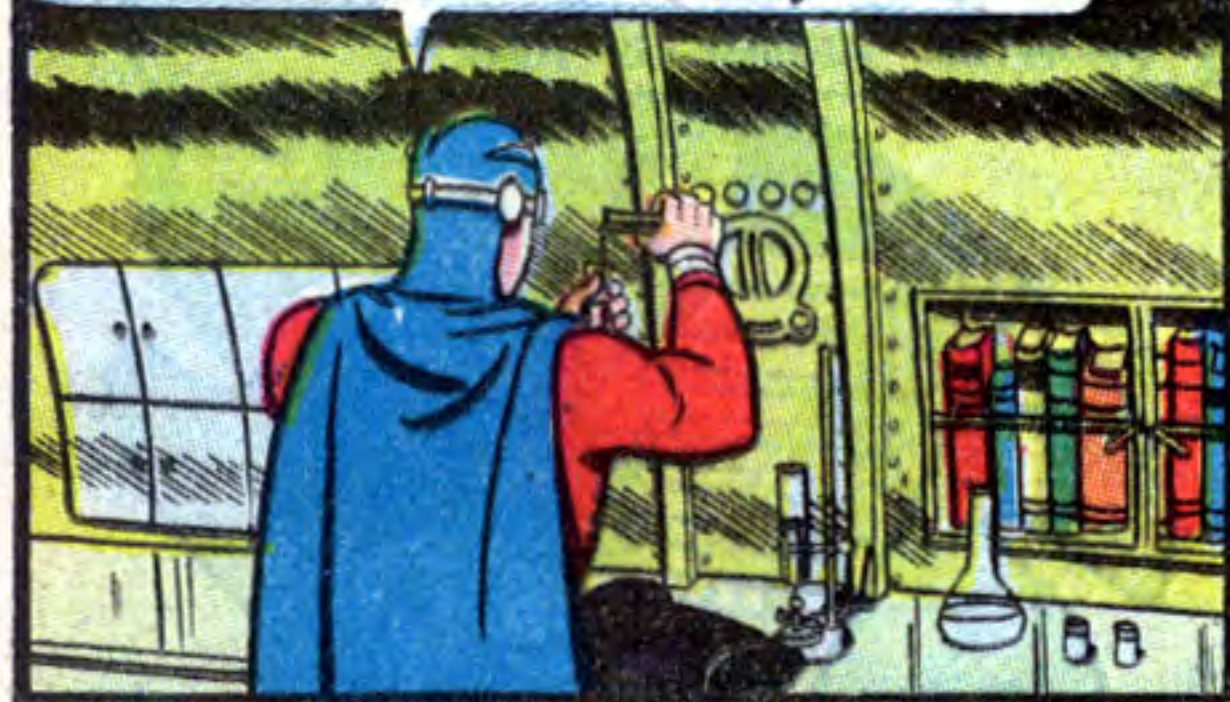
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING OUT OF THE WAY. PERHAPS IF I CAN GET A SAMPLE OF THAT RAIN, I MAY LEARN SOMETHING!



THE WING DIVES THROUGH THE POURING RAIN, AND A METAL BUCKET SLIDES OUT INTO THE BEATING DOWNPOUR...



THERE IS A STRANGE NEW ELEMENT IN THIS RAINWATER. I'LL SEPARATE IT AND MAKE SOME TESTS!



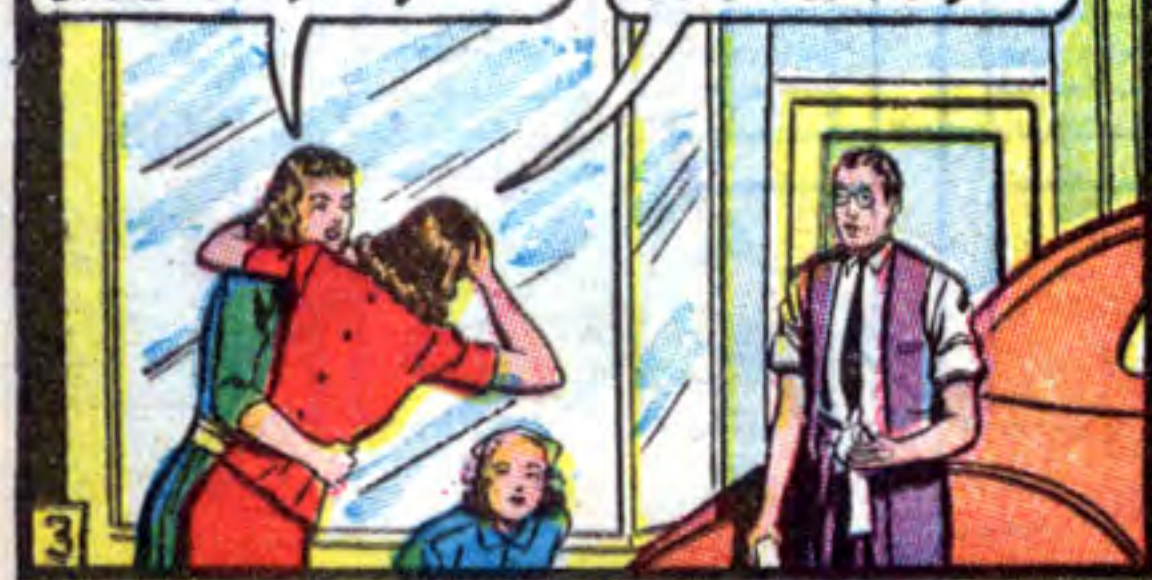
AN ENTIRELY NEW ELEMENT WITH THE POWER TO TORTURE AND KILL. I WONDER WHAT WILL ACT AS AN ANTIDOTE TO IT? I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK!



AS THE SKYMAN WORKS HIGH ABOVE THE CITY IN HIS STATIONARY "WING", FAWN HELPS THE RESCUE WORKERS BELOW —

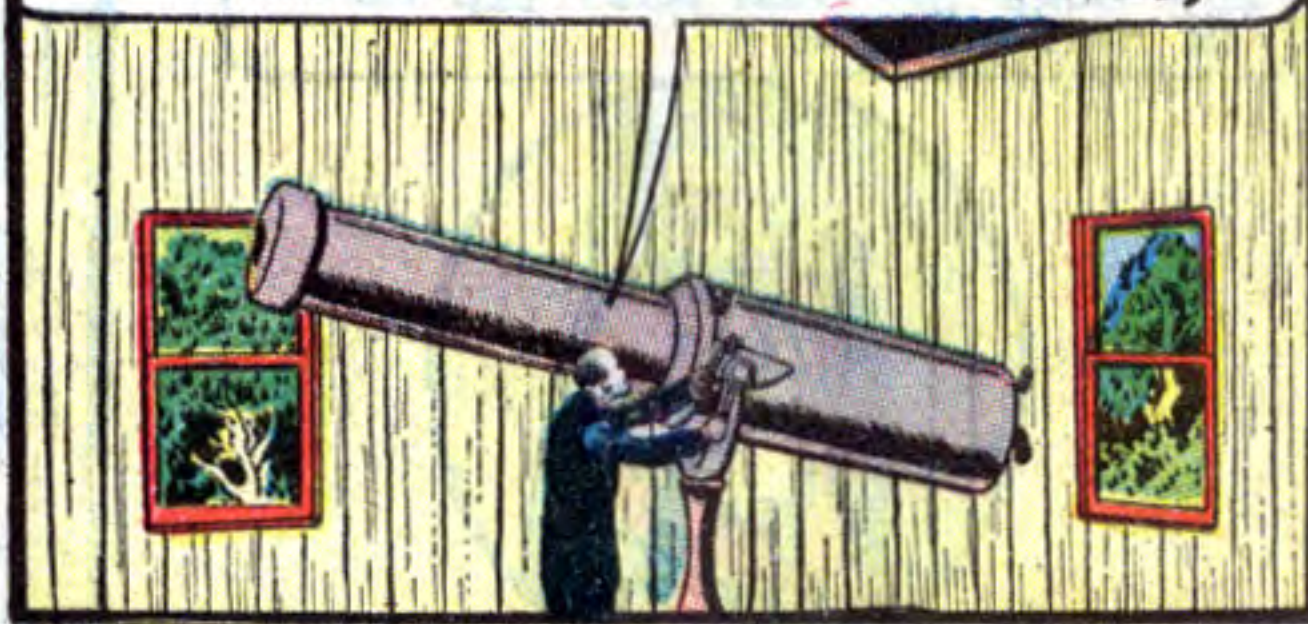
EASY, EASY! THE DOCTOR WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

OH, THIS IS TORTURE! IT'S KILLING ME!



WHILE MILES AWAY A STRANGE GRIM FIGURE WORKS OVER A QUEER APPARATUS..

MY ILLUMO-GUN IS A SUCCESS! IT SMASHES THE CLOUDS, CAUSES RAIN, AND THE ELEMENT OF ILLUMO THAT IS IN THE RAIN — **KILLS!**





NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THIS, TO MAKE UP FOR THE STRUGGLING I'VE DONE TO INVENT THIS ILLUMO GUN! I'LL MAKE THE GOVERNMENT PUT SOME MONEY ON A DESERT, SURROUND IT WITH RAIN AND GO GET IT!



THIS IS MY ONLY WARNING! UNLESS MY TERMS ARE COMPLIED WITH INSTANTLY, I SHALL —



BE FORCED TO CAUSE MORE RAIN TO FALL AND KILL THE CITIZENS!

I THOUGHT THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND THAT RAIN! I'D BETTER HURRY UP AND DISCOVER A WAY TO BEAT HIM!

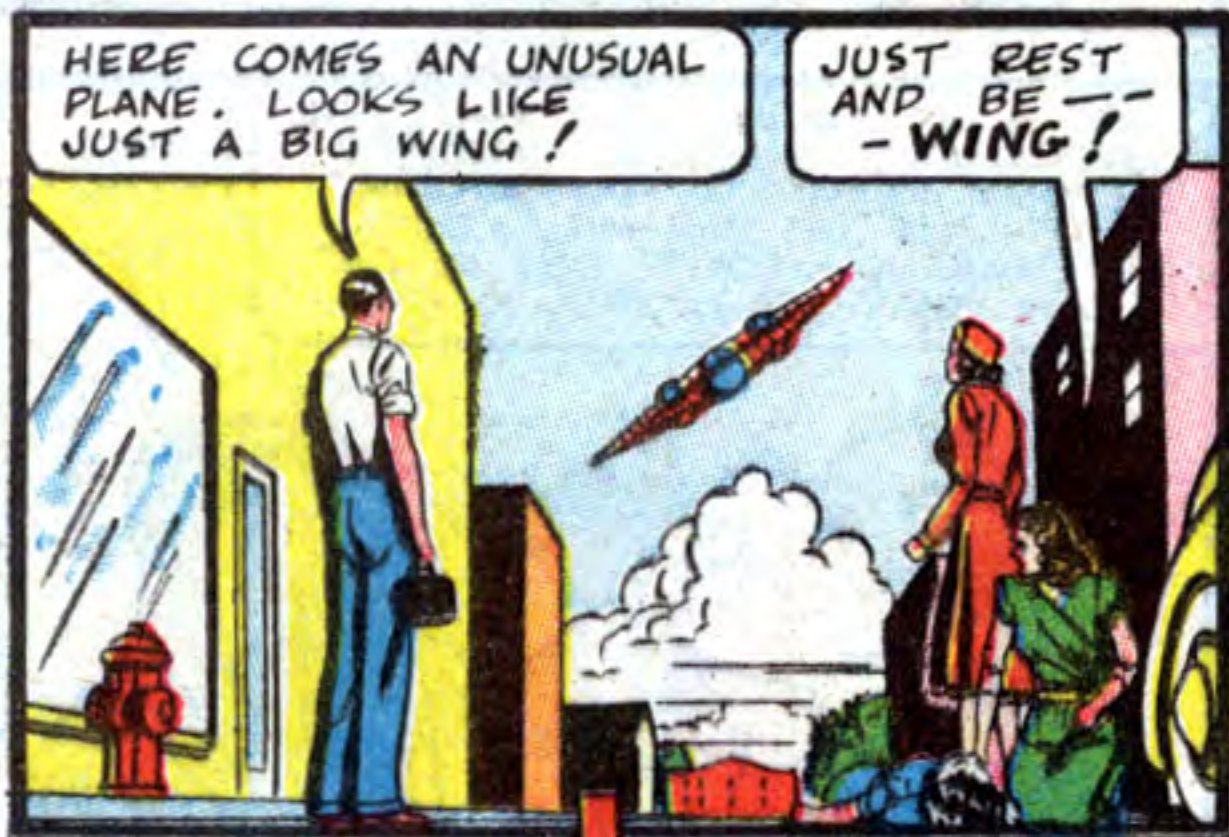


CELLOPHANE SEEMS TO BE THE ANSWER TO THIS NEW ELEMENT! IT WON'T TOUCH IT! NOW TO GET FAWN. I'VE AN IDEA THAT SHE MIGHT COME IN HANDY!



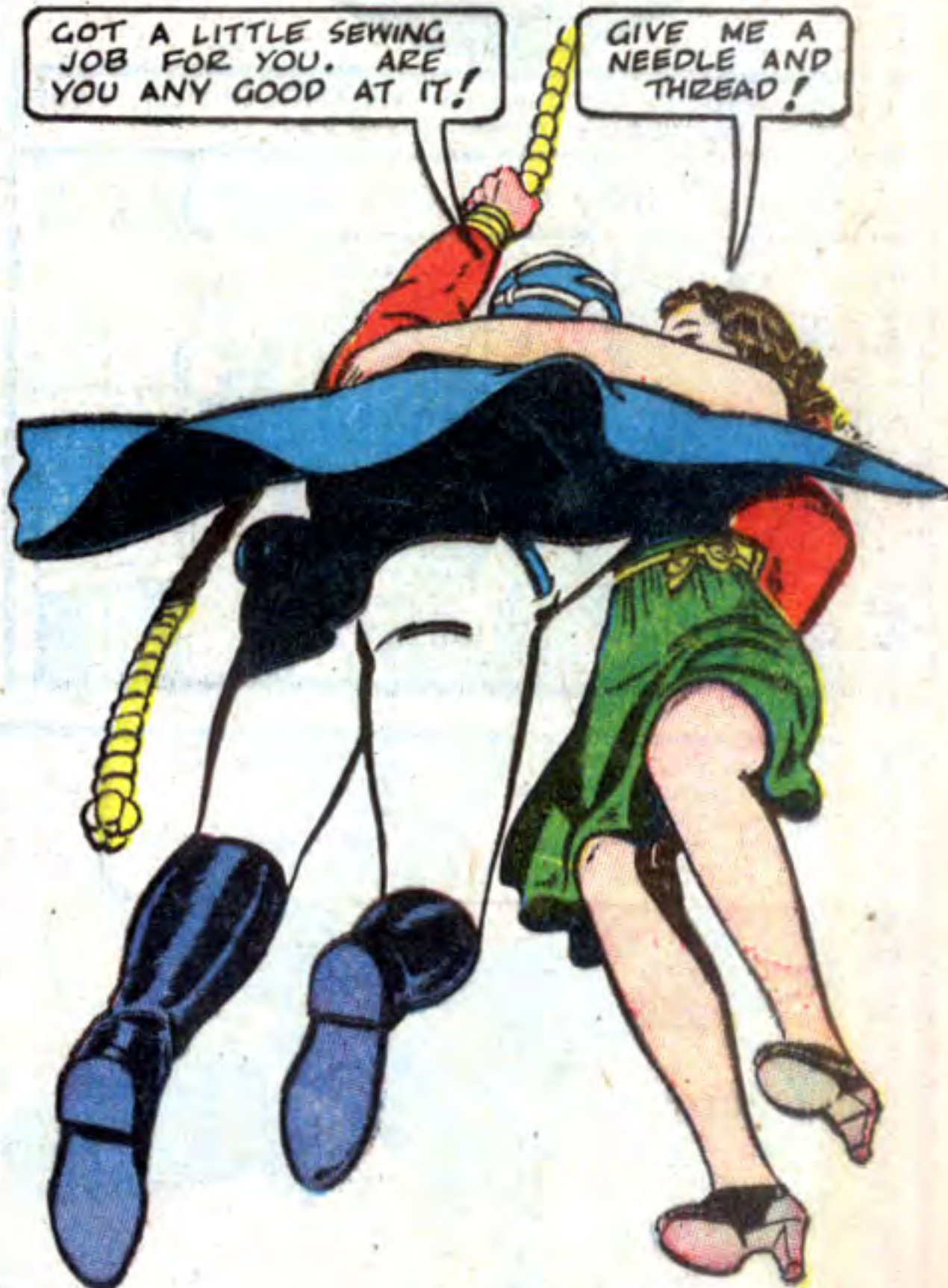
HERE COMES AN UNUSUAL PLANE. LOOKS LIKE JUST A BIG WING!

JUST REST AND BE — — WING!



GOT A LITTLE SEWING JOB FOR YOU. ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT IT!

GIVE ME A NEEDLE AND THREAD!

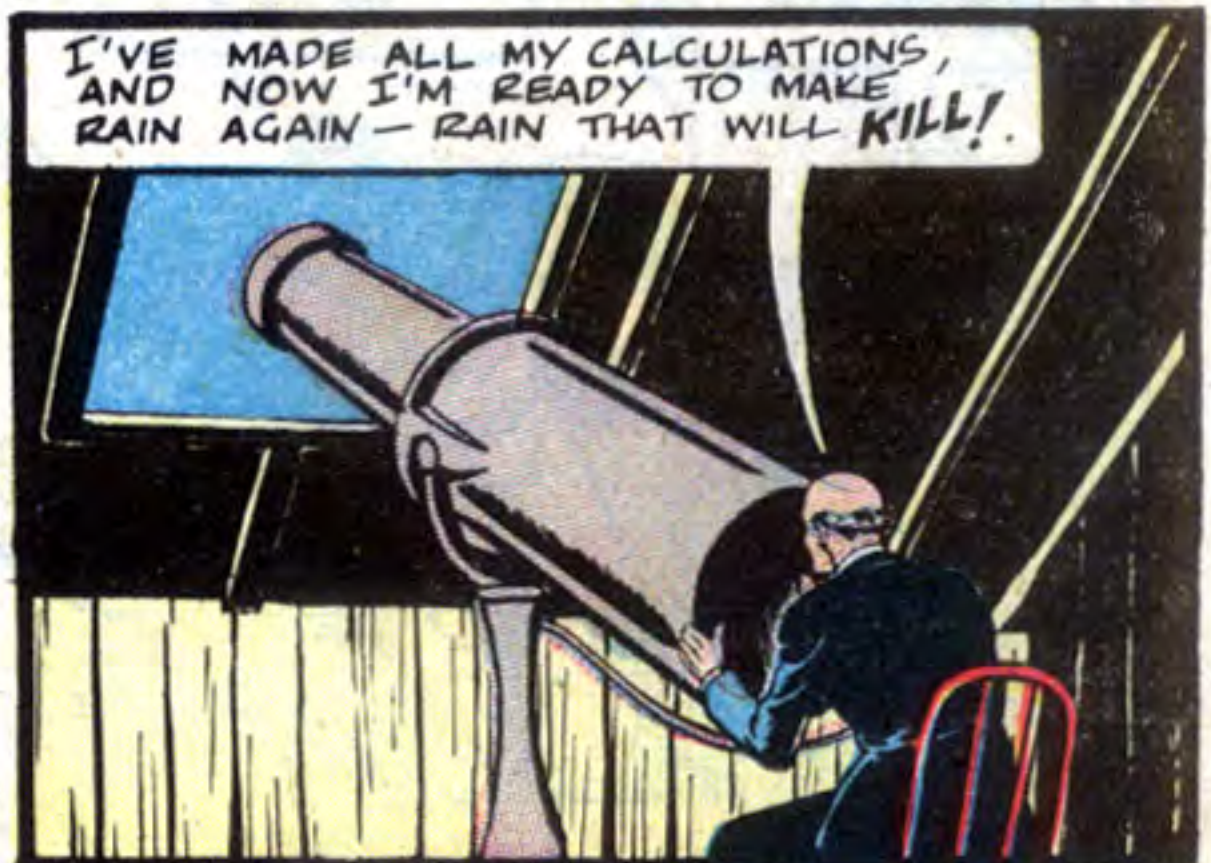
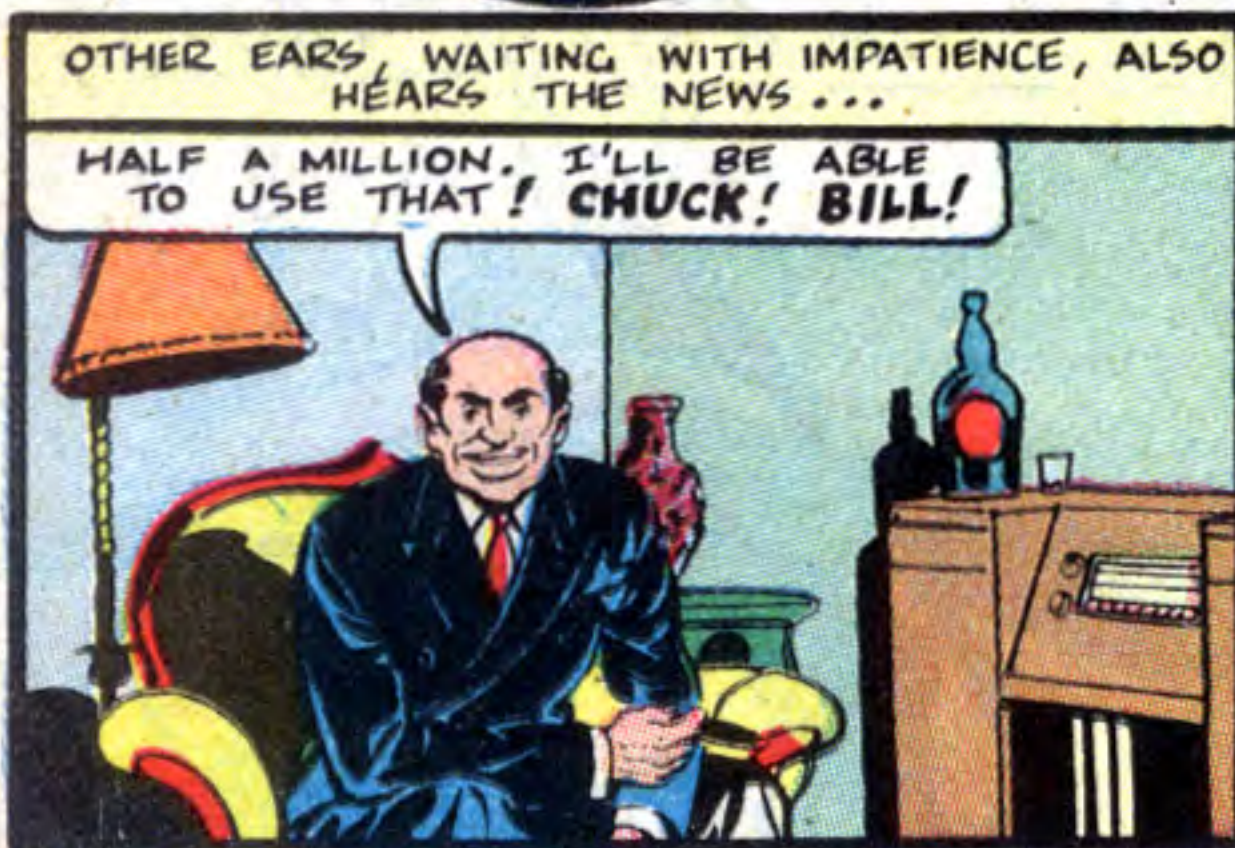
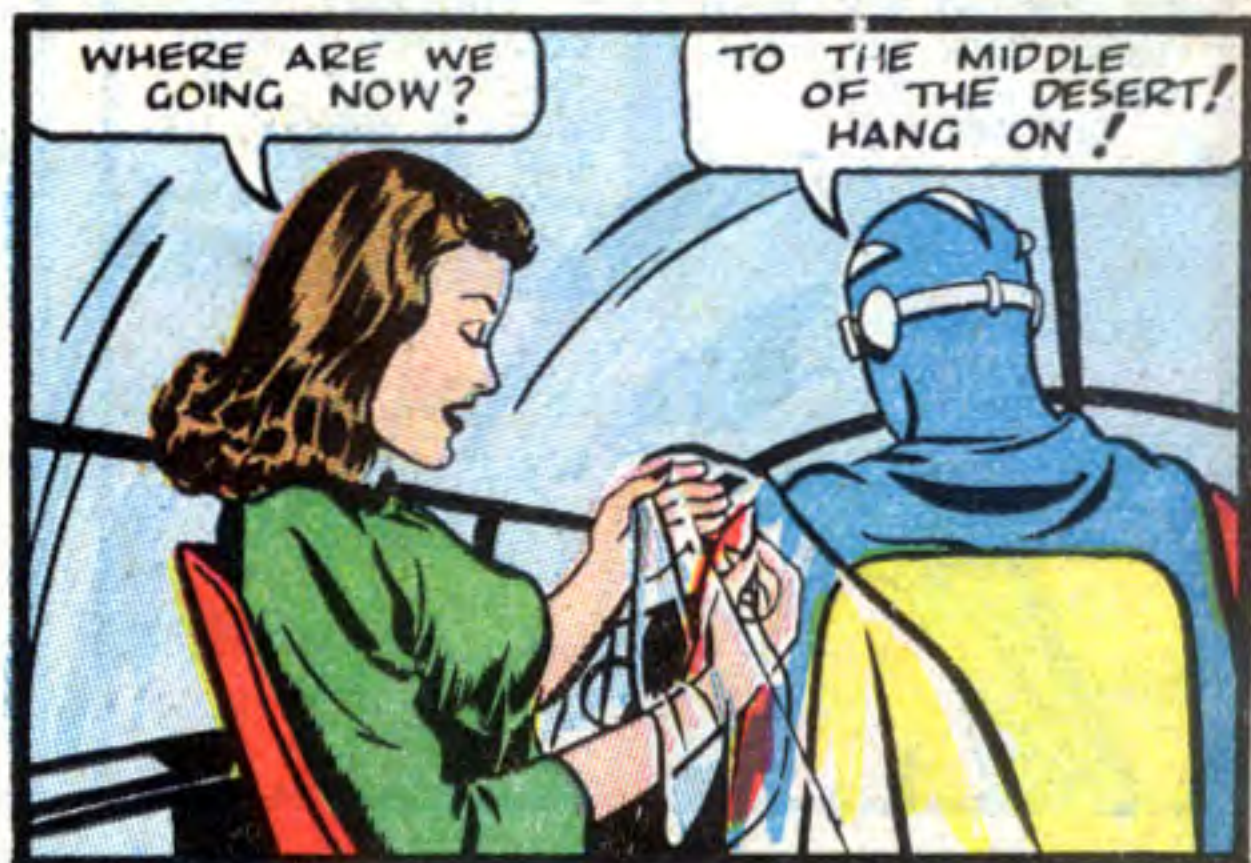
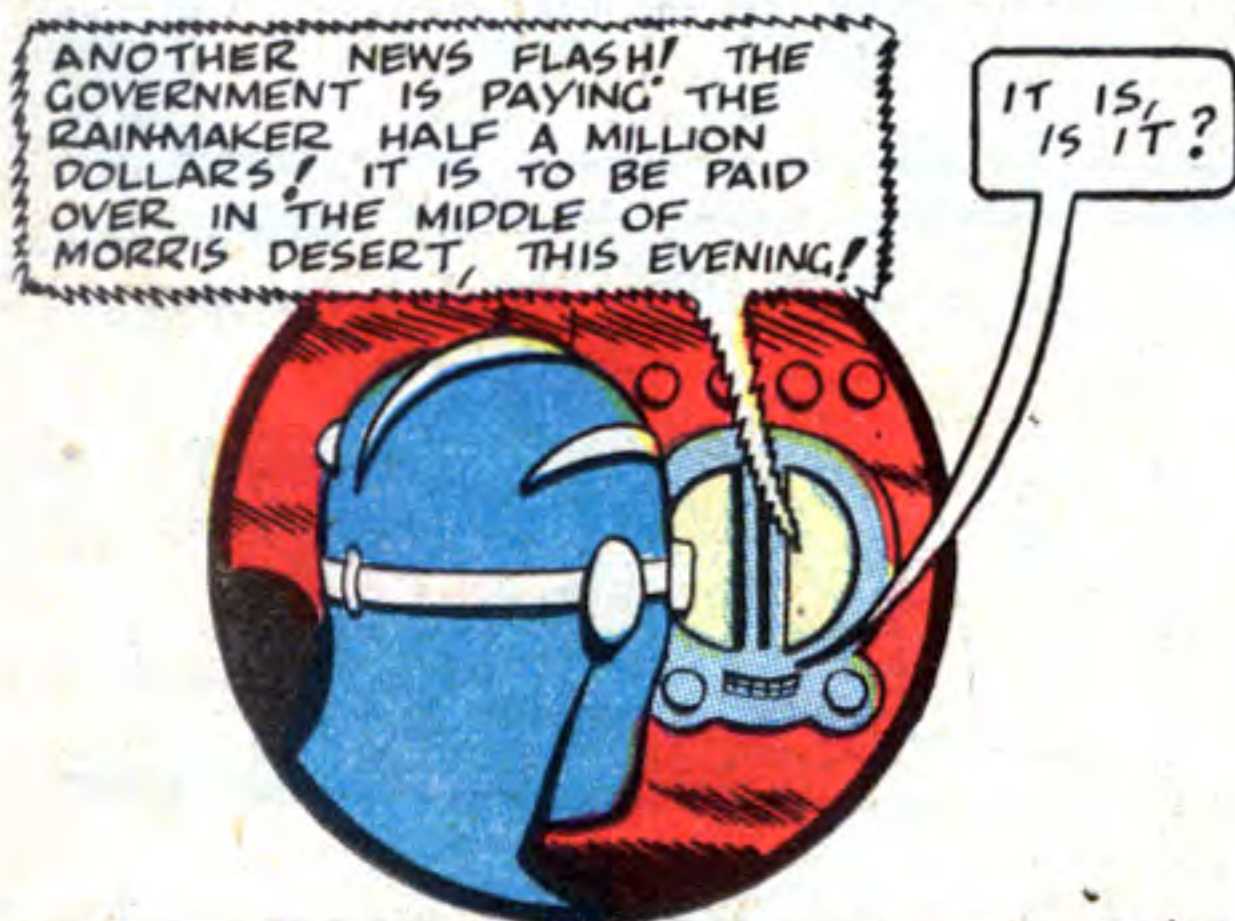
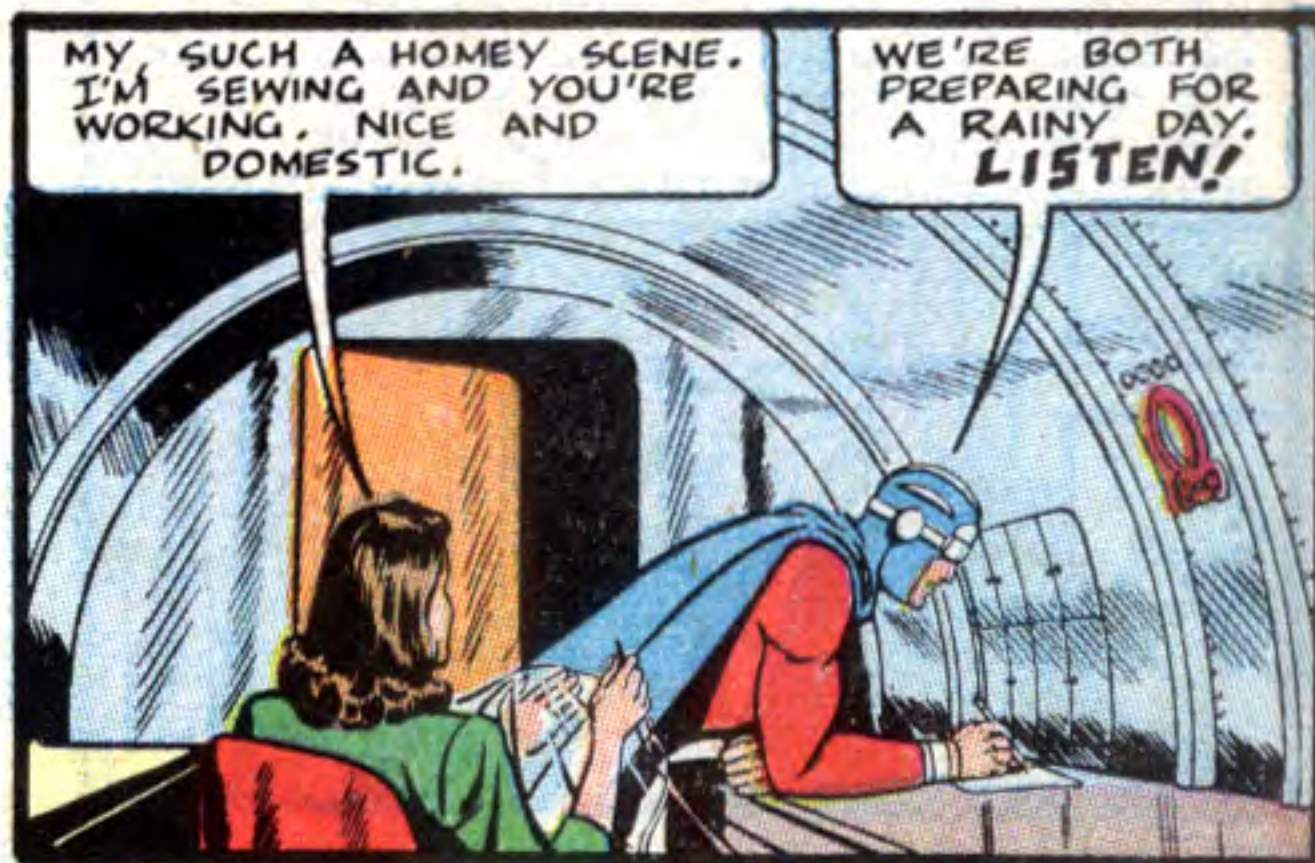
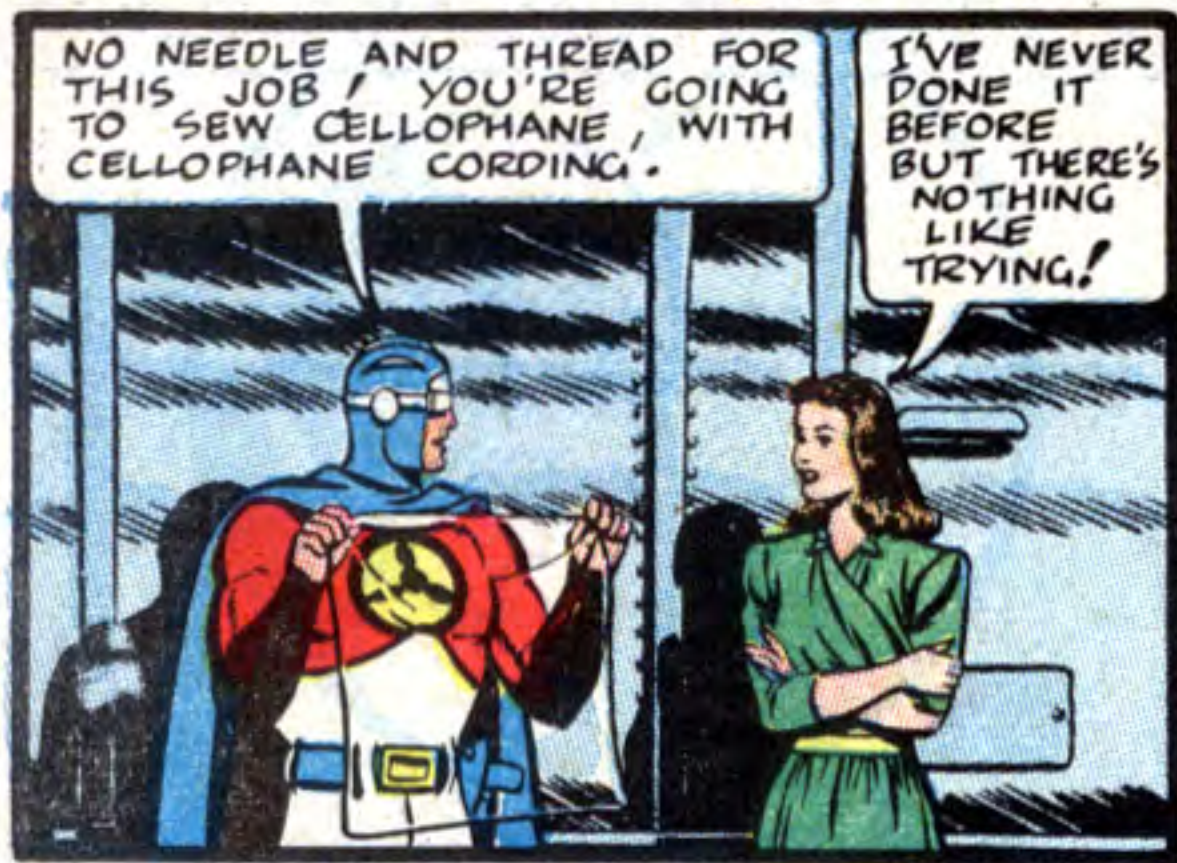


SKYMAN!

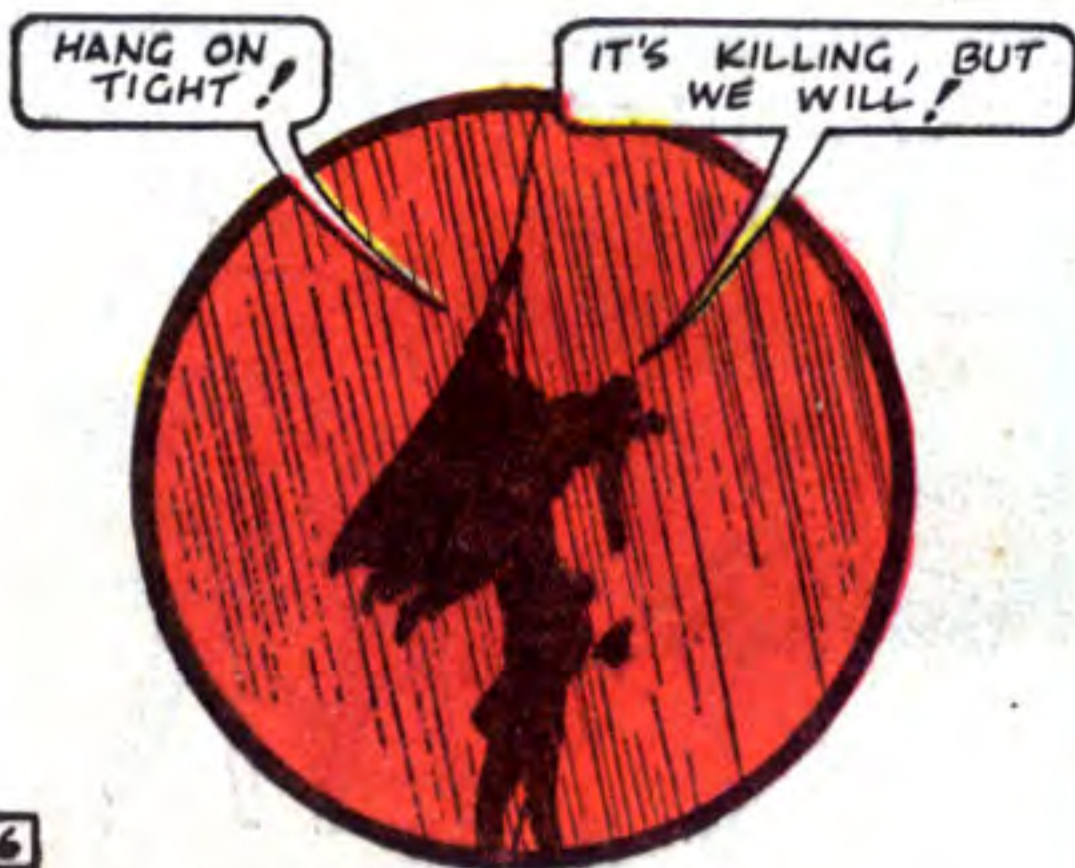
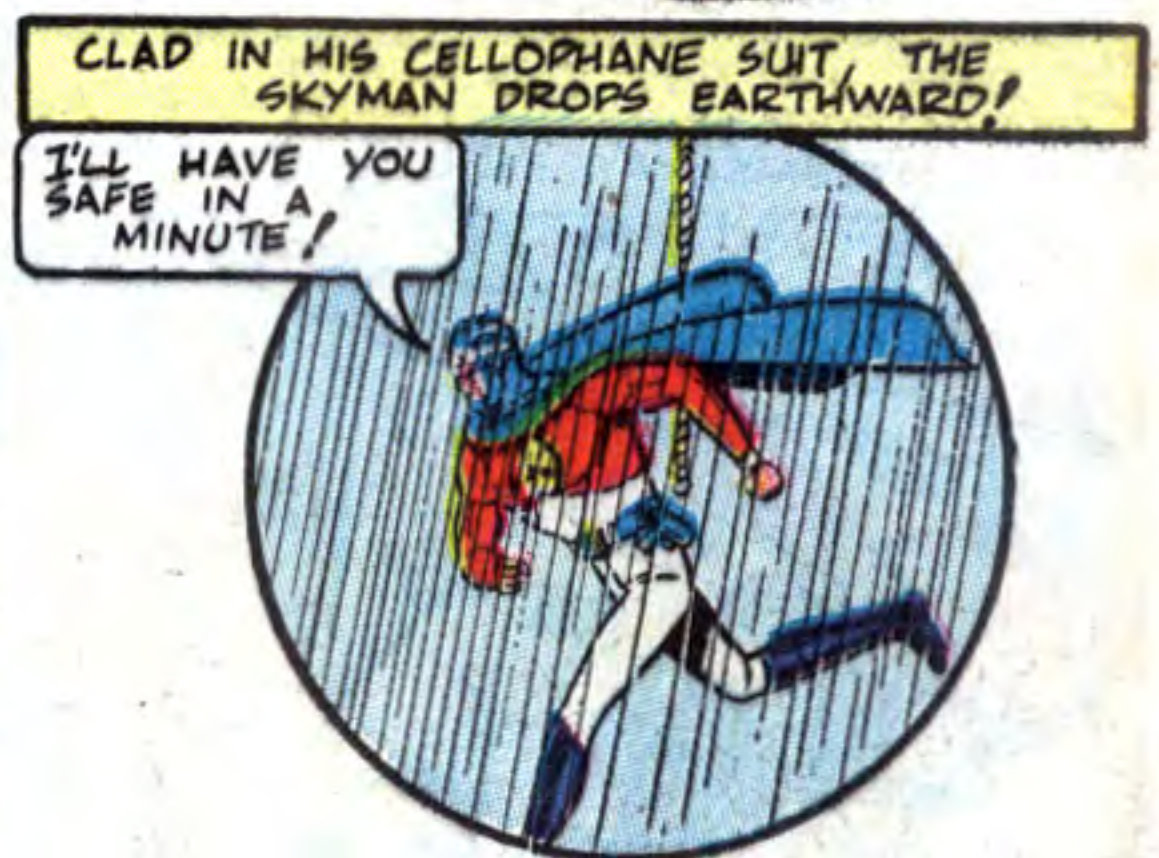
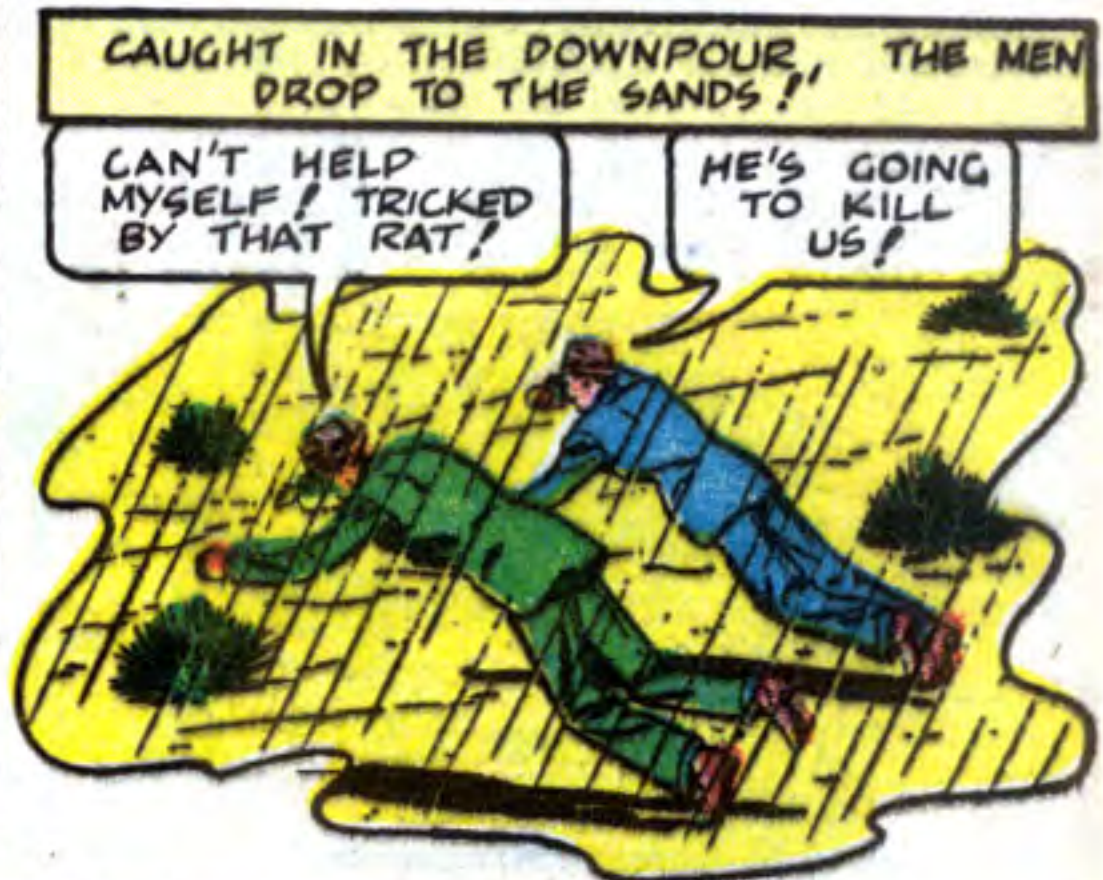
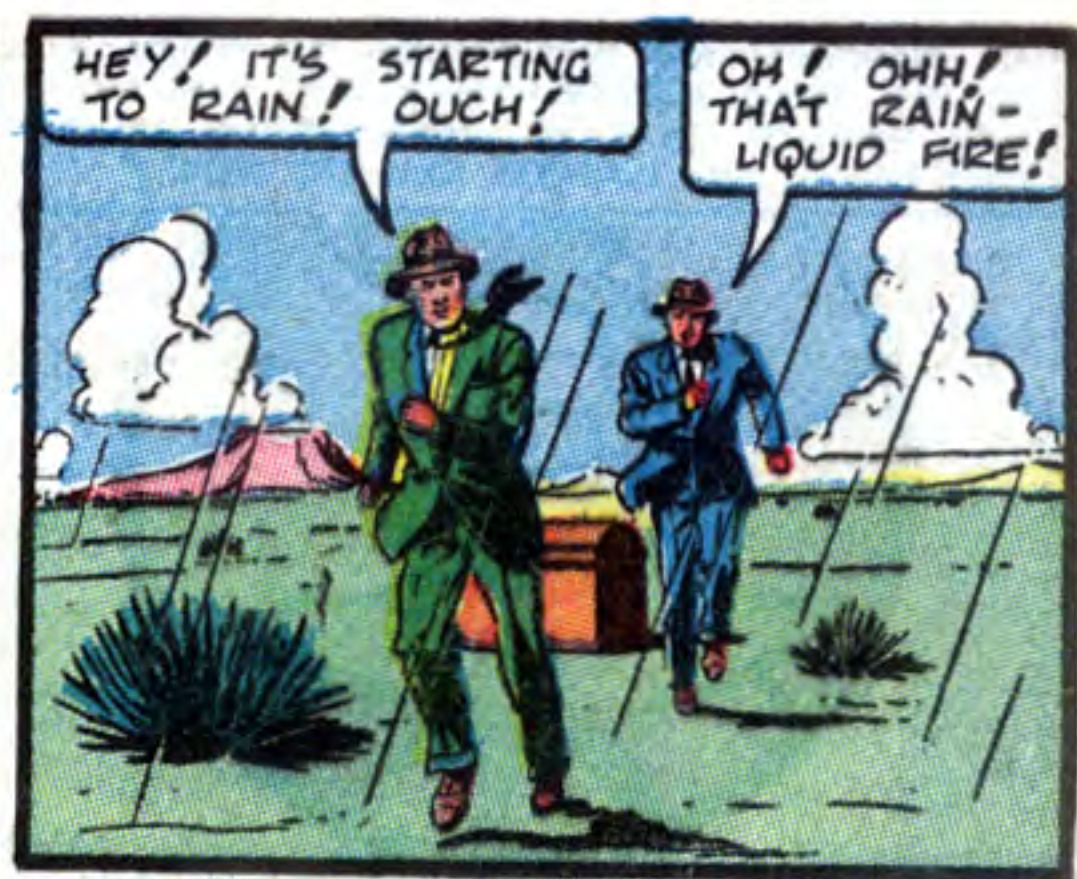
WANT A LIFT, FAWN!













HE WANTED NO WITNESSES TO TRAIL HIM OR HIS MEN AFTER THEY GET THE MONEY, BUT HERE'S ONE WITNESS HE'LL HAVE WHETHER HE WANTS HIM OR NOT!



THERE GOES A PLANE, TO GET THE MONEY. TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS AND I'LL DIVE DOWN!



ILLUVIN'S MEN ARRIVE AT THE DESERT RENDEZVOUS...

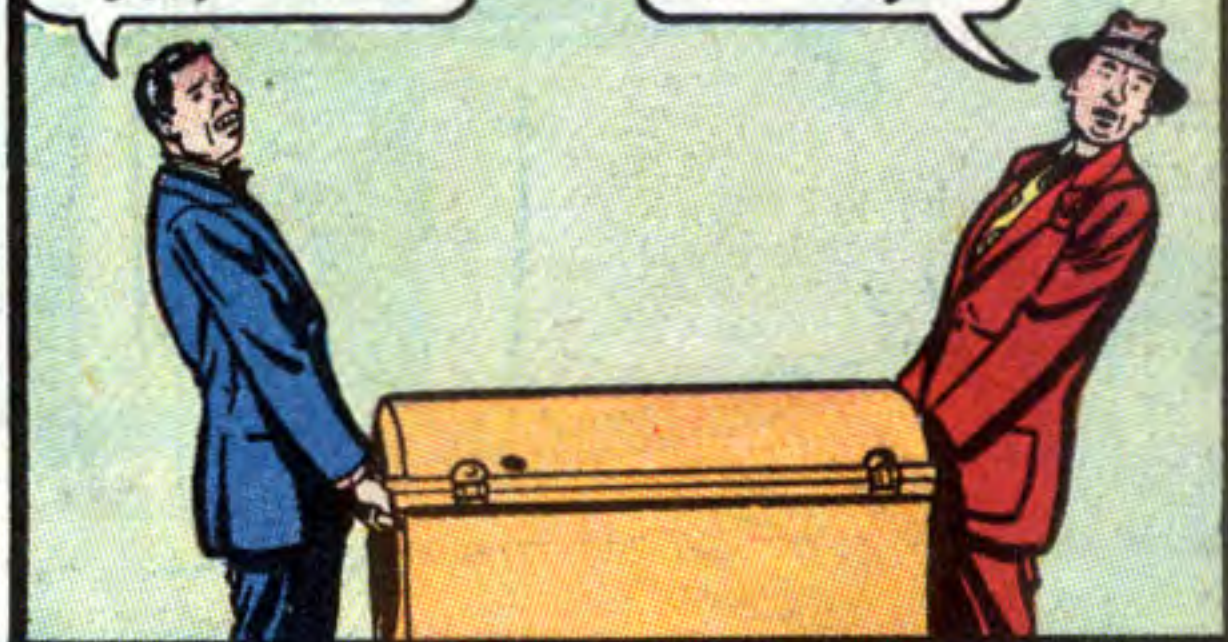
THE SAND IS WET! I GUESS THE BOSS MADE IT RAIN TO KILL ANYBODY WHO MIGHT BE AROUND.

YEAH. HOPE HE DOESN'T FORGET WE'RE HERE AND START UP AGAIN!



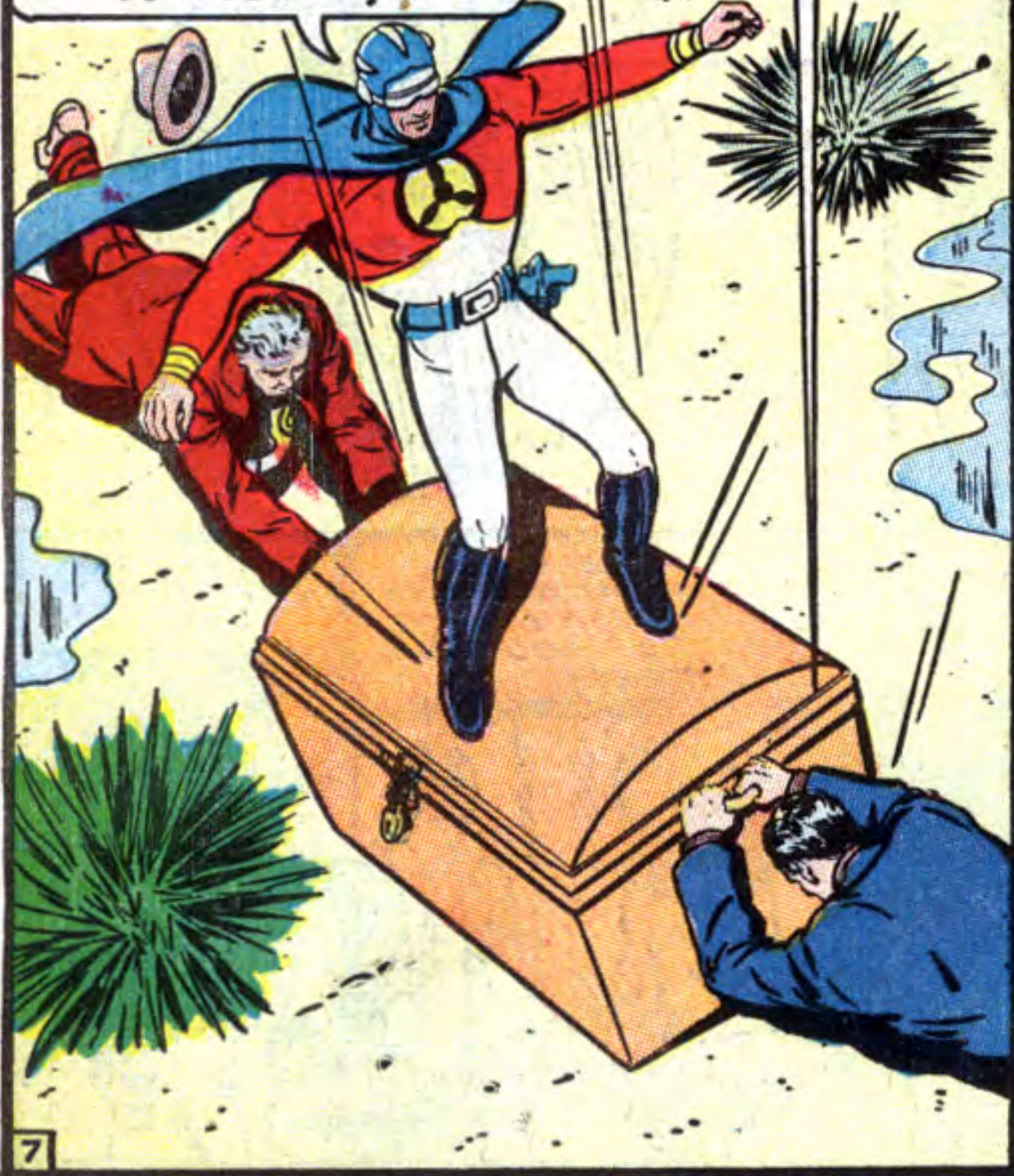
OHH! LOOK!  
IT-IT'S THE  
SKYMAN!

WHAT!  
LET'S RUN  
FOR IT!



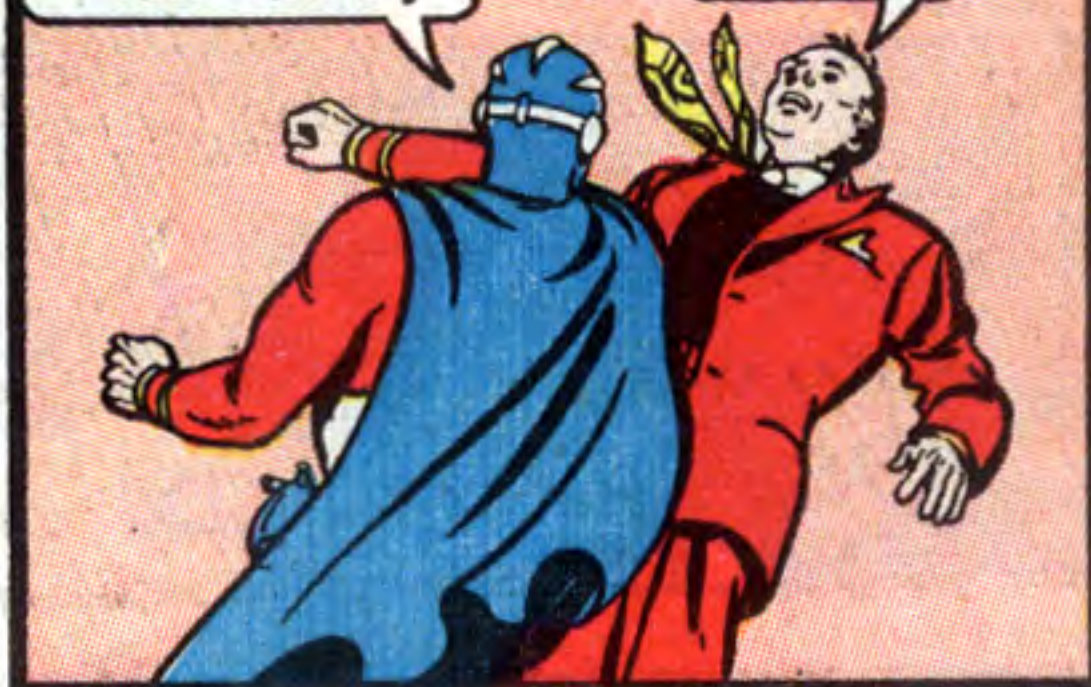
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO HEAVY FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN!

Ooops!

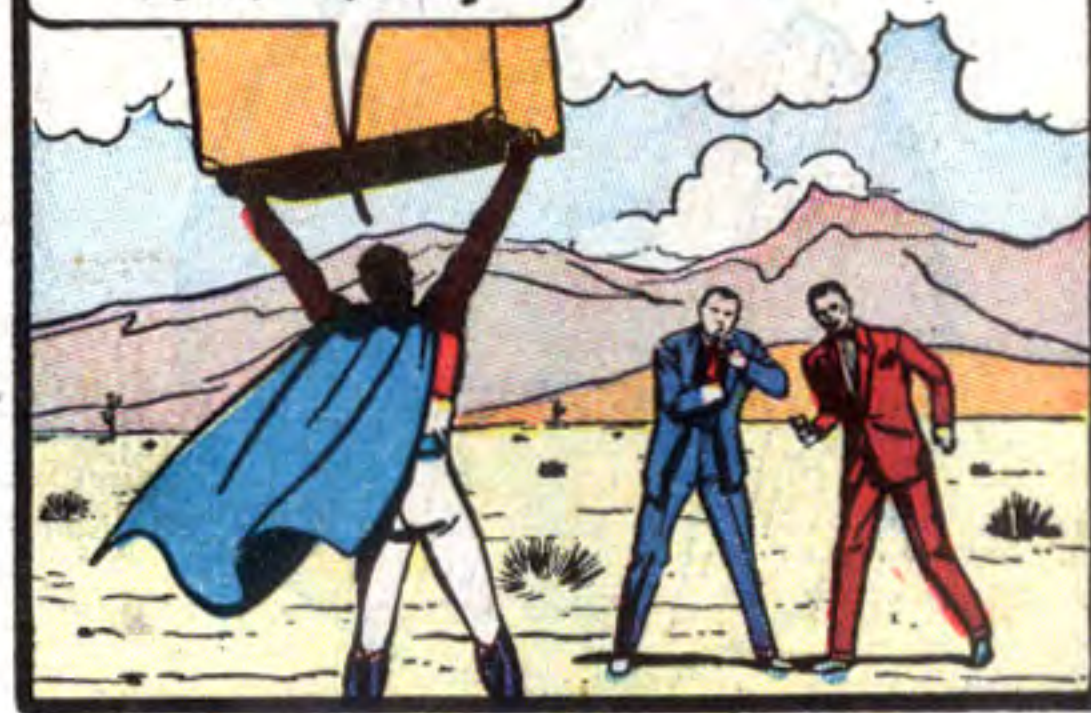


OR THAT, MY FIST ISN'T TOO HARD!

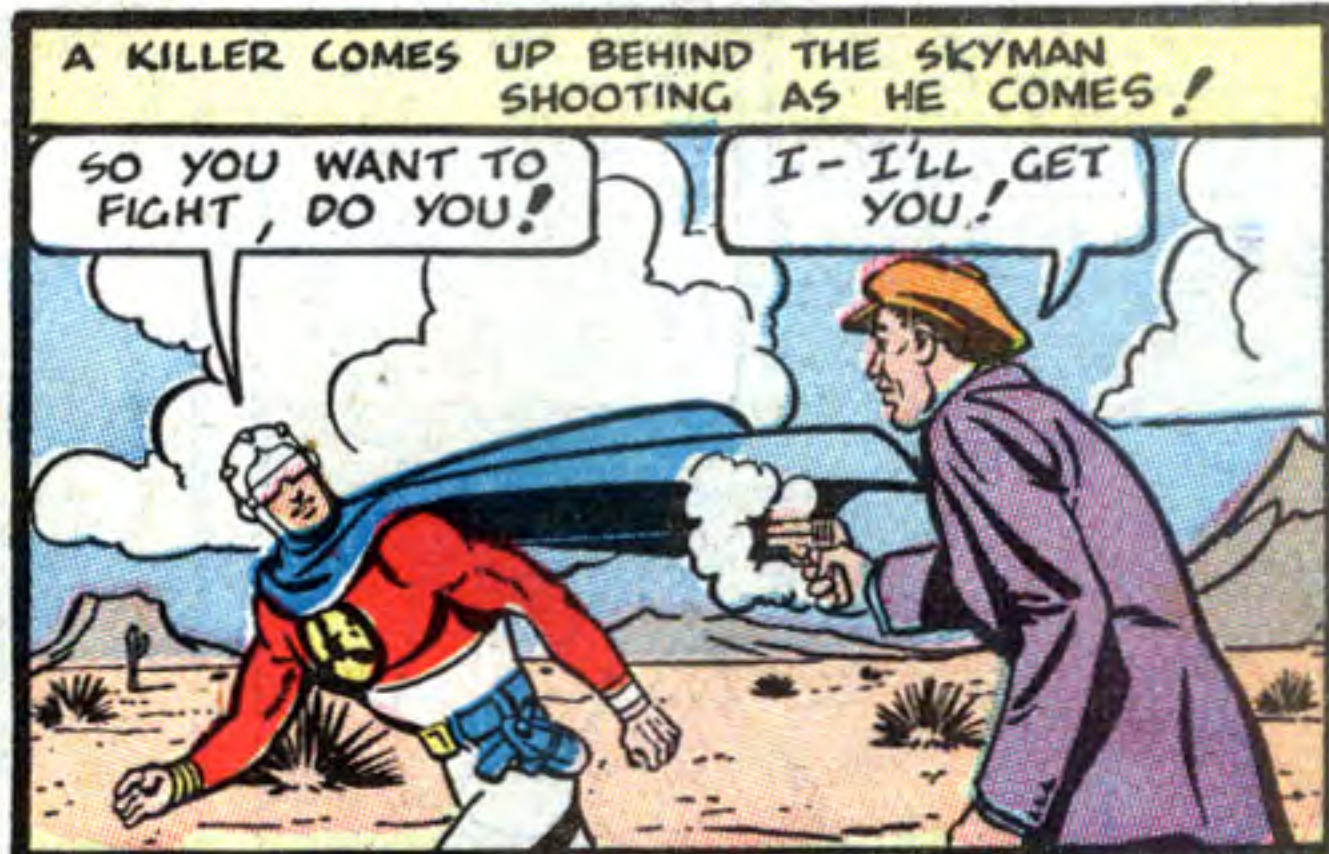
OHH!



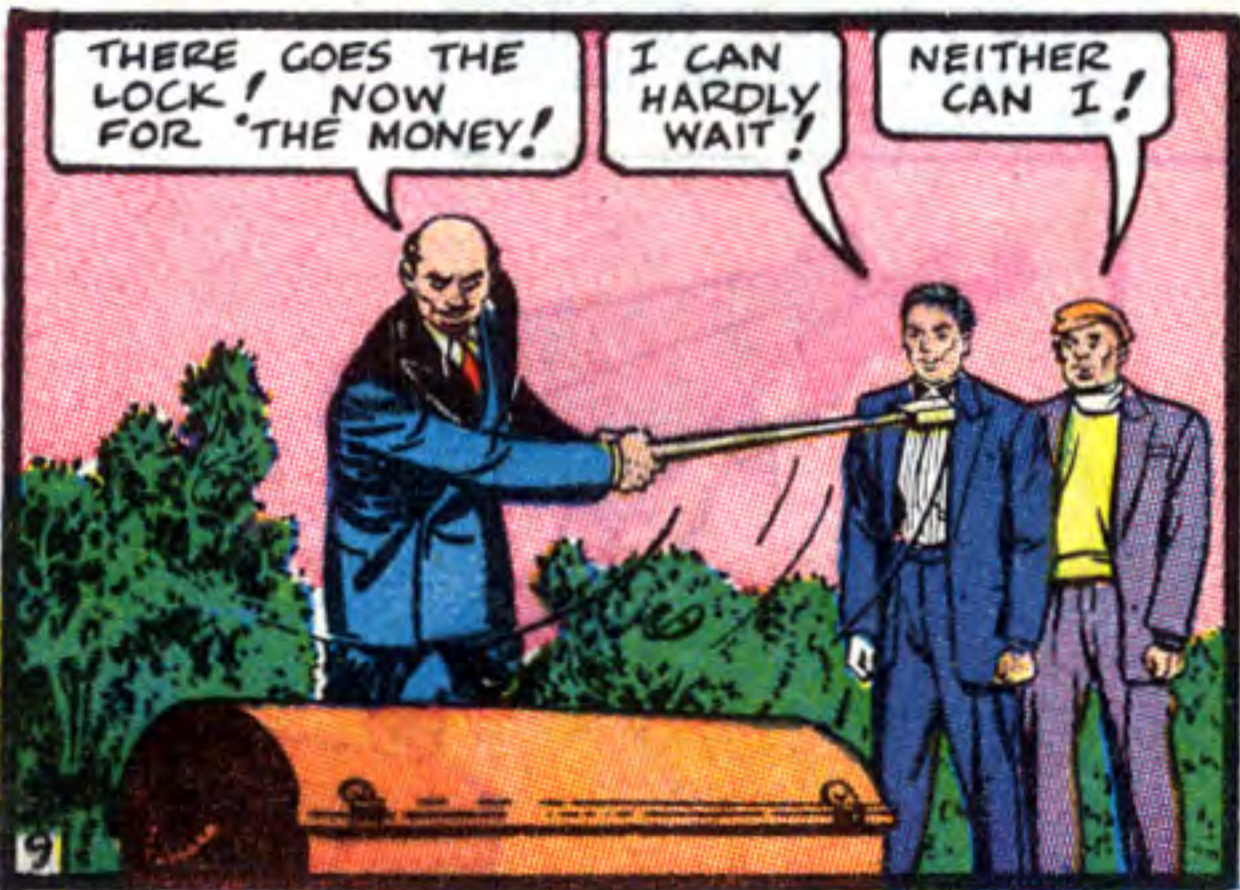
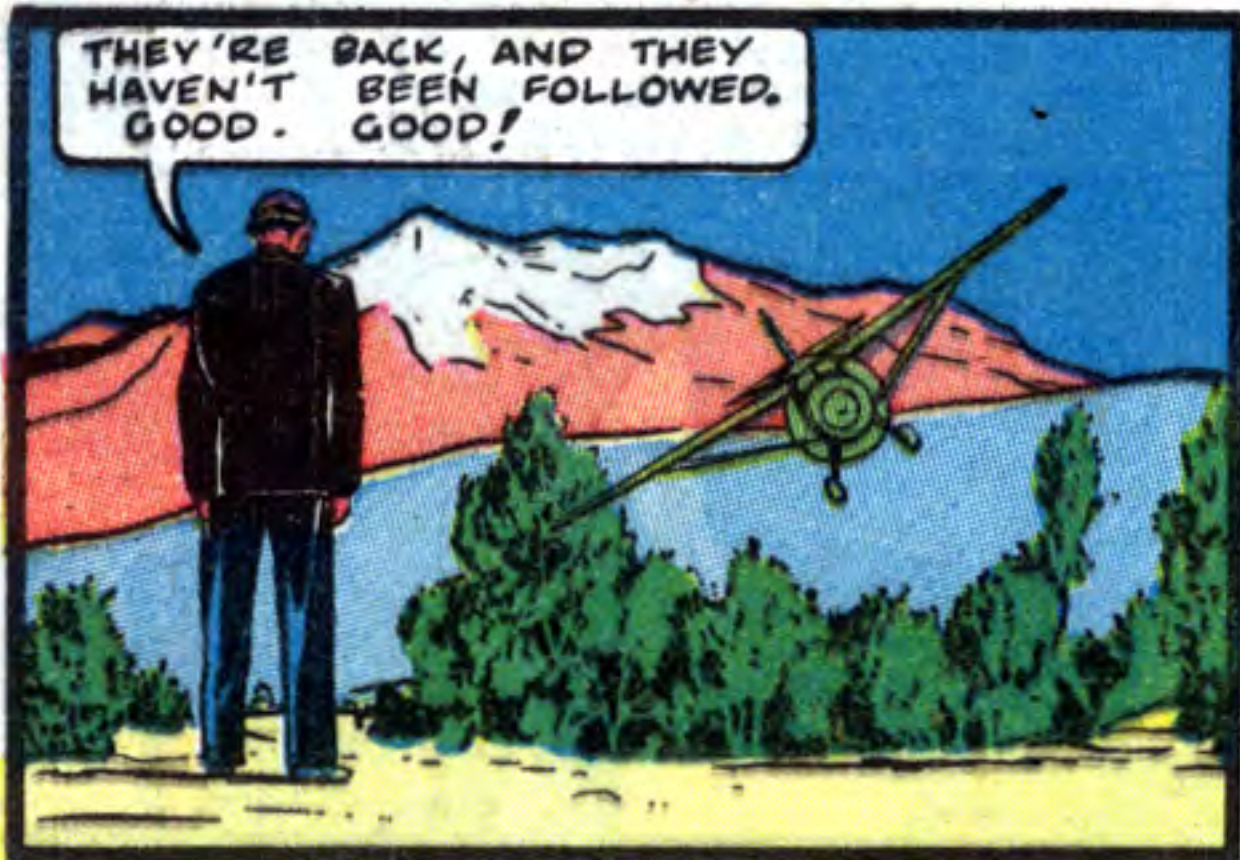
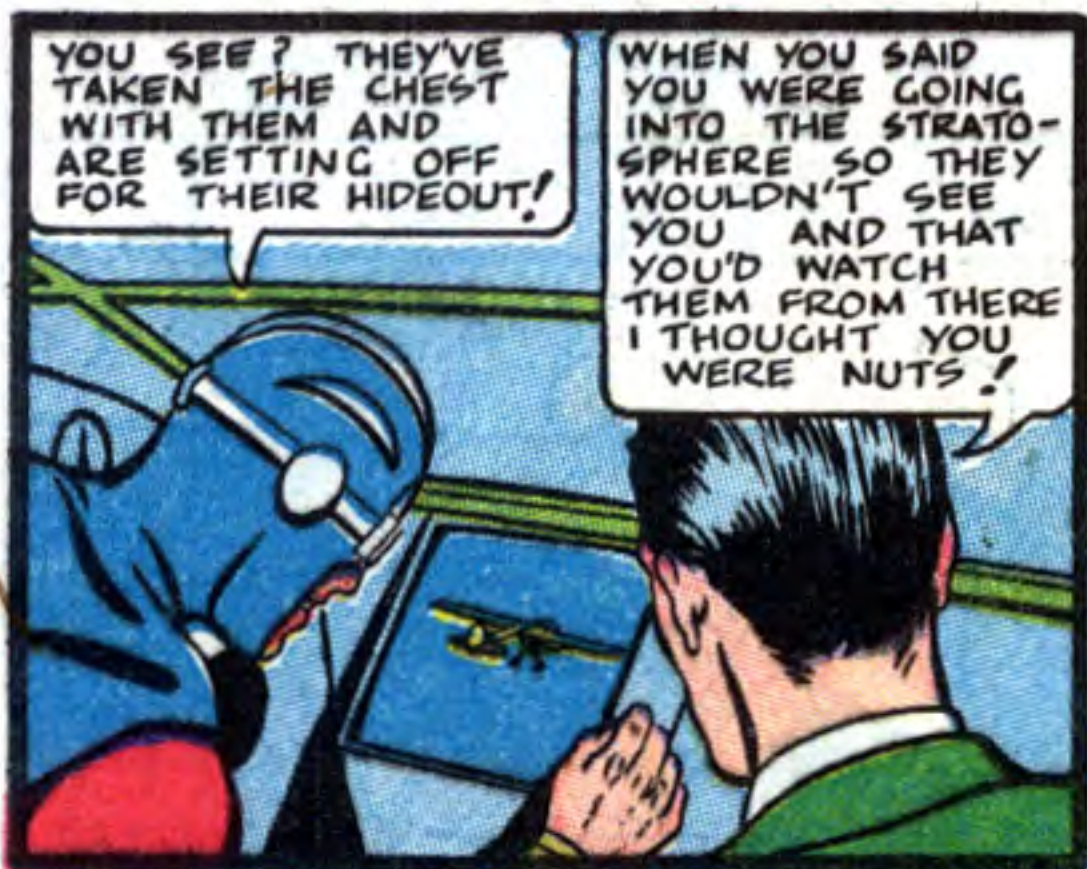
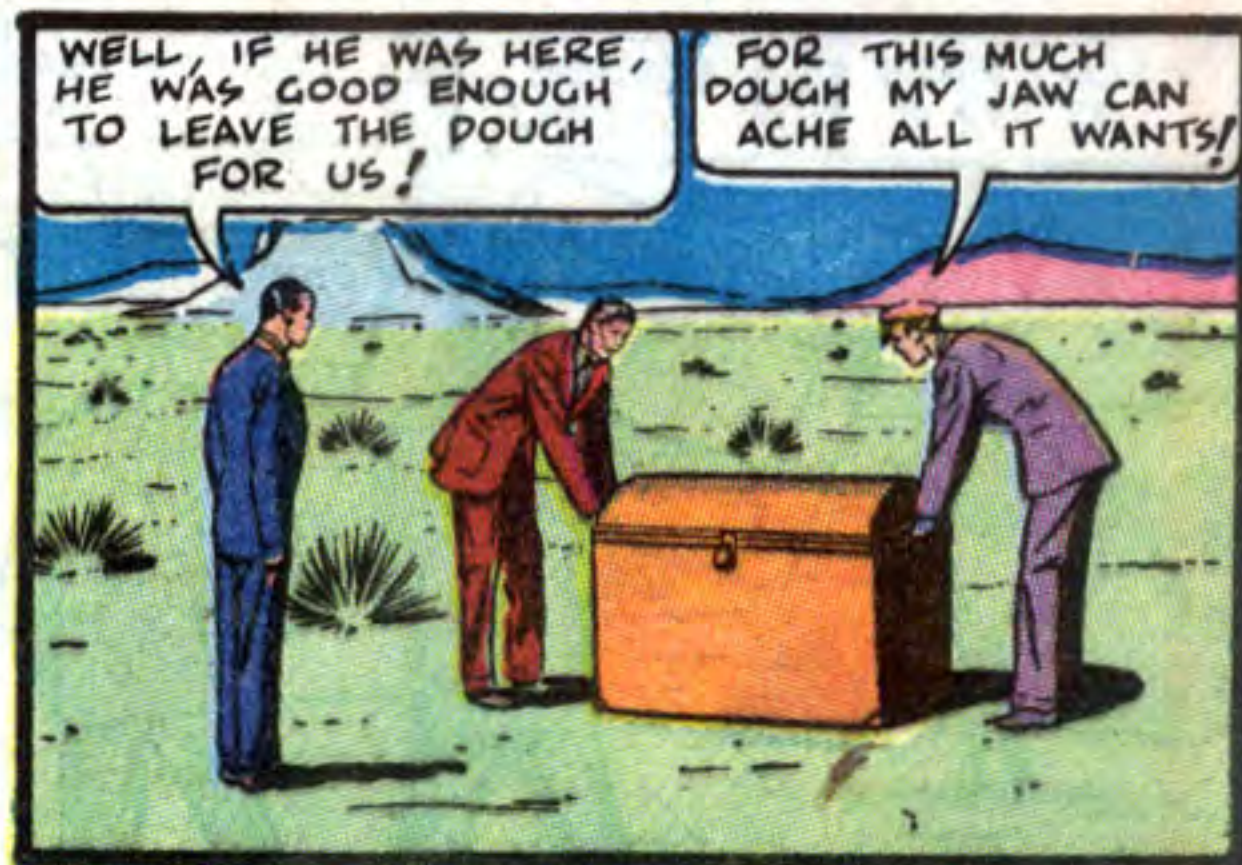
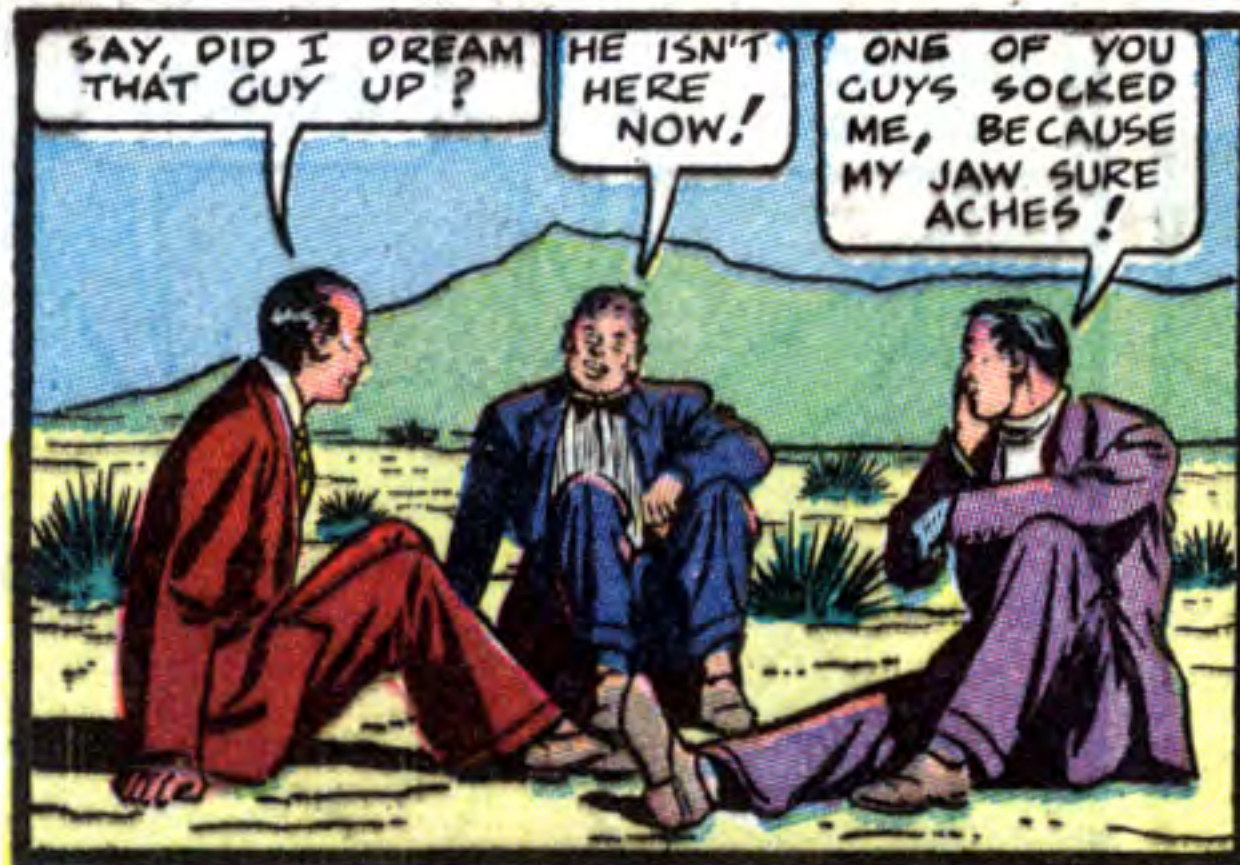
I FORGOT! YOU WANT THIS MONEY DON'T YOU!











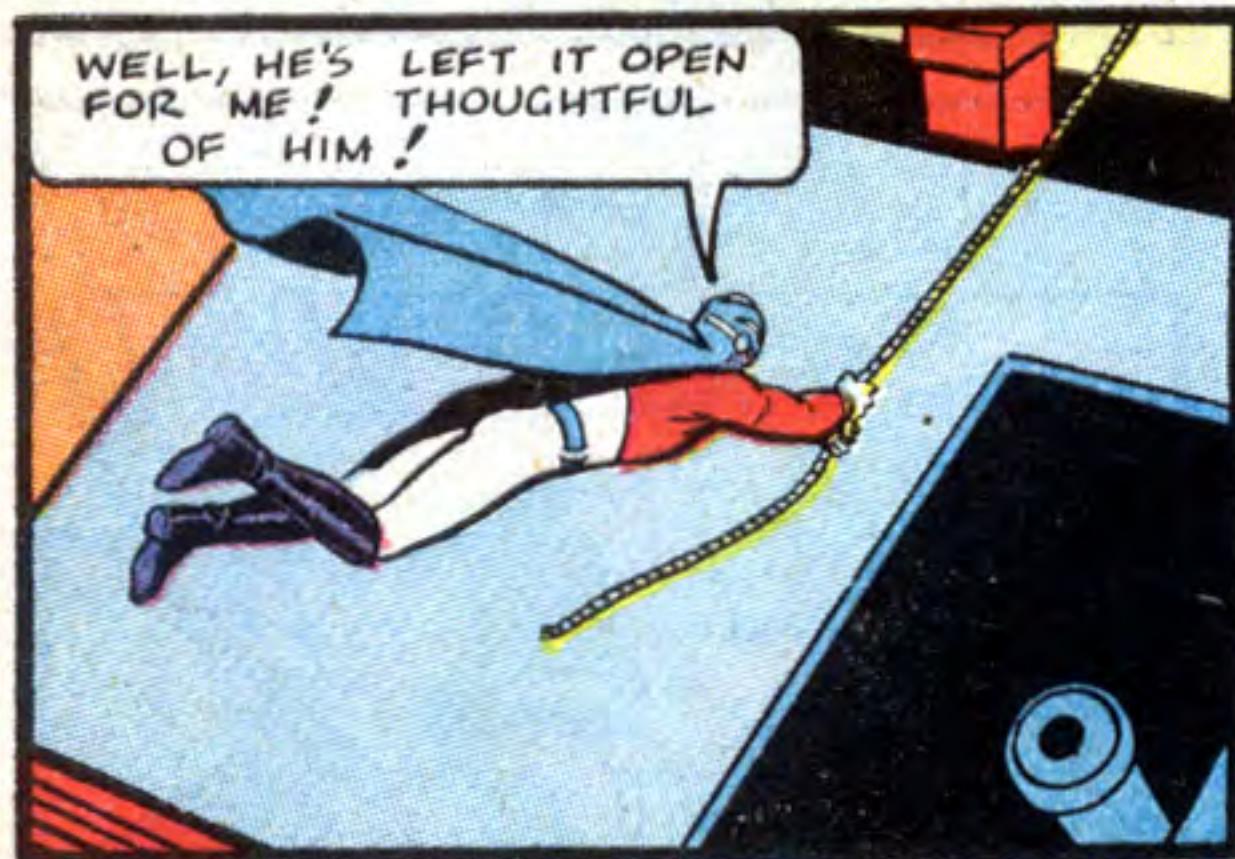
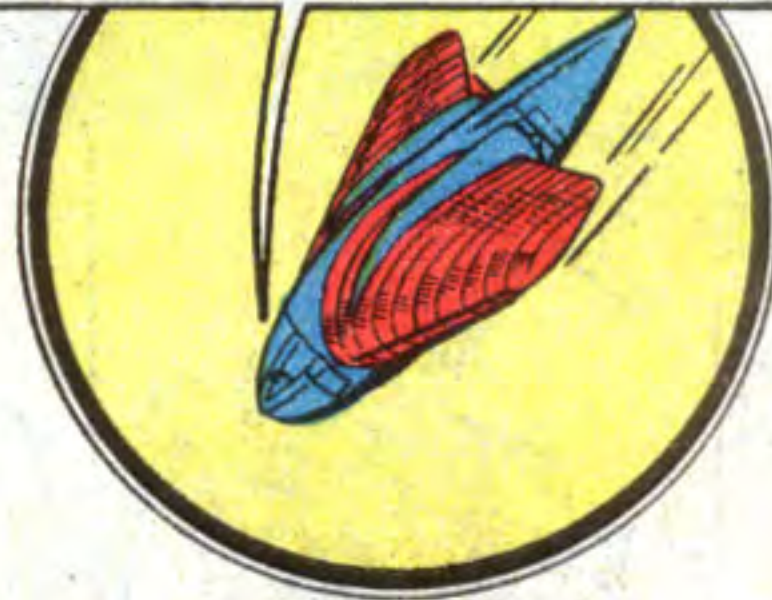




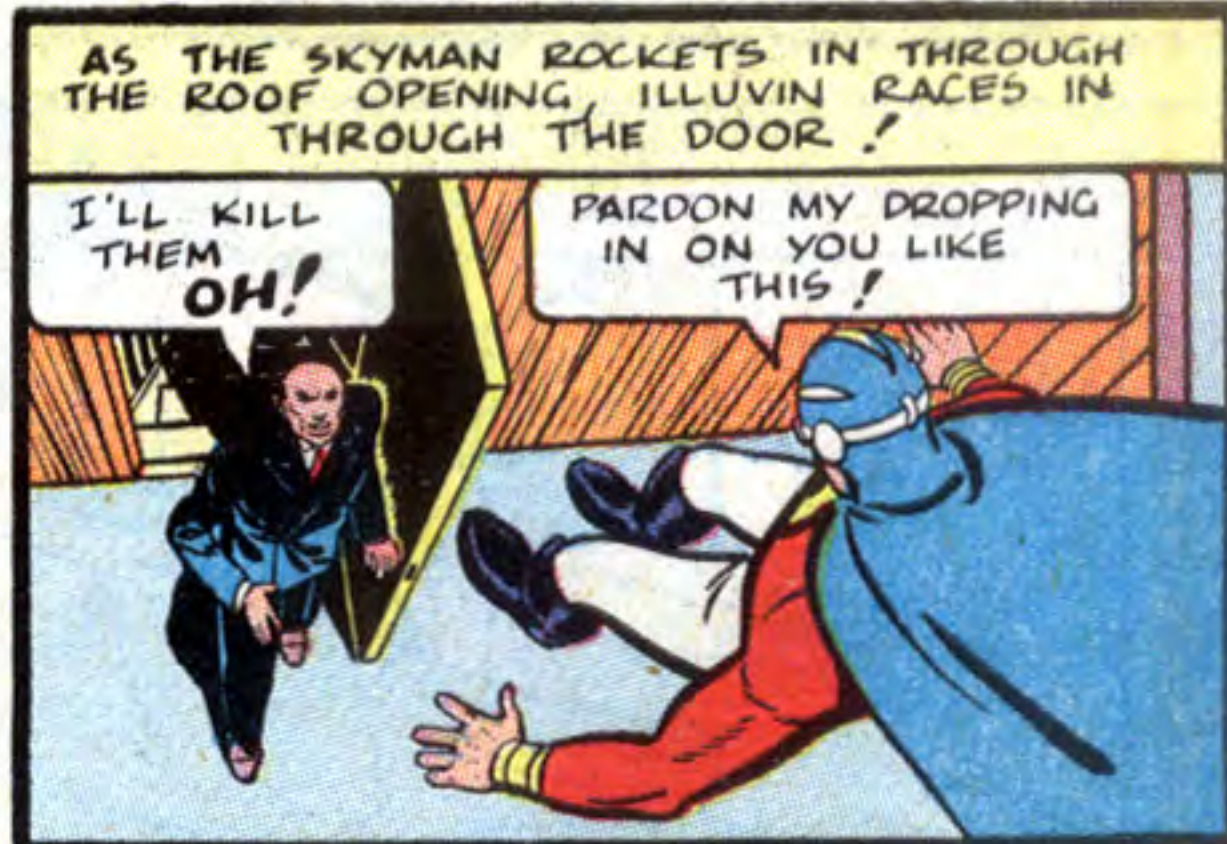
I'LL MAKE RAIN COME AND KILL YOU! TRY TO CHEAT ME WILL YOU! I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!

NO, NO IT WASN'T US IT WAS THE SKYMAN!

HIGH OVERHEAD THE "WING" POWERDIVES DOWNWARD AT TERRIBLE SPEED!  
I'M GOING TO LAND ON THE ROOF AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!



WELL, HE'S LEFT IT OPEN FOR ME! THOUGHTFUL OF HIM!



I'LL KILL THEM OH!

PARDON MY DROPPING IN ON YOU LIKE THIS!



YOU SEEM TO BE A LITTLE OVERCOME!

HELP!



NOT REALIZING THAT HE IS DEALING WITH THE RAIN-MAKER, THE SKYMAN SLAMS HIM TO ONE SIDE —

I'M IN A HURRY AND I CAN'T HAVE YOU MESSING UP THINGS!



FEELING TALKATIVE BOYS? PERHAPS I CAN INDUCE YOU TO SPEAK UP!

IT'S HIM AGAIN!



I THOUGHT YOU AND I GOT ALONG FAIRLY WELL—AND NOW YOU WANT TO RUN OUT ON ME!

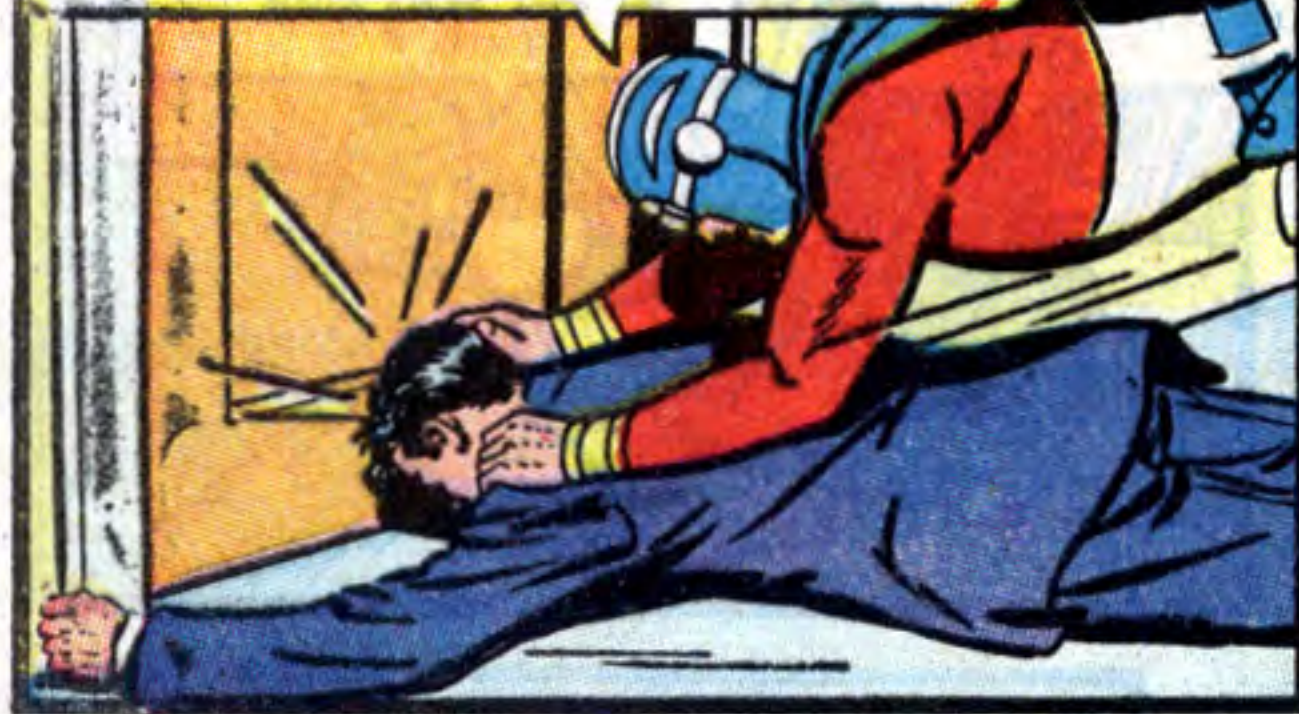


I COULDN'T THINK OF SEEING YOU LEAVE JUST NOW!

Ogden Whitney

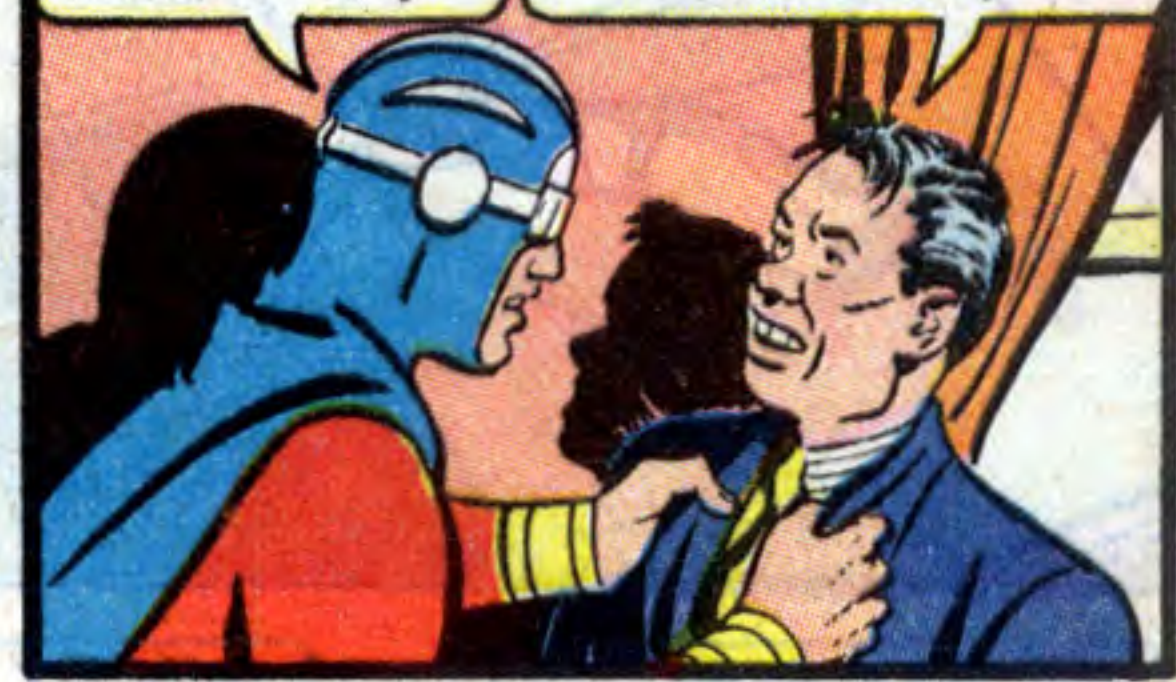


SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T LISTEN TO REASON! NOW YOU'VE KNOCKED YOURSELF OUT!

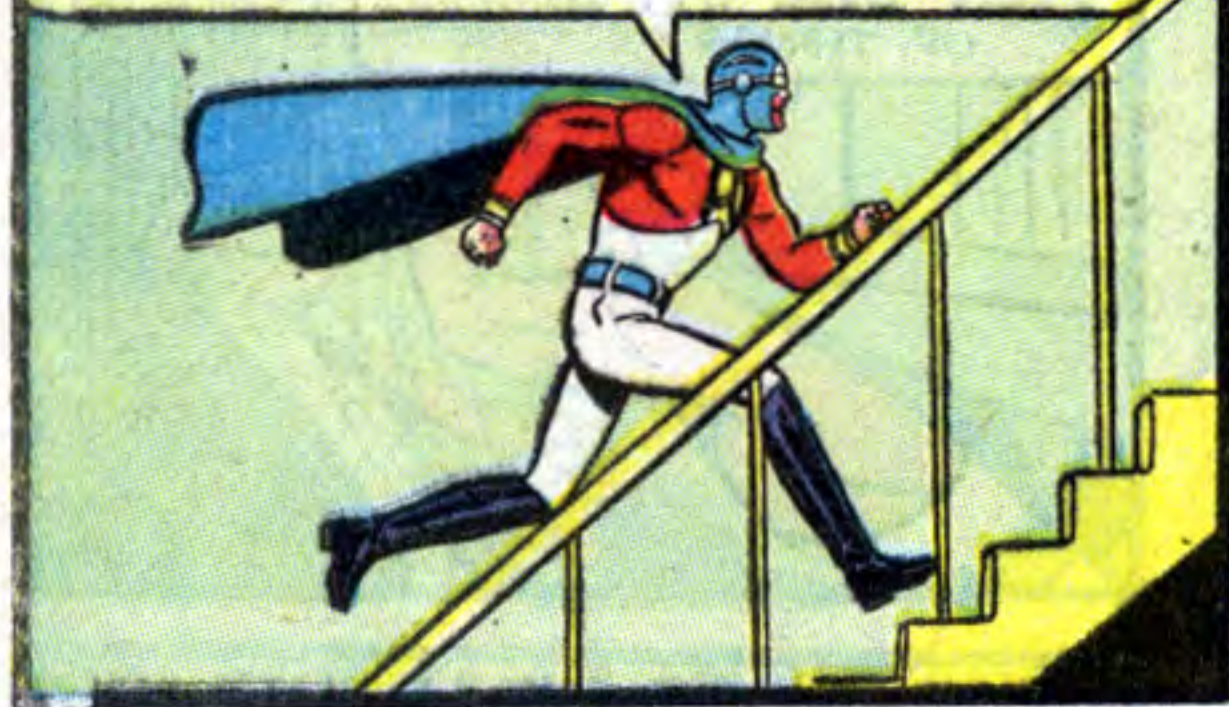


WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, THE RAIN-MAKER? QUICK! WHERE IS HE?

HUH? DIDN'T YOU SEE HIM? HE JUST WENT UPSTAIRS BEFORE YOU CAME DOWN!

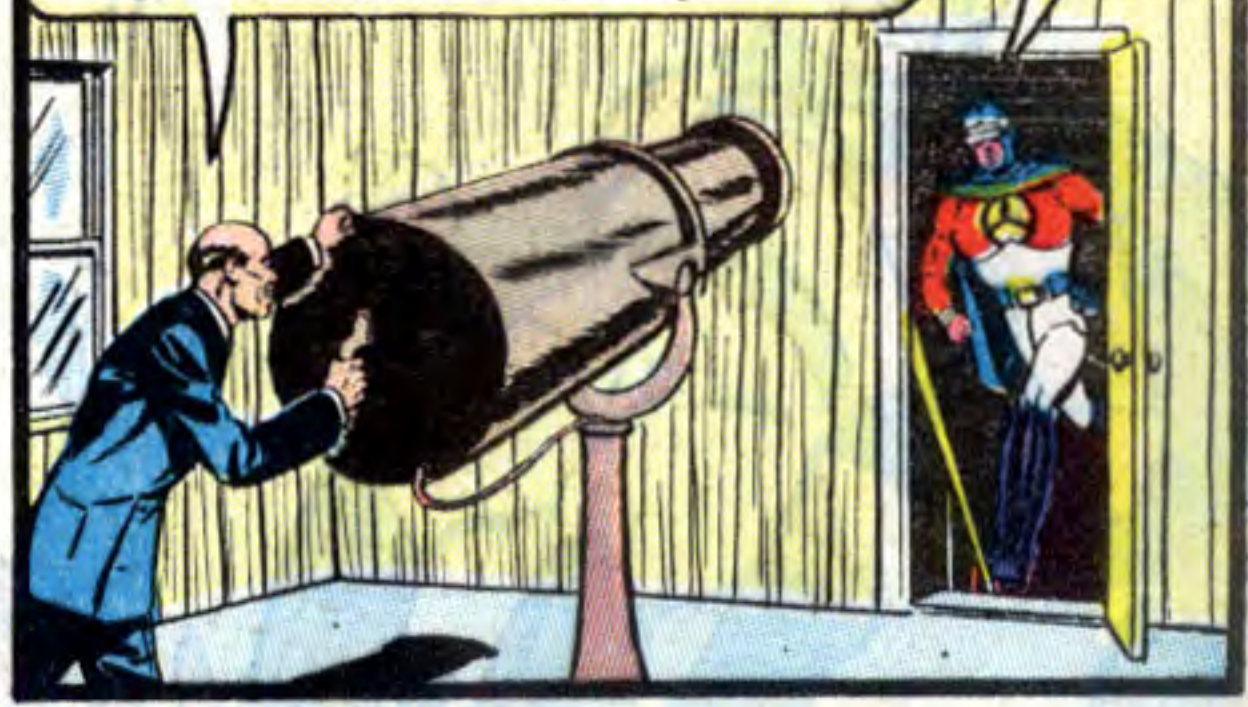


SO THAT WAS MY WATERY FRIEND, THE ONE I LANDED ON. I HOPE HE' ISN'T UP TO ANY MISCHIEF—



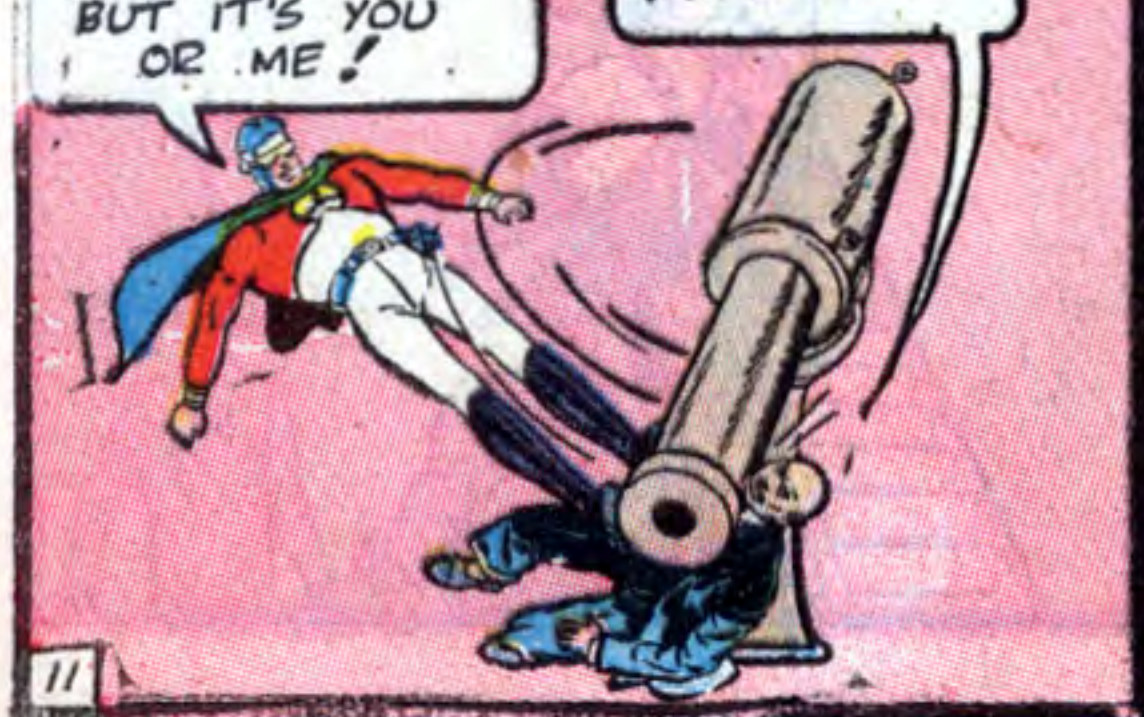
I'LL SPRAY MY DEADLY ILLUMO RIGHT AT YOU! YOU'LL DIE IN HORRIBLE AGONY!

NOT YET, I THINK!



SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS BUT IT'S YOU OR ME!

AAAAGH



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE GOVERNMENT MEN TAKE OVER...

OH, YES! YOU'LL FIND THE TREASURE CHEST FILLED WITH SAND. I FILLED IT UP AND TOOK THE MONEY, JUST IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED

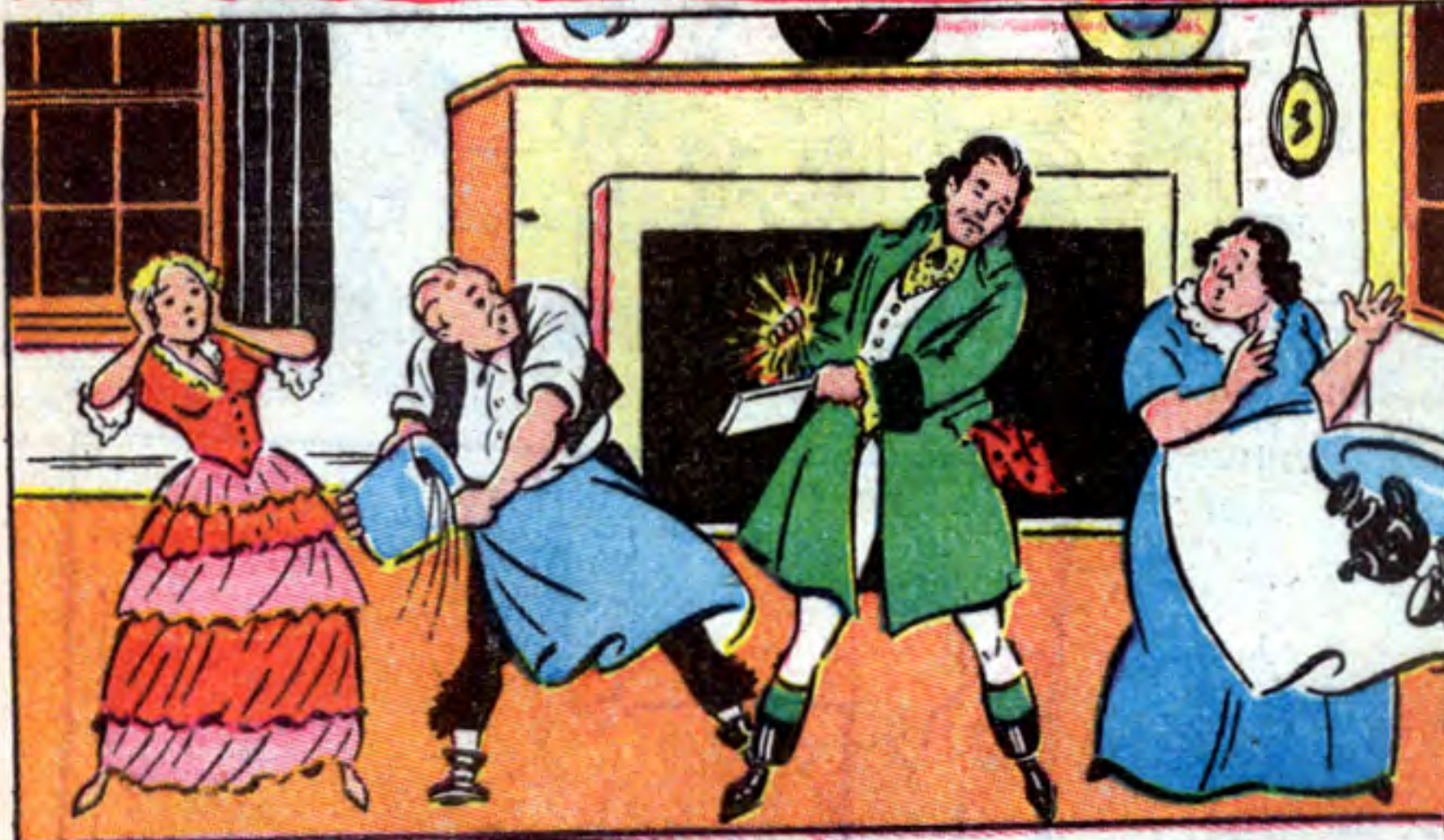
THAT SALVE YOU INVENTED WILL SAVE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HURT BY THAT DEADLY RAIN!

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME AWAY BEFORE YOU NEED A LARGER HAT SKYMAN!





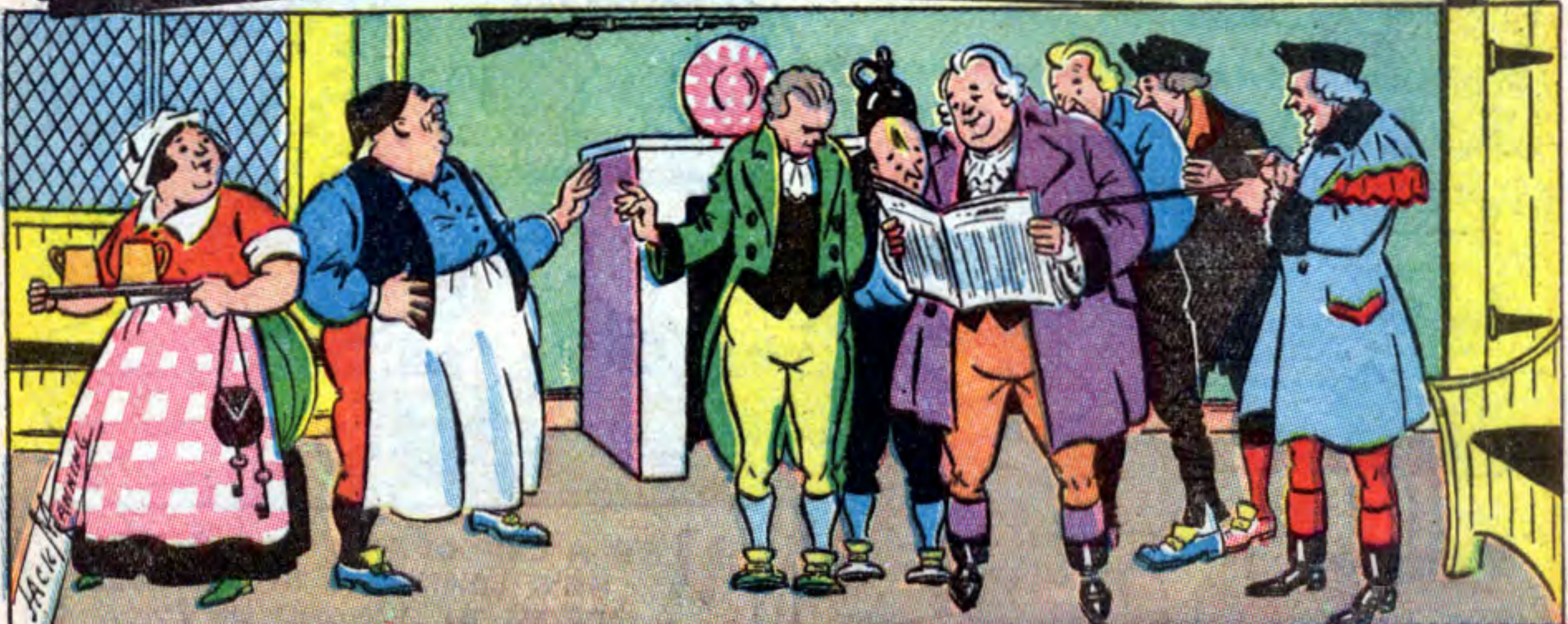
# ECHOES OF AN ERA



SPUTTER! SPUTTER!  
SPUTTER! HERE WAS  
SOMETHING NEW....  
FRICTION MATCHES  
WERE CAUSING A  
SENSATION IN THE  
YEAR 1836....  
FOLKS DIDN'T THINK  
THEY WOULD LAST...  
"JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE NEW  
FANGLED IDEAS"...

MARY KIES  
IN THE YEAR 1800  
WAS THE FIRST WO-  
MAN IN THE UNITED  
STATES TO BE GRANT-  
ED A PATENT...

THE PATENT WAS  
ISSUED FOR STRAW  
WEAVING WITH SILK  
OR THREAD...



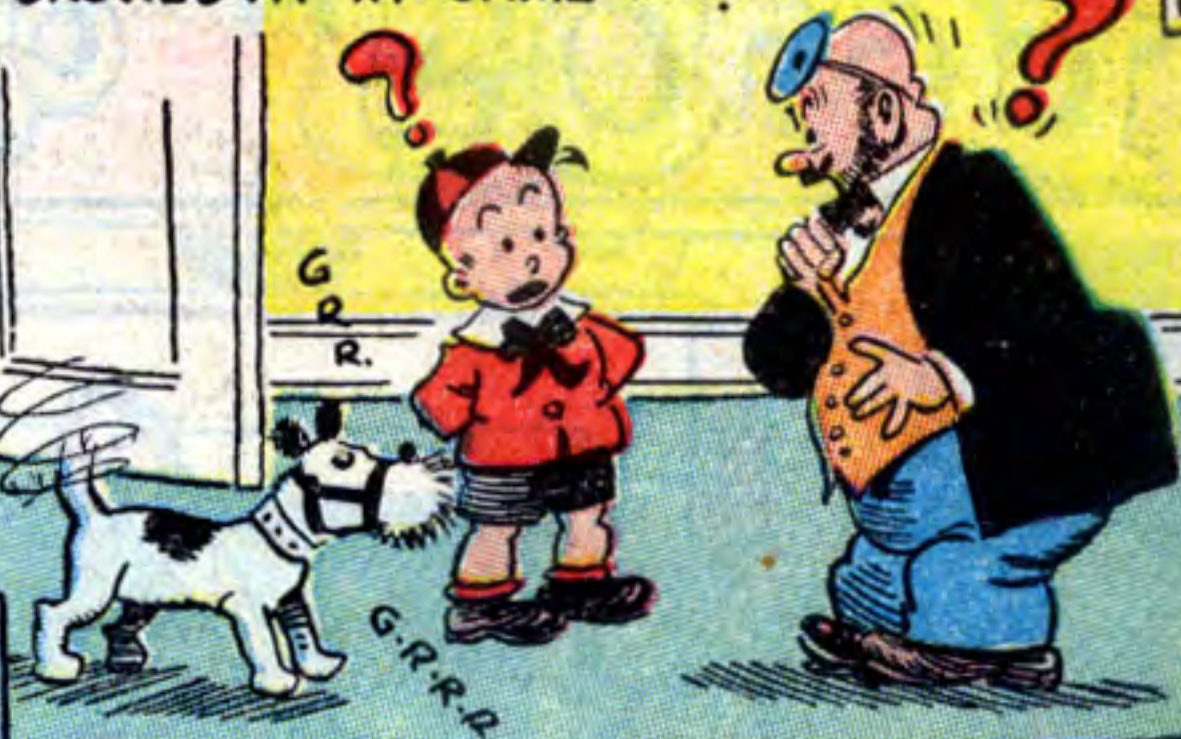
"THE HIGH COST OF LIVING" AS REPORTED IN THE YEAR 1799.. BEEF .06¢ A POUND,  
PORK .12¢; BUTTER :16¢; LARD .13¢. COFFEE :27¢; TEA .95¢. EGGS .12¢ A DOZ....



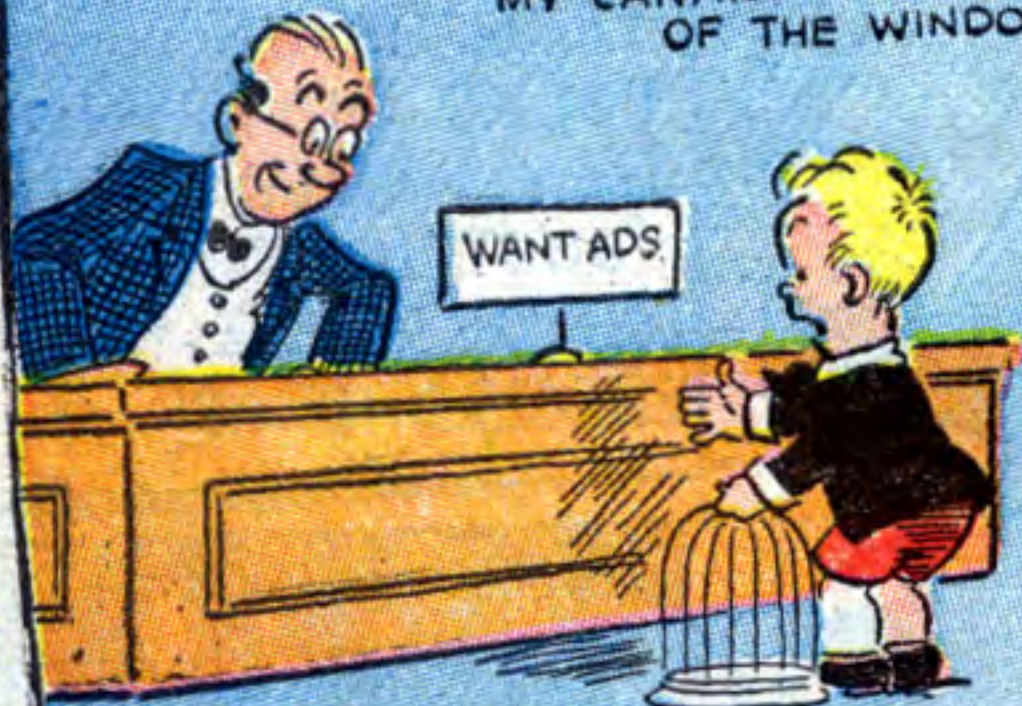
# KID KOMIC

by RAY Mc GILL

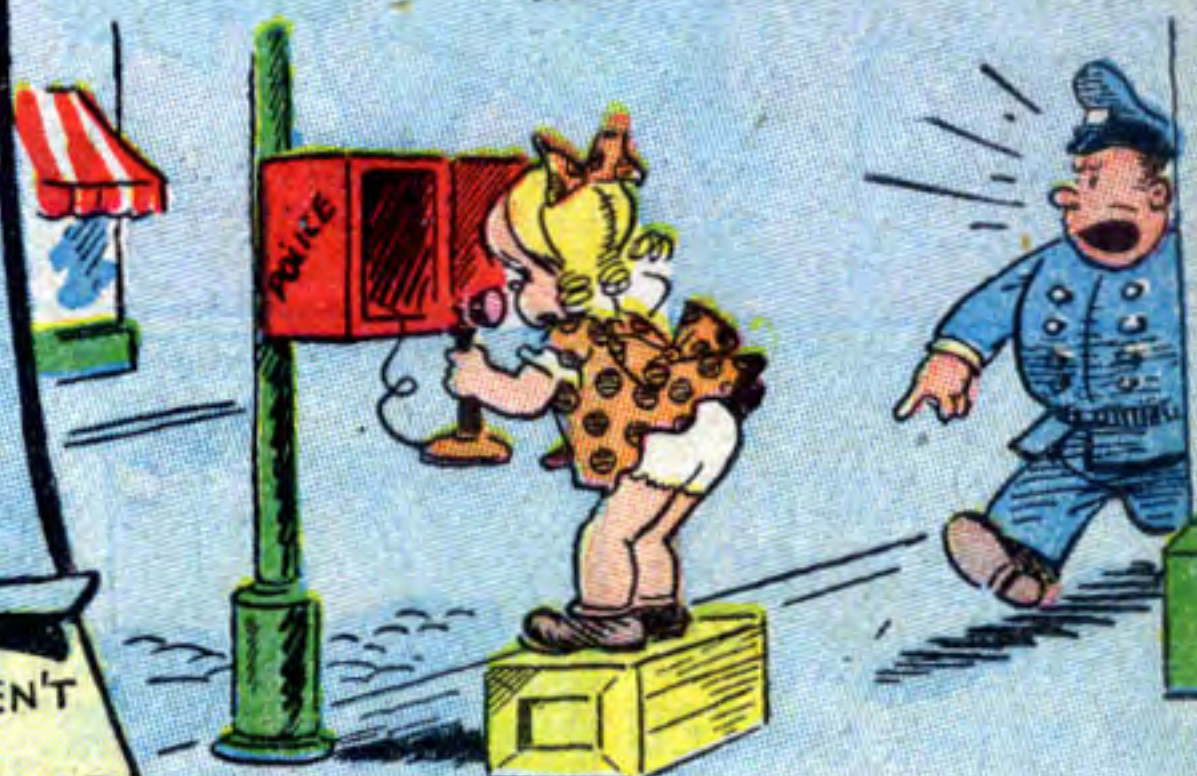
**D**OCTOR - THERE'S SOMETHIN' TERRIBLY WRONG WITH HIM - HE WAGS HIS TAIL, AND GROWLS AT TH' SAME TIME!



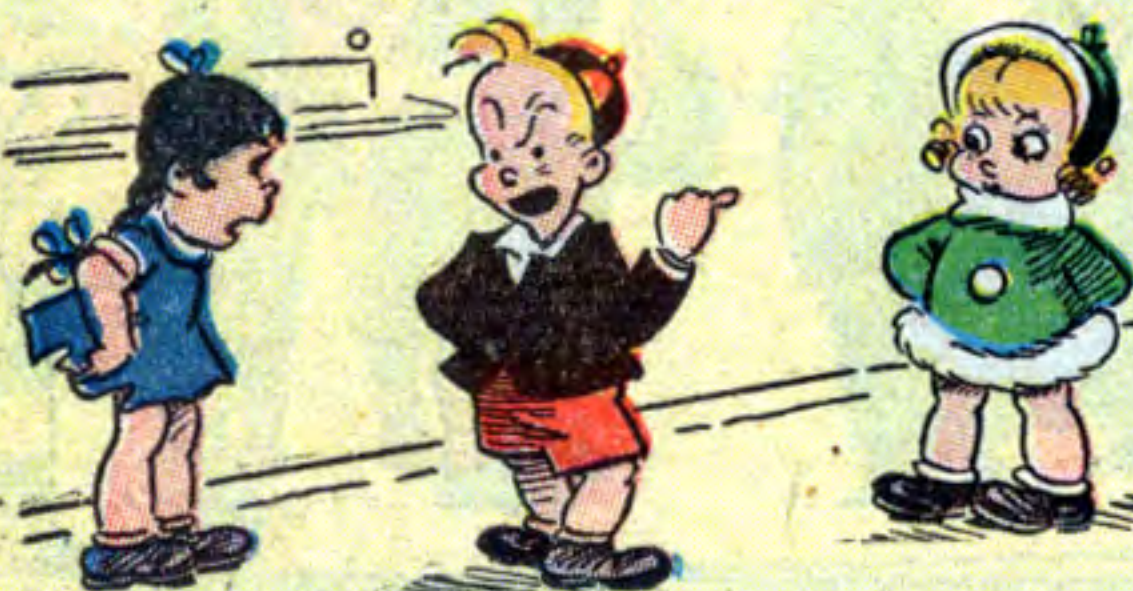
**I**'D LIKE TO PUT AN AD IN THE LOST AND FOUND COLUMN - MY CANARY FLEW OUT OF THE WINDOW!



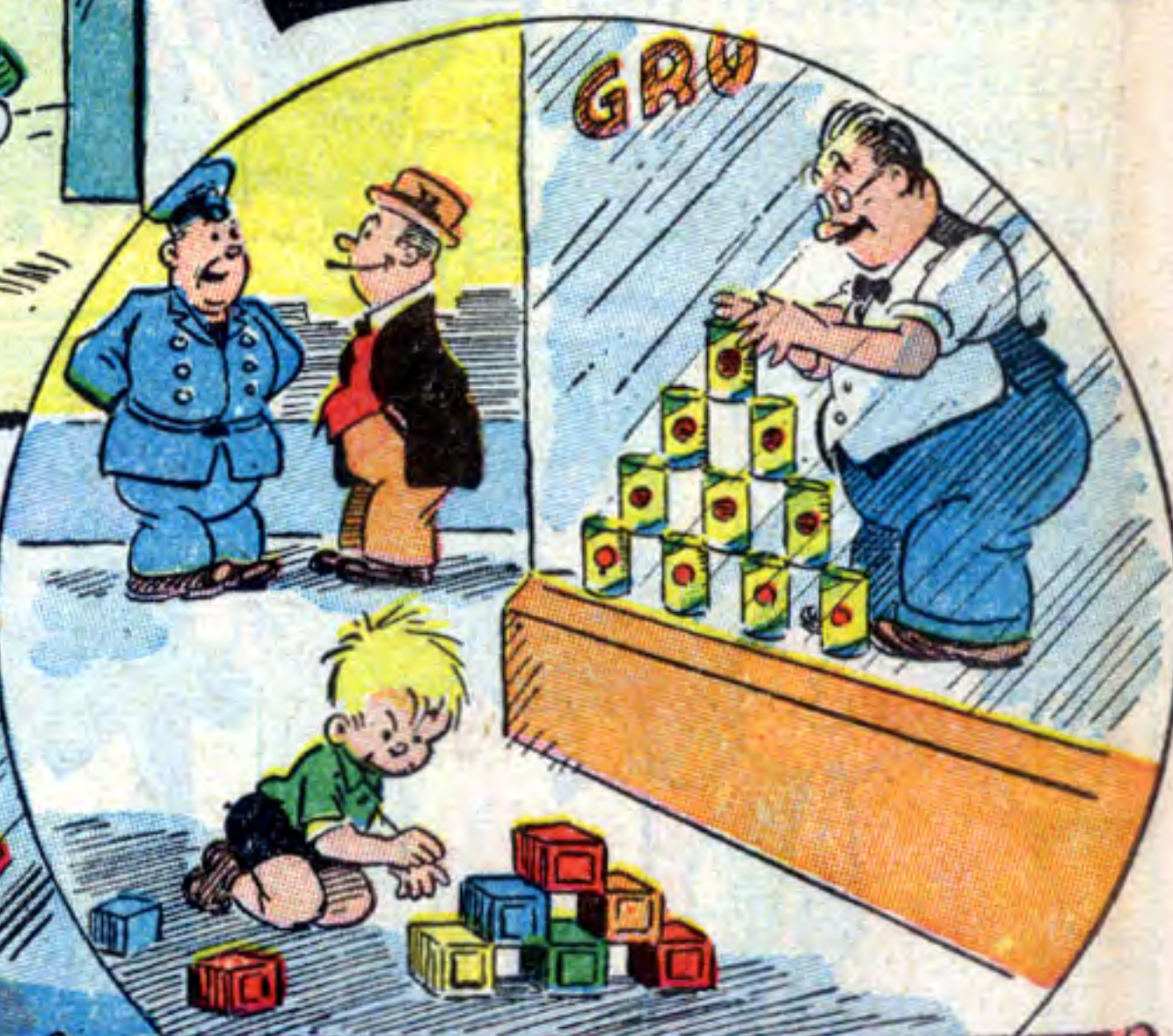
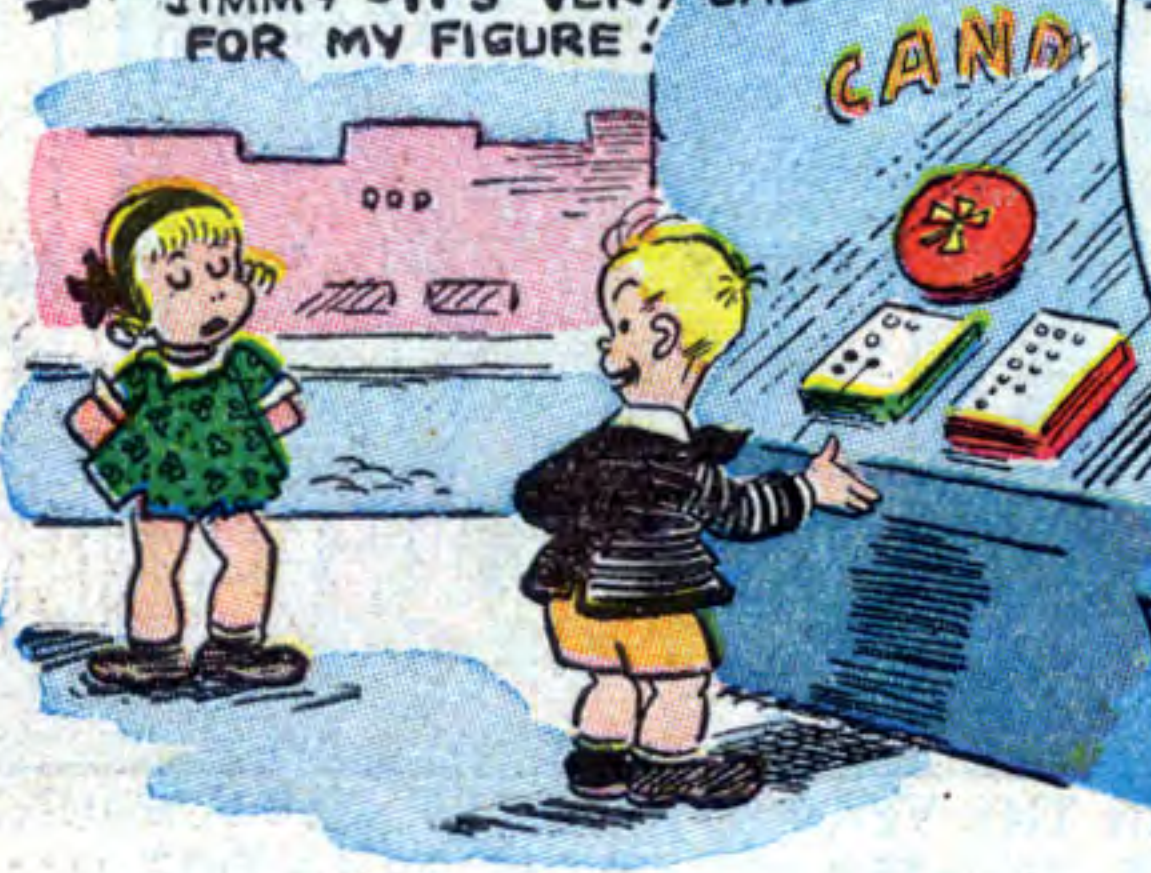
**B**UT I DON'T WANT THE POLICE - I WANT TO TALK TO MY MOTHER - I FORGOT WHAT SHE SENT ME FOR -



**W**HAT HAS SHE GOT, THAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT? - A NICKEL THAT'S WHAT!



**I**'M SORRY I CAN'T EAT ANY CANDY JIMMY - IT'S VERY BAD FOR MY FIGURE!



**H**E'S A CHIP OFF TH' OLD BLOCK - HE'S LEARNING TH' BUSINESS FROM TH' GROUND UP!



# The FACE

by MART BAILEY



TONY TRENT, THE POPULAR RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR, EXPECTED TO ENJOY A QUIET WEEK-END... BUT MURDER THRUSTS HIM INTO A MAN-HUNT THROUGH THE DANGEROUS FLORIDA SWAMPS... AND TASKS TO THE UTMOST THE MUSCLE AND WIT OF HIS OTHER, TERRIFYING PERSONALITY—THE FACE.

**T**HE GAIETY OF TANNERY TOWERS IS STILLED BY SUDDEN DEATH —



IT'S TANNERY'S SECRETARY, ALL RIGHT.

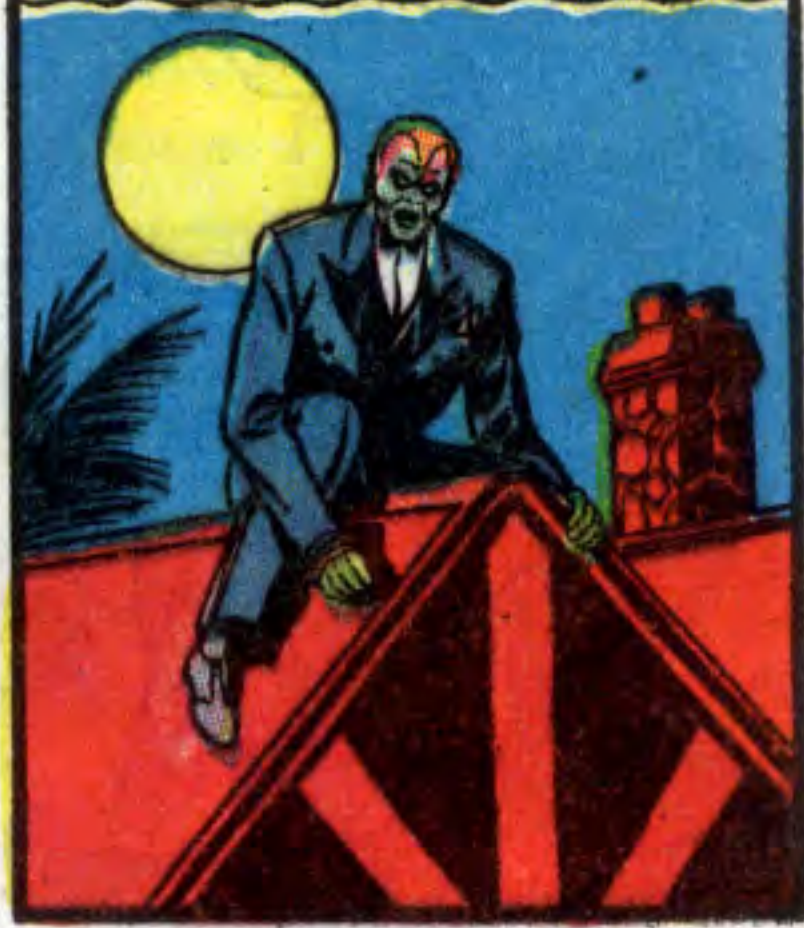
BUT WHERE'S TANNERY?

TANNERY MAY HAVE KILLED THIS POOR SOUL, AND SKIPPED OUT...

NO-NO! MY HUSBAND WOULDN'T DO THAT! ... BESIDES, I SAW THE MURDERER. —A THING WITH A HORRIBLE FACE!



**A**ND HIGH ABOVE THE MURDER ROOM, ON THE GABLED ROOF, SQUATS A GRIM, GRISLY SHAPE — THE FACE!









**S**EIZING ITS KNIFE-HAND, THE FACE  
HURLS THE THING HEAD OVER HEELS  
AGAINST THE WALL!



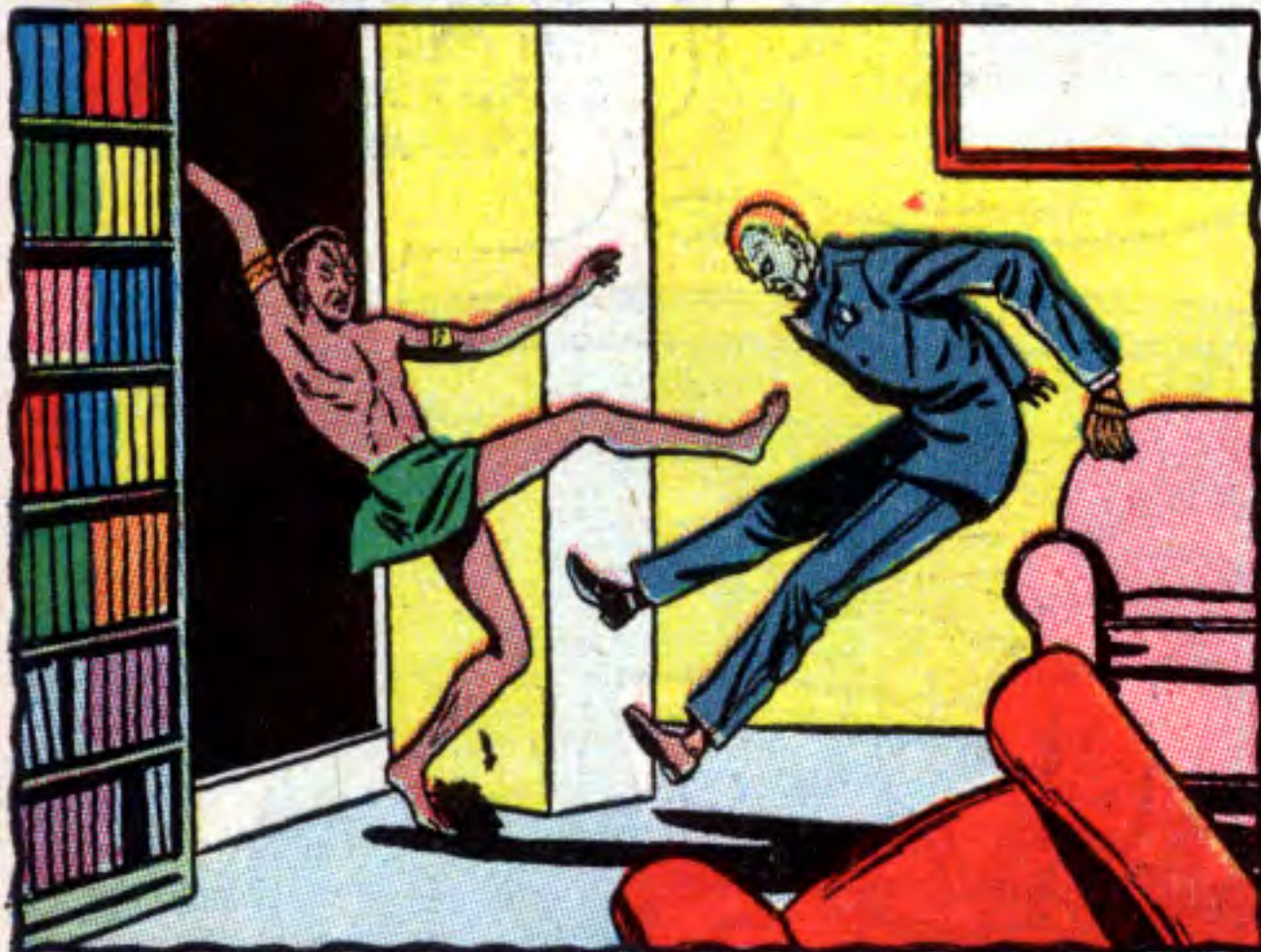
**B**UT THE CREATURE IS AGILE —  
AND DESPERATE, FOR THE FACE  
IS BLOCKING ITS ESCAPE!



THAT HURT — ME!  
AND NO WONDER! —  
HE'S WEARING AN  
IRON MASK!

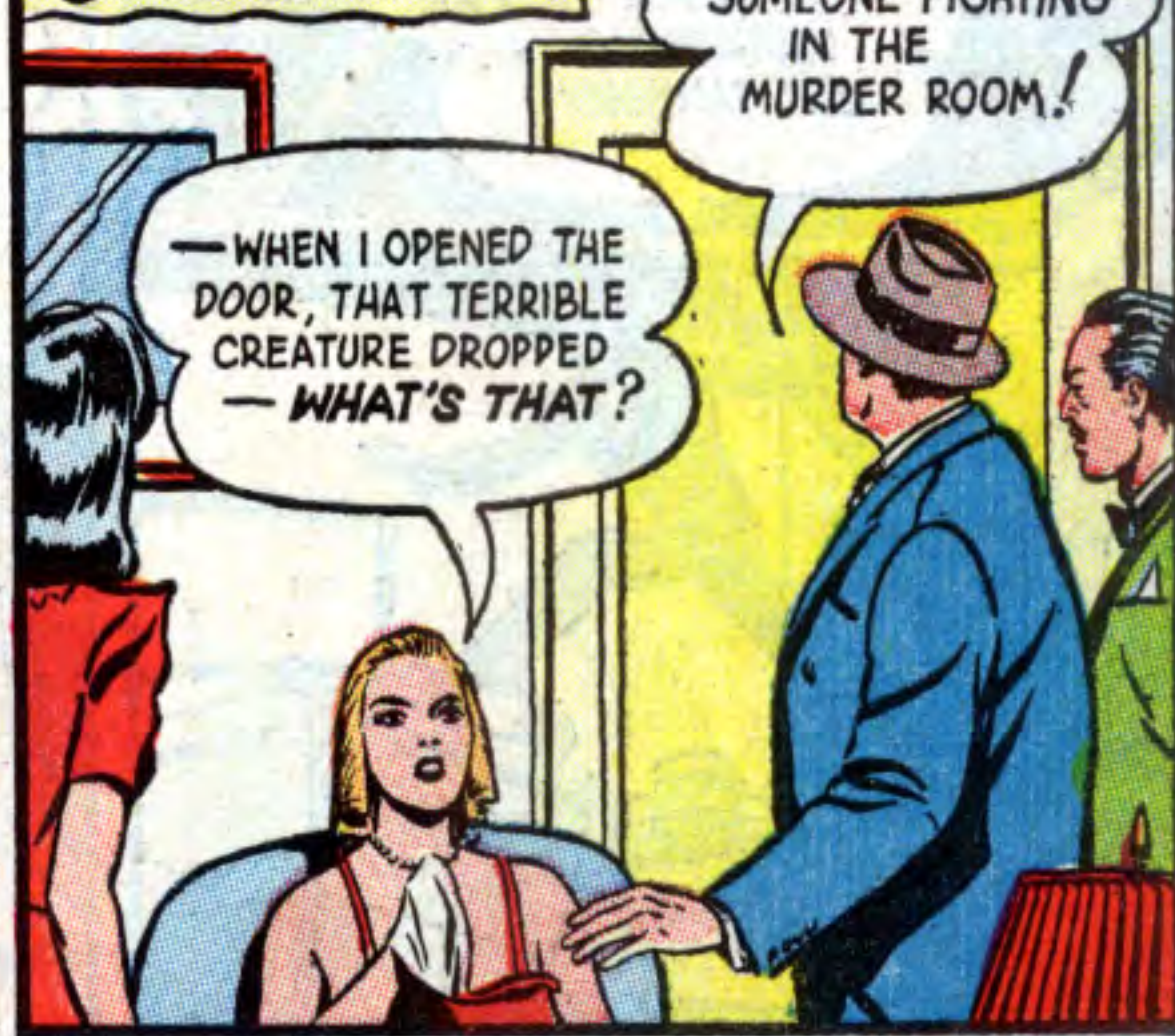


**T**HE MASKED KILLER FIGHTS BACK FEROCIOUSLY — THEN,  
AS HE REACHES A SECRET OPENING IN THE WALL —



**I**N THE NEXT ROOM —

SOMEONE FIGHTING  
IN THE  
MURDER ROOM!



THE FACE  
— IT'S  
THE FACE!

YEEEEEE!



**T**HE FACE SHUTS THE SECRET DOOR JUST  
AS THE OTHERS BURST INTO THE ROOM...

JUST IN TIME! BUT  
THEY SAW MY MASK  
— AND THEY'LL  
BLAME THIS MURDER  
ON THE FACE!

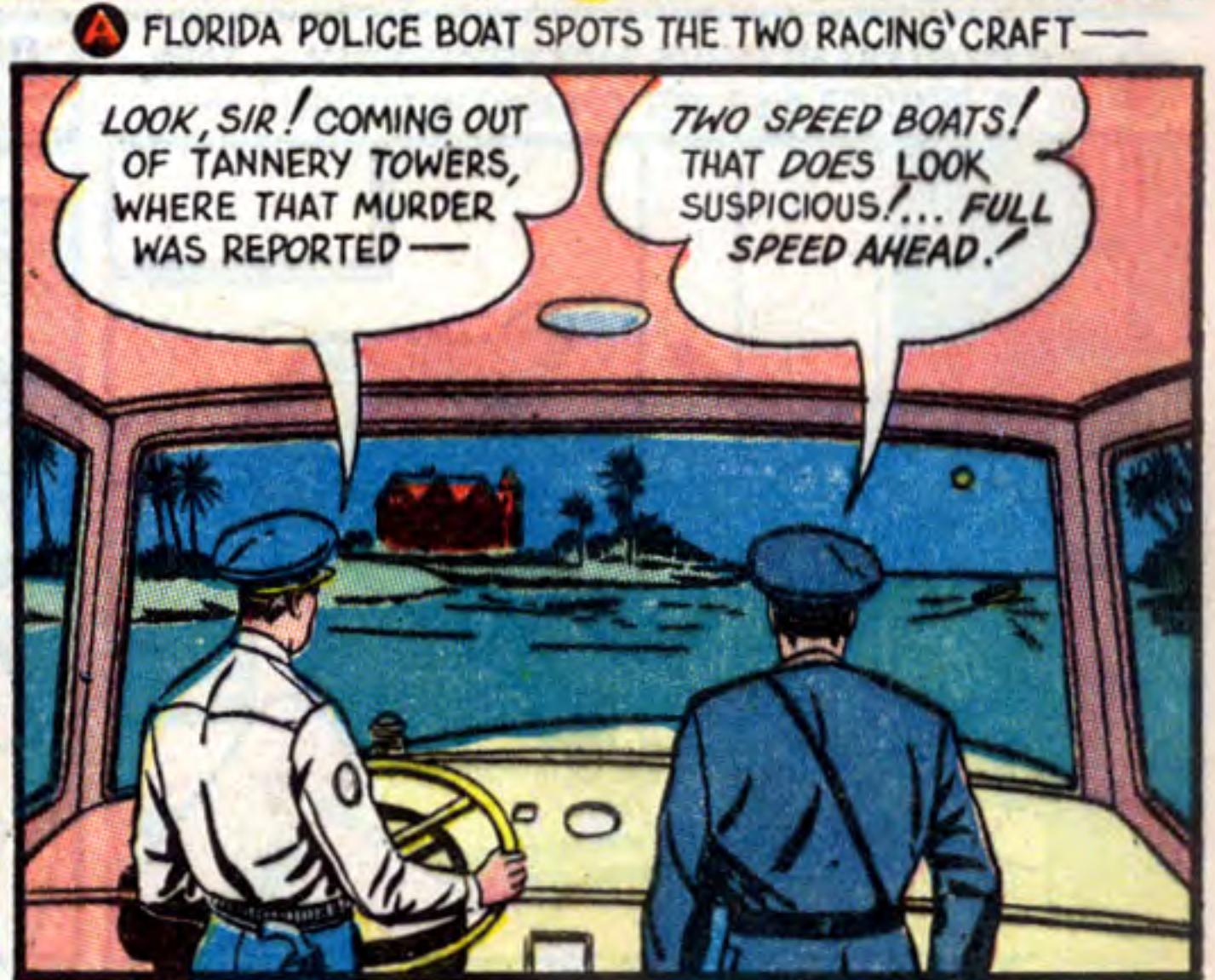
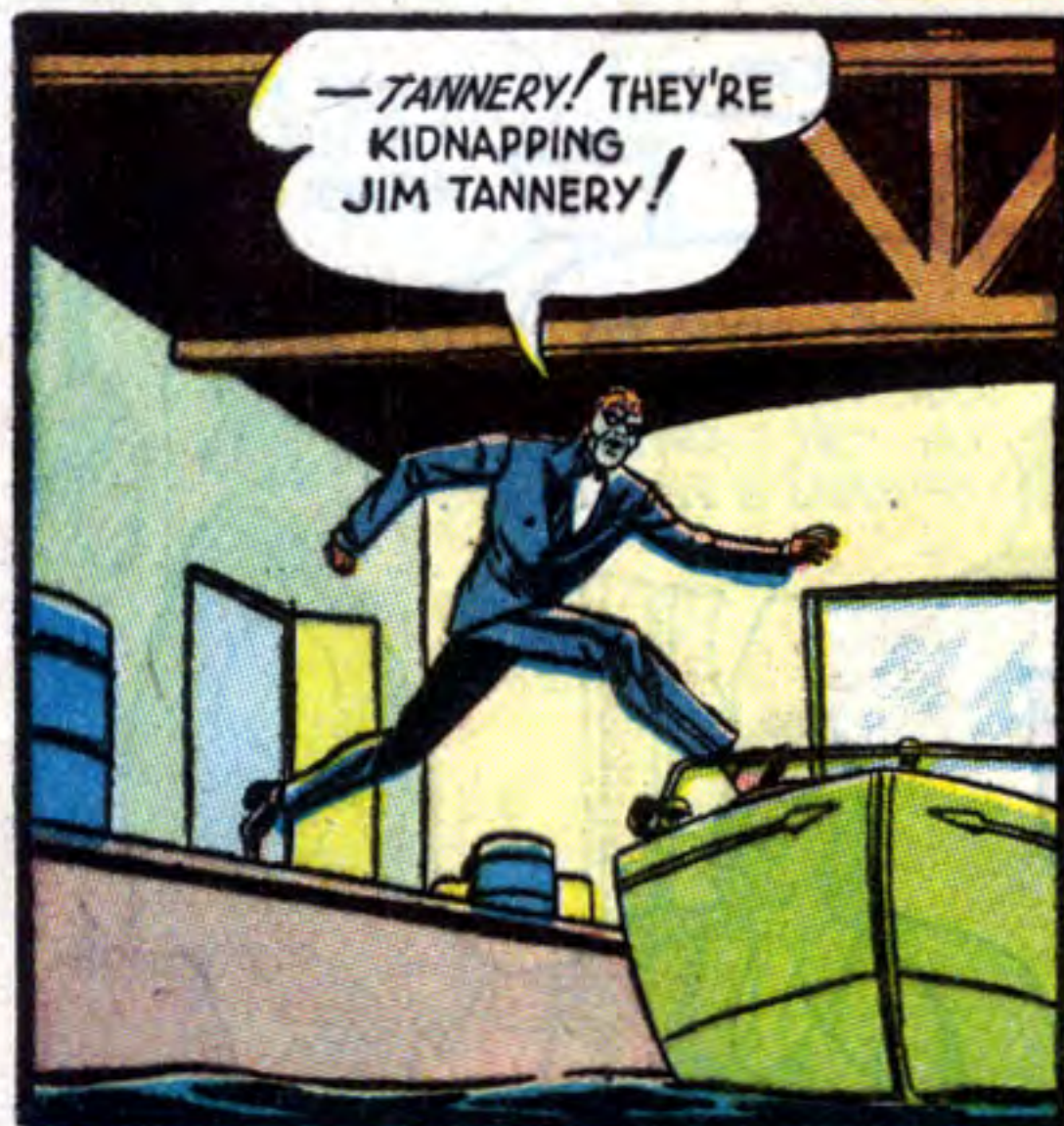


... AND PURSUES THE KILLER DOWN  
THE BLACK PASSAGEWAY —

I'D FEEL SAFER WITH  
A PISTOL — THAT THUG  
MAY BE LURKING  
ANYWHERE IN THIS DARK!

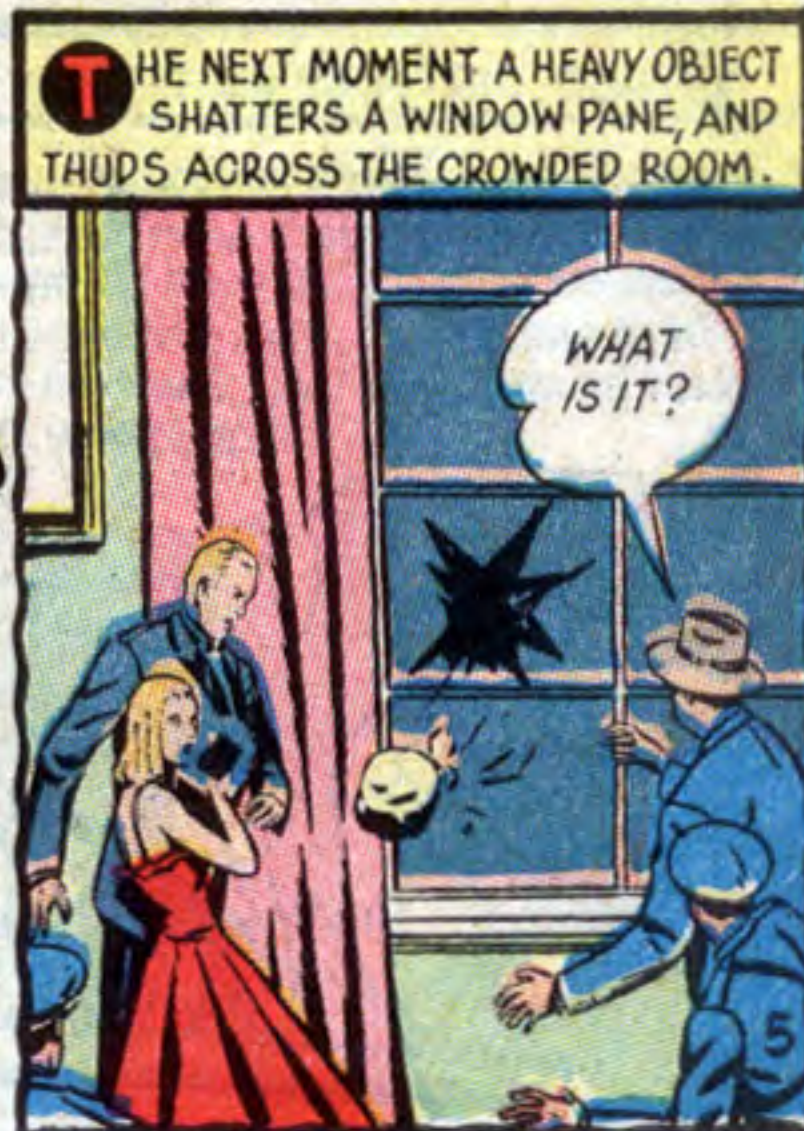
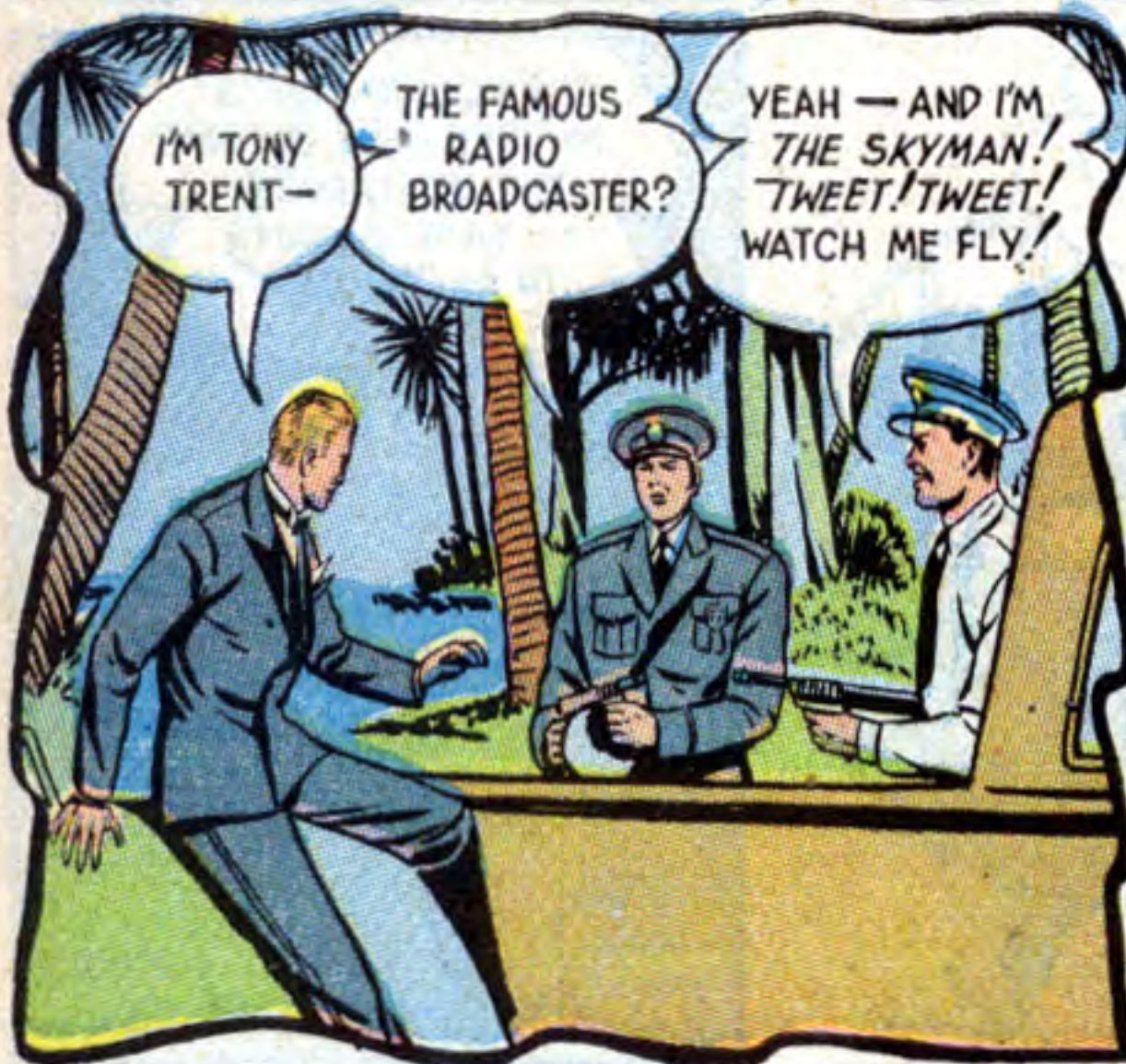






**A** FLORIDA POLICE BOAT SPOTS THE TWO RACING CRAFT —

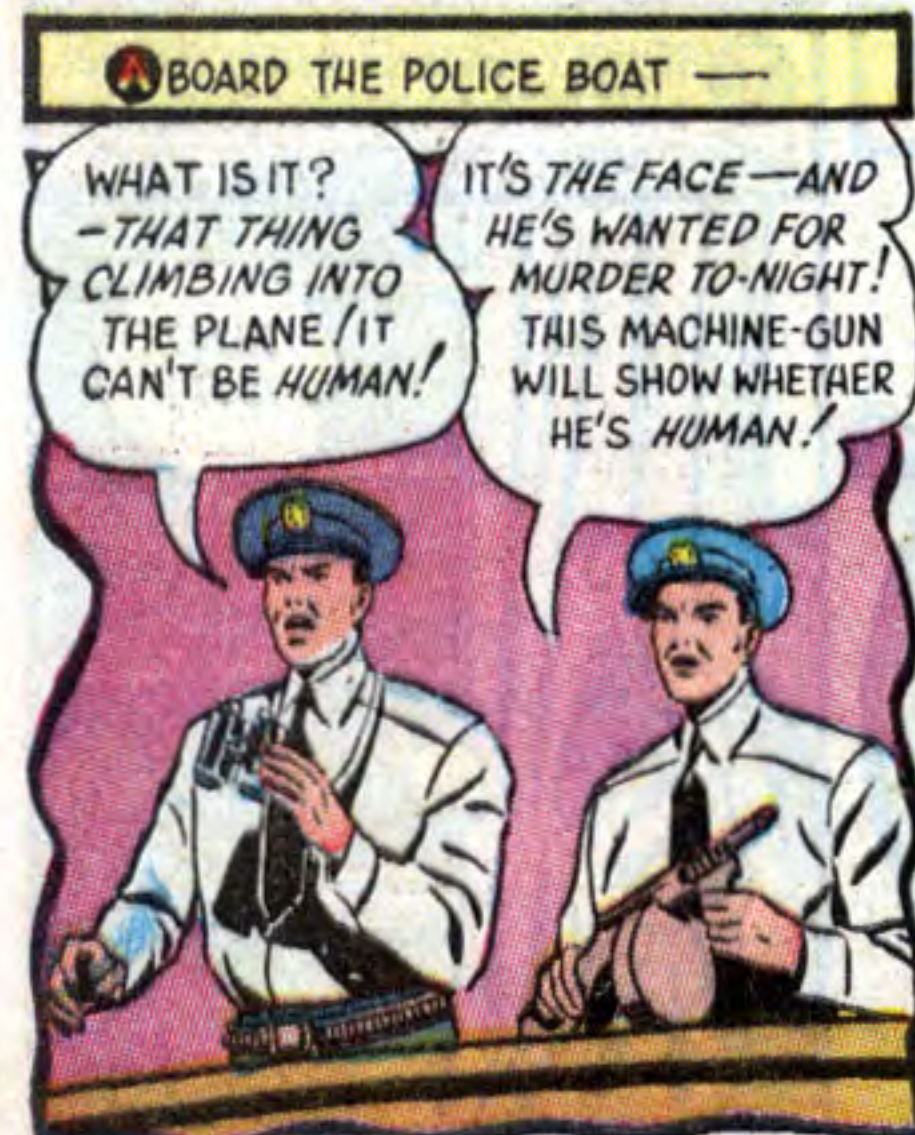




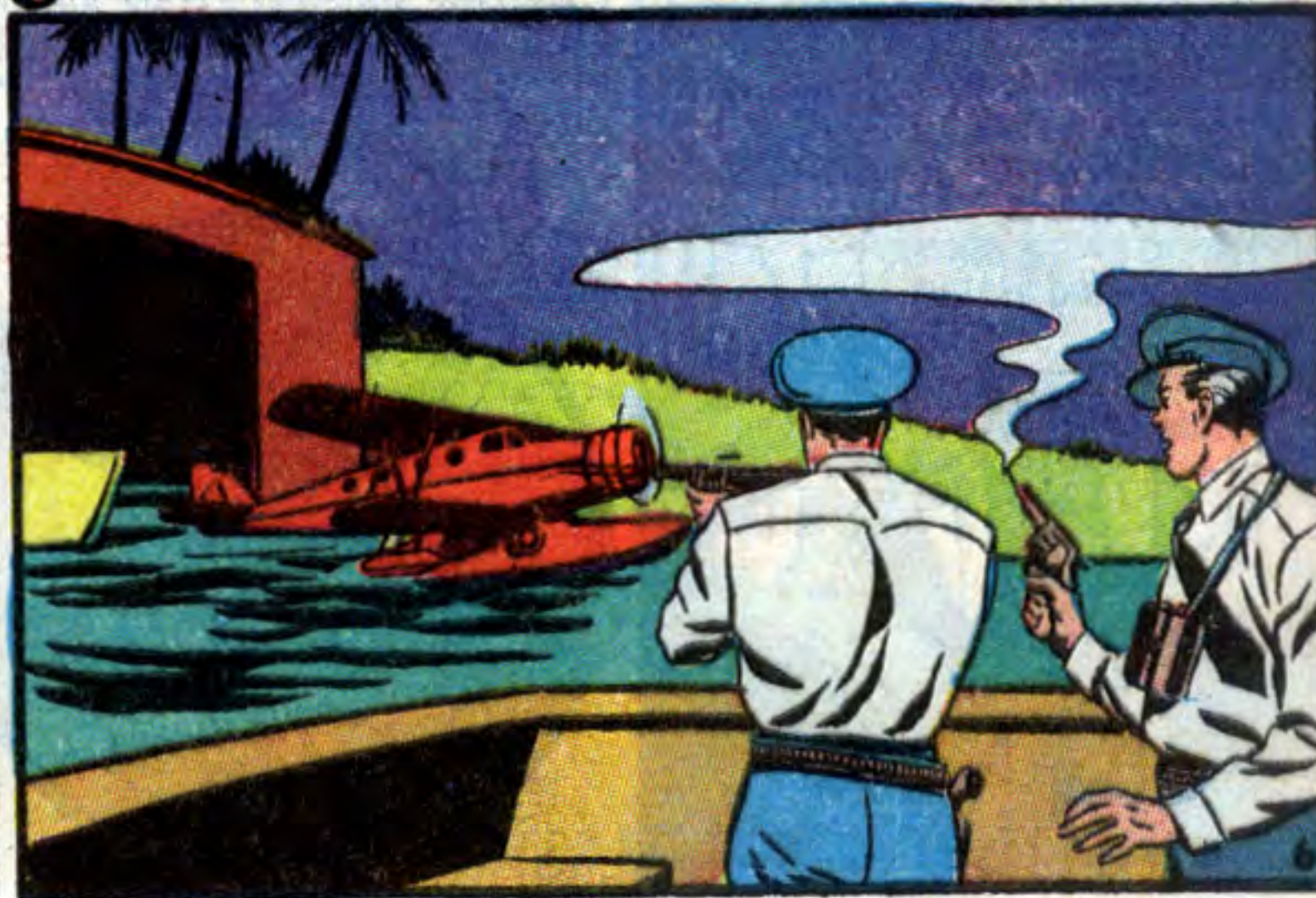




WHILE THE OTHERS READ THE KIDNAP NOTE, TONY SLIPS AWAY UNNOTICED.



THE FACE TAXIS THE SEAPLANE PAST THE BLAZING POLICE GUNS . . .





THAT WAS CLOSE!  
HOPE THE PLANE  
WASN'T HIT TOO BADLY!



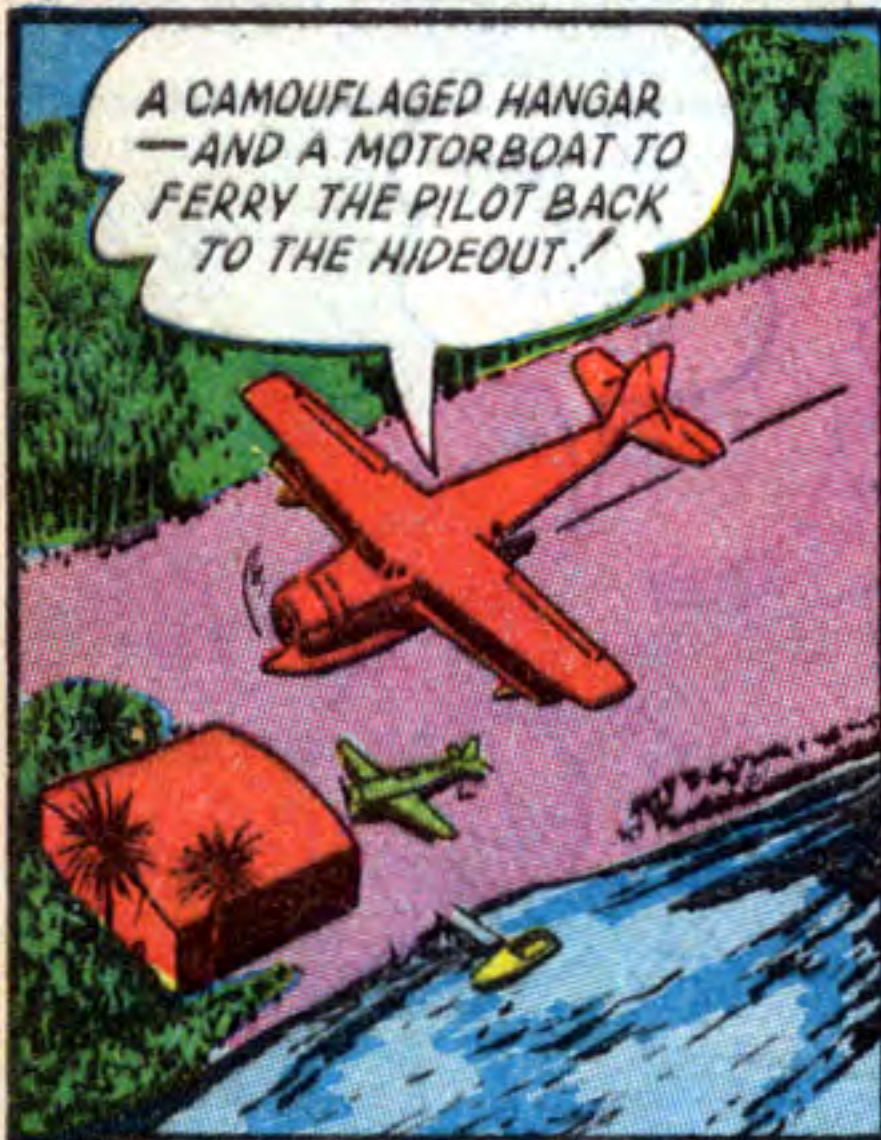
BUT AS THE SEAPLANE WINGS OVER THE  
FLORIDA SWAMPS, A THIN, VITAL STREAM  
DROPS FROM A PUNCTURED GAS TANK.



THE KIDNAP PLANE IS  
FLYING THIS WAY WITH  
HARDLY A MINUTE'S  
HEADSTART. I — THAT  
MUST BE IT DOWN THERE!



A CAMOUFLAGED HANGAR  
— AND A MOTORBOAT TO  
FERRY THE PILOT BACK  
TO THE HIDEOUT!



IT IS THE KIDNAP GANG!  
THEIR HIDEOUT MUST BE  
DEEP IN THE SWAMP—SINCE  
THEY COULDN'T USE THE  
AIRPLANE IN THE ACTUAL  
KIDNAPPING. THEY CHOSE  
A GOOD SPOT—FOR YEARS  
200 SEMINOLE INDIANS  
ELUDED THE WHOLE U.S.  
ARMY IN THAT MORASS!



LOOK—  
POLICE  
AIRPLANE!

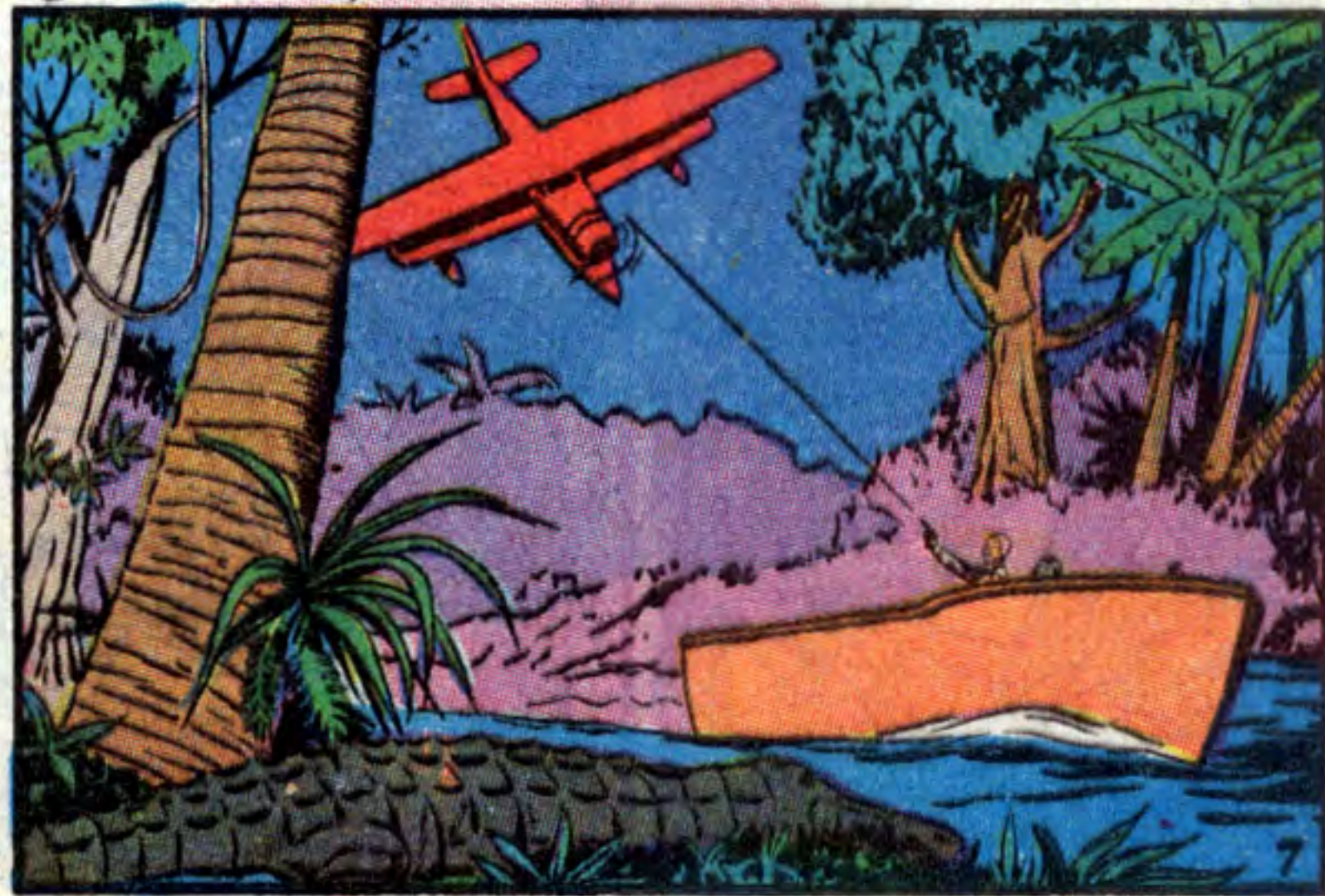
NO—IT'S JUST SOME  
PRIVATE PLANE. BUT  
THE PILOT IS TOO CURIOUS.  
— IF HE COMES ANY  
CLOSER, I'LL RIDDLE  
HIM WITH LEAD!



I CAN TRAIL THEM FROM  
HERE AND — THE MOTOR'S  
SPUTTERING! THE GAS  
TANK IS EMPTY!



OUT OF CONTROL, THE SEAPLANE DIVES STRAIGHT INTO THE GUN-FIRE!

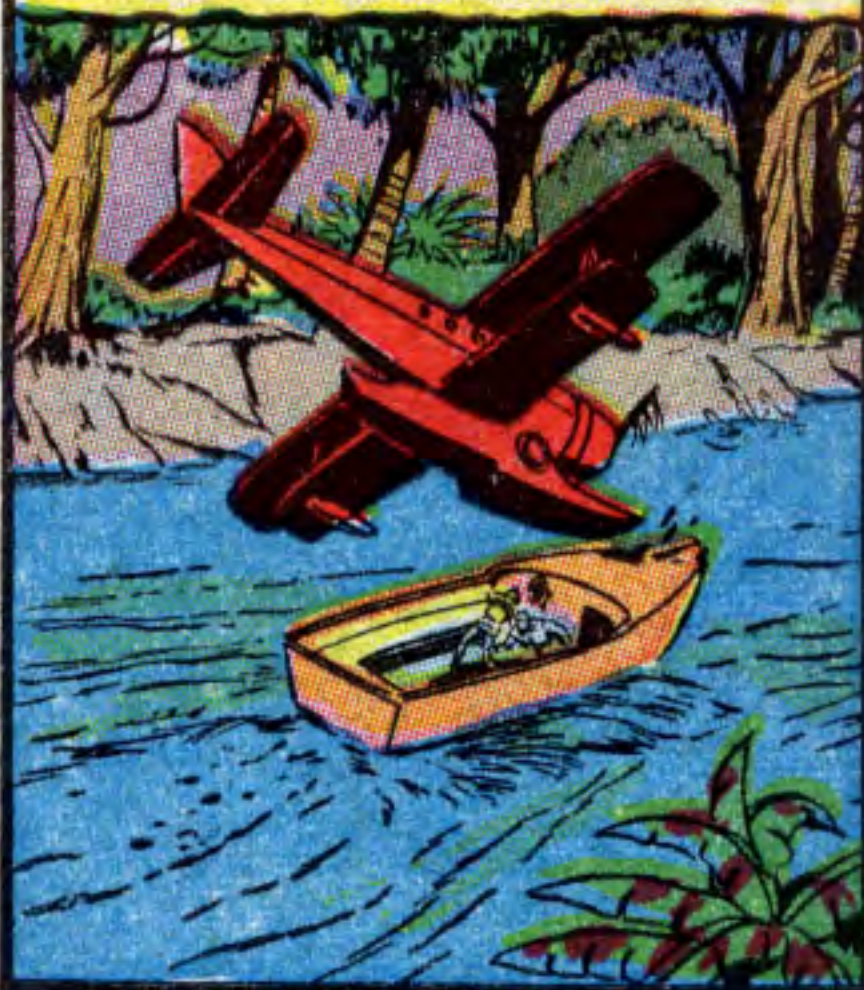




CAN'T PULL THIS CRATE  
OUT OF ITS DIVE —  
THOSE BOYS WITH THE  
ARTILLERY ARE IN FOR  
A DUCKING.



THE SEAPLANE RIPS THROUGH THE  
BOW OF THE SPEEDING MOTORBOAT —



— AND CRACKS UP IN THE SWAMP  
AS THE FACE LEAPS CLEAR!

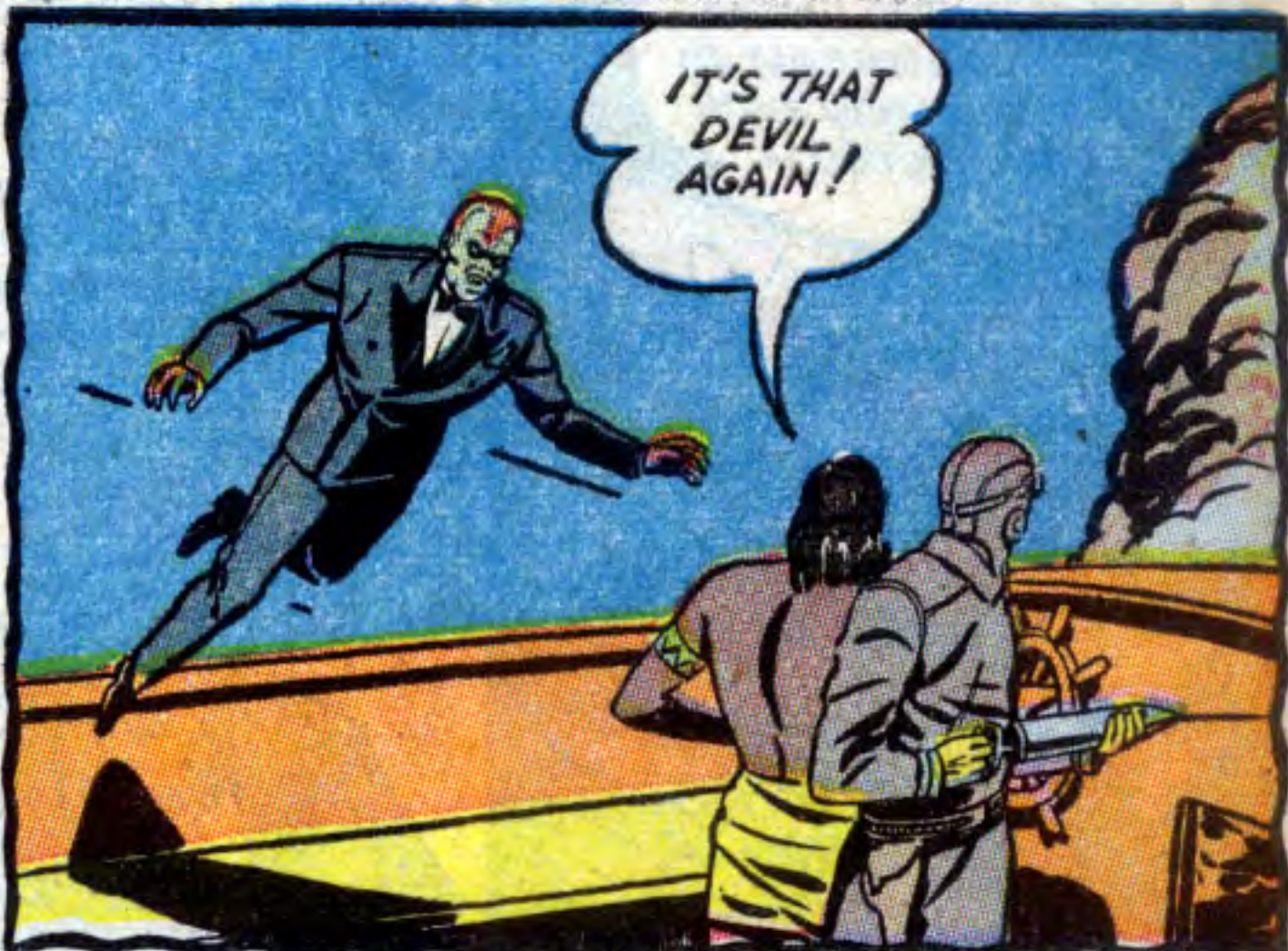


UNHURT, THE FACE BOBS UP THROUGH THE FETID  
WATERS TO SEE THE MOTORBOAT AFIRE...



EVEN IF THEY ARE  
MURDERERS, I CAN'T  
LET THEM ROAST!

BUT, FINDING THE KILLERS SAFE AND EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES,  
HE WHIRLS INTO THEM LIKE A FLORIDA HURRICANE!



IT'S THAT  
DEVIL  
AGAIN!

BEFORE IT WAS  
AN IRON FACE  
— NOW IT'S A  
GLASS CHIN!



THE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER CATCHES  
THE FACE OFF BALANCE AND  
TOPPLES HIM OVERBOARD —



MINUTES LATER... A GIANT ALLIGA-  
TOR PADDLES HUNGRILY THROUGH  
THE SLIMY WATERS TOWARDS THE  
SLOWLY REVIVING FACE...





INSTANTLY, MUSCLES QUICK AS A STEELSPRING HURL THE FACE OUT OF DANGER —

THANKS, PAL! IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG, I'D HAVE STAYED IN BED ALL DAY!

LUCKILY, THE RUBBEROID MASK ABSORBED MOST OF THAT BLOW. ... WONDER HOW LONG I WAS "OUT"? NOT LONG, I GUESS — THERE'S THE BOAT RIGHT AHEAD!

THEY'RE USING POLES TO PUSH THEIR BOAT THROUGH THE SWAMP. THAT FIRE MUST HAVE RUINED THE ENGINE. WHAT A BREAK! NOW I CAN FOLLOW EASILY ON FOOT!

UNSEEN, THE FACE TRAILS THE DISABLED CRAFT AS IT IS SLOWLY PUNTED THROUGH THE STEAMING SWAMPLAND. THEN —

AT LAST — THE HIDEOUT!

I'VE BEEN BATTED AROUND ENOUGH FOR TO-NIGHT — NOW SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO GET HURT!

WHY PUT ON WITCH DOCTOR MASKS SO RICH MAN WON'T KNOW US? WE KILL HIM ANYWAY.

YEAH — BUT HE'LL DO WHAT WE WANT QUICKER, IF HE THINKS HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO LIVE!

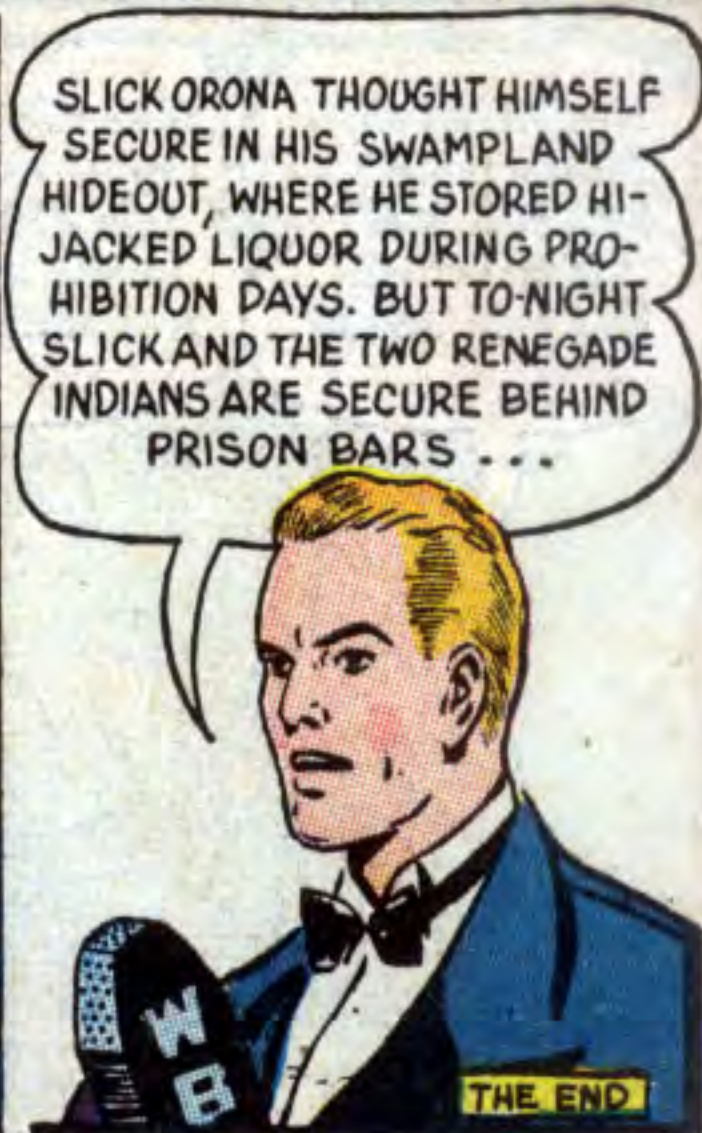
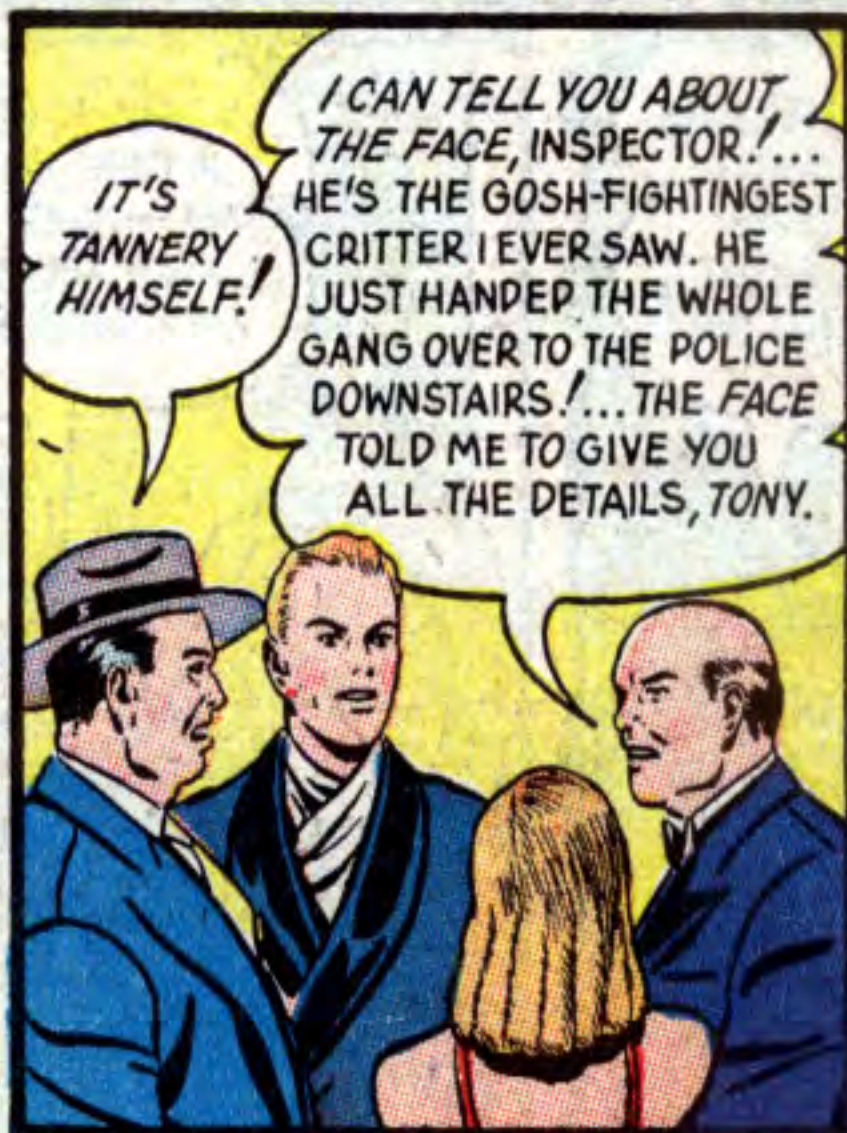
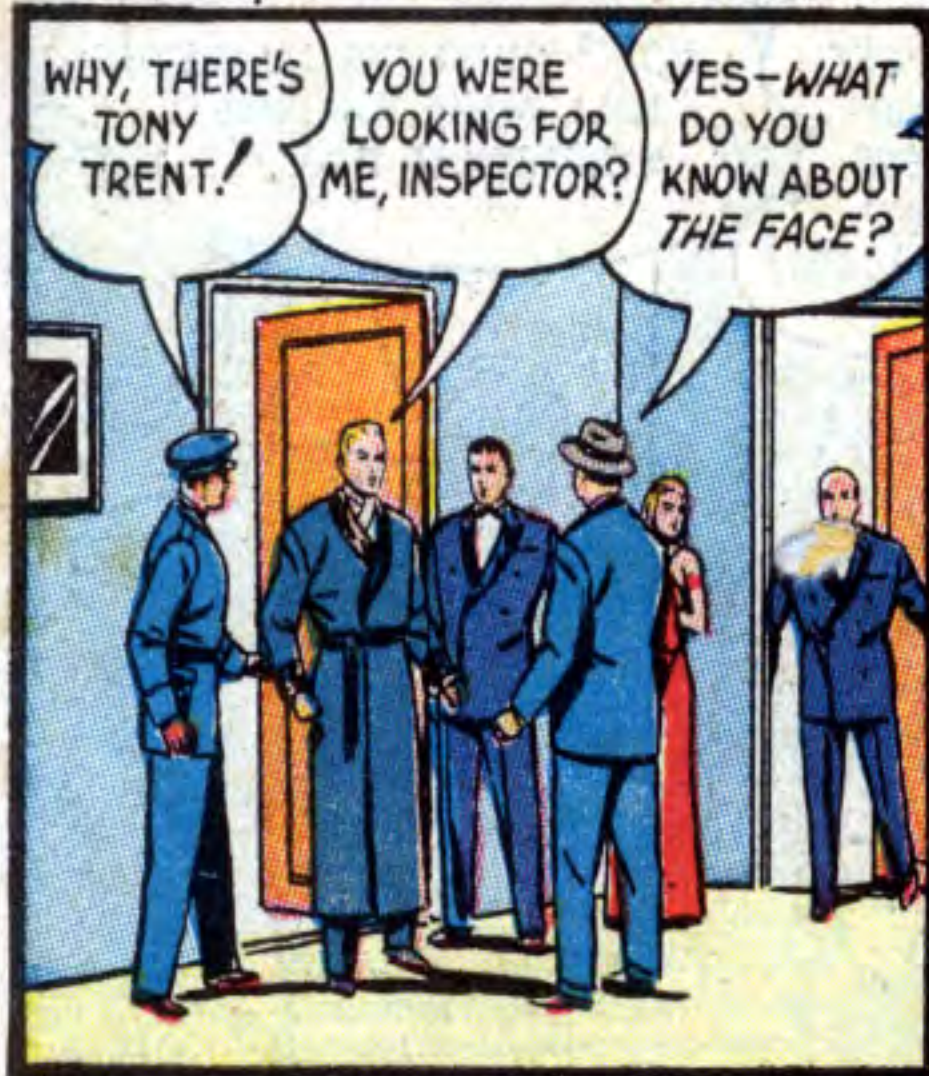
YOU'LL NEVER GET A CENT OUT OF ME — MUCH LESS FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

NO —? MAYBE THE ALLIGATORS WILL MAKE YOU SING A DIFFERENT TUNE!





LATER, AT TANNERY TOWERS...





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